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THE  
GRANITE MONTHLY  
A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

DEVOTED TO

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LITERATURE,  
AND STATE PROGRESS

VOLUME XVII

CONCORD, N. H.  
PUBLISHED BY THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY  
1894

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PRINTED AND ILLUSTRATED BY  
REPUBLICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION  
CONCORD, N. H.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

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GENERAL ELEAZAR WHEELOCK RIPLEY.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

JULY, 1894.

No. 1.

GENERAL ELEAZAR WHEELOCK RIPLEY.

*By Charles R. Corning.*

Eleazar Wheelock Ripley was born in Hanover, New Hampshire, on the 15th of April, 1782. His boyhood was passed there, and there he received such preparatory education as enabled him to enter Dartmouth college, from which he was graduated in the class of 1800. It was peculiarly fitting that he should be an alumnus of that college, for the distinguished Eleazar Wheelock was his maternal grandfather, and the Rev. Sylvanus Ripley, who long occupied the chair of professor of divinity, was his father. The young man chose law as his profession, and entering diligently upon its study was duly admitted to the bar of Kennebec county, Maine. At that time Maine was a part of Massachusetts, but exercised a strong influence over the affairs of the commonwealth. Ripley soon gained a large practice, and with it came the wide acquaintance of men which a successful career at the bar is bound to gain. With talents of a diverse order, he became recognized as a political leader and speaker of commanding abilities, so that in 1810 he was elected a member of the great and general court.

His achievements at the bar led his constituents to place high confidence in his abilities, and that confidence was

well founded. In the business of the legislature he took a keen interest, and as a debater he occupied a position second to no other member. The house had for its presiding officer Joseph Story, whose subsequent career was fitly presaged by his conduct as speaker, yet upon his retirement in January, 1812, to accept the appointment as associate justice of the supreme court of the United States, Ripley was promptly chosen as his successor. This was an honor of which any man might be proud, but in this case it was almost unprecedented. Merit and ability demanded it, for the political heat of that day soon scorched small men, but in young Ripley the dominant party made no mistake. The partisanship of the Federalists and the Republicans was of an intense type, and the situation required a leader of high intelligence and undoubted courage. The new speaker was the man for the time, and legislation was shaped according to party policy. The bill for the redistricting of the senatorial districts met with fierce opposition, yet Ripley pounded it through with his gavel in spite of the execrations of its excited opponents. Judge Story has left it on record that this house was a stormy one, and that

the only way to despatch business was to so despatch it as to throw opponents off their guard. Ripley was an apt pupil in things pertaining to the practical workings of contemporary politics : he made himself a leader of his party, and his party rewarded him with an election as state senator from the counties of Oxford and Cumberland. A great change was now at hand, which was to remove the brilliant young lawyer from the scenes of his forensic triumphs, and introduce him on the wider theatre of war.

The grievous conduct of Great Britain had now brought about the declaration of war, and Ripley espoused the cause of his country with an enthusiasm such as might be looked for in one of such distinguished ancestry. He bade a long farewell to the honors of civil life, and entered upon a new and untried profession, not as a seeker for glory and personal preferment, but as one that loved his country and sought to do his full duty in its service. His first military duties were performed along the eastern coast, where he did efficient work in strengthening the garrisons and in disciplining his troops, showing throughout a zeal and understanding worthy of a professional soldier.

In the autumn of 1812 Colonel Ripley was ordered to join the Northern army, commanded by General Bloomfield, then in quarters at Plattsburg.

In March of the following year the rank of colonel was conferred on Ripley, Winfield Scott, and Gaines, names destined later to achieve some of the great and greatest glories in the annals of the republic. The war, up to this time, had lingered and languished, and almost famished, and national disgrace would have invested the land had it not been for the brilliant victories on the

sea. The plan of campaign was, of course, the invasion of Canada, and no military problem ever looked easier of solution.

Naturally, the River St. Lawrence was the true object of attack, as it was the only connecting communication between Upper and Lower Canada. The British saw their danger, and realized their indefensible position. They could not maintain themselves in Upper Canada unless the river coursed undisturbed to Montreal and Quebec. To close the river at any point would be the hopeless division of the British army, and the cutting off of all supplies.

To illustrate the difficulties met with by the British in their attempts to transport munitions of war up the country, a letter from Sir George Prevost may be introduced. He tells us that the cost of hauling six thirty-two pound guns for the fleet a distance of 400 miles through the woods in winter was £2,000, and that the hauling of forty twenty-four-pounders under the same conditions cost £4,800. It is plain that the obstacles placed before the enemy were almost insuperable, many fold more so than those that confronted our army. And yet decisive engagements were wanting to stimulate the public spirit. At length the winter was gone, and the campaign of 1813 began. On April 27, 1,600 men, under command of General Dearborn, assaulted the town of York (Toronto), capturing it and laying it waste. Here Colonel Ripley fought his first battle, conducting himself with bravery and coolness, and receiving a painful wound. The excesses of the Americans were so outrageous that the general ordered Colonel Ripley to assume command of the place and to protect private property. His health was seriously impaired, and his wound

caused him exceeding annoyance, but so strong was his spirit that neither the entreaties of wife nor friends could swerve him from the hard path of duty.

Suffering, yet full of hope and courage, he continued at the head of his regiment until health, as if ashamed to have forsaken a soldier so brave, gradually returned. That heroes and heroism are born amid defeat and disaster was conspicuously shown at the Battle of Chrystler's Farm a few months later. This ignoble and imbecile action took place on November 11, 1813, and it dealt a blow to the American soldiery as hard and as cruel as that of Hull's surrender. General Boyd, with three brigades of regulars, attempted to crush the British, under General Muncaster. The numerical difference between the opposing forces was startling, for the redcoats numbered only eight hundred men. The fight was in the open field, thus adding severer humiliation to the defeat.

The American plan was to capture Montreal, but this engagement put an end to further steps in that direction, and wisely, too: for if three brigades of regulars, numbering more than two thousand men, could be routed by eight hundred British and Canadians, what chance could there be to open the gates of Montreal, even with an army thrice as large?

It was in this battle that Colonel Ripley, with his Twenty-first regiment, greatly distinguished himself, and contributed a degree of consolation amid the gloom. The contest lasted three hours, the troops fighting without orders, blindly, confusedly, and wildly, yet Ripley kept his men in hand, giving his orders with that calm intelligence that always characterized him. The fence on which he had taken his stand was

knocked from under him by a cannon ball, but he received no injury. His conduct on that fatal day was the earnest of professional reward, for on the 15th of April, 1814, he was made a brigadier-general in the regular army.

The time had certainly come when a reorganization of the army was imperative, and under the iron will of John Armstrong, secretary of war—who was to the War of 1812 what Stanton was to the Rebellion—the change was effected.

To those that delight in the sage saying, “Old men for council, young men for war,” it may be instructive, as it certainly is curious, to note the ages of some of the illustrious captains brought forth during the war. Youth and daring ruled the sea, years and conservatism droned on the land. The average age of Bainbridge, Hull, Decatur, and Rodgers was thirty-seven years, while the average age of Nekinson, Wade Hampton, William Hull, and Dearborn was fifty-eight years. It is needless to compare the achievements of these two quartettes of national defenders. Scorn shook her finger at the army, and laughed at the commanders wearing the stars.

But the change was at hand, and two new major-generals and six brigadier-generals were gazetteered to the anxious country. George Izard and Jacob Brown won the higher rank, while Winfield Scott, Alexander McComb, J. A. Smith, Daniel Bissell, Edmund P. Gaines, and Eleazar W. Ripley gained the single star.

Of these soldiers, Ripley was, with the exception of Scott, the youngest. He had just attained his thirty-second birthday, and was now about to be entrusted with the full confidence of the administration and the affection of his comrades in arms. He and General Scott were sent to Niagara to assist

General Brown, who, by the by, was not a technical soldier, having come from civil life, but he had zeal and vigor, and loved fighting. At that post the young brigadiers organized the troops, Ripley devoting all his energies to perfecting his men in drill and manual of arms.

He was a great believer in the power of discipline, and subsequent events were soon to prove the soundness of his theory. It was precisely this detail of organization and thoroughness that made Brown's little army famous, and attached to it an interest and glory rarely equalled in the annals of military history. We must bear in mind the circumstances attending this body of men. In one month a large part were recruits, in the next all were disciplined soldiers, and in an incredibly short time afterwards, with the steadiness of veterans, they fought and won the most brilliant battle of the war. Peace soon followed, and with peace the army dissolved, but the glorious achievements of that single campaign assured them of lasting fame, and in every country other than America, of jealous preservation and perpetual identity. Two small brigades of regulars, a few batteries of artillery, and a corps of volunteers composed the entire army. Scott commanded the first brigade, of 1,500 men, while Ripley commanded the second brigade, numbering less than twelve hundred fit for duty. Ripley's old regiment had for its colonel that superb hero, James Miller. The total fighting strength is given at about thirty-five hundred non-commissioned officers and rank and file, and 159 officers. The moment for action was near, and the fading glories of American arms were to blaze forth in inextinguishable colors.

At the Battle of Chippewa General Ripley took no part, but at Lundy's

Lane it was ordained that he should make his name imperishable.

This famous engagement began at sunset on a hot July day, and lasted far into the night, both sides fighting in the dark, directing their volleys solely by the opposing flashes. Scott's brigade opened the battle, his men advancing against odds, but he maintained his position though desperately pressed for more than two hours, when Ripley's brigade came running to his succor. Ripley was leading his men and escaped injury, though it is an interesting fact that nearly every officer in the American army was, on that night, either killed or wounded. Of the six generals present, he alone came out unharmed, although bullets pierced his hat, riddled his coat, and wounded his horse. The arrival of Ripley's brigade saved the American army from defeat, if not annihilation, for Scott's men, after two hours of incessant assaulting, were unable to carry the enemy's centre, where the battery was stationed. As long as the British cannon maintained its position, victory was impossible. The guns must be taken or defeat would be certain, and to Ripley was assigned the undertaking. And here happened that supreme act of gallantry that immortalized one of the noblest sons of New Hampshire and furnished to mankind an ever vivid lesson of sublime bravery. The murderous battery must be silenced, and Ripley's men must do it. General Brown rode up to Col. James Miller, and, pointing to the belching flame on the hill-top, exclaimed, "Colonel, can you take that battery?" "I'll try, sir," replied the hero, and the charge began.

Ripley himself led the Twenty-third on the right, to attack the enemy's left flank, while Miller, with his glorious Twenty-first, dashed through the smoke

and darkness straight at the furnace of death. While the Twenty-third was engaged on the right, the Twenty-first advanced in front, and, covered by the thickness of the night, came to within a few rods of the battery without being discovered, then with a sudden rush carried the guns, bayoneting the artillery men where they stood.

This startling feat of arms was the more remarkable in the light that the subsequent official reports threw over it. Within a distance of five minutes' walk lay 2,600 British soldiers, yet so bold was Miller's onslaught that General Drummond was paralyzed, and before he recovered his mind Ripley came up, and the battery was captured. Three times the enemy formed and advanced to retake their lost position, and three times they retreated. "We having much the advantage of the ground, the enemy generally firing over our heads," said Captain McDonald, of Ripley's staff; "but the continual blaze of light was such as to enable us distinctly to see their buttons." During this midnight slaughter General Ripley sat on his horse, in the centre by the captured cannon, only a few feet in the rear of his line, with officers and men falling by his side, yet a kind fate jealously shielded him. But the cost of this unseen battle of the gloom had been great, and General Brown withdrew the victorious but exhausted troops. Ripley and his devoted men, hungry and panting, reached camp soon after midnight, only to be ordered back to the battlefield "to meet and beat the enemy if he again appeared." To this extraordinary order Ripley said not a word, but it did seem strange to him, as it did to others, that General Brown should undertake to do with half an army what he had been unable to do the night before

during the flush of victory. The British cannon, captured after so terrible a struggle, had through mistake been left on the field, and General Ripley was sent out to complete the sadly neglected work. Setting forth at daybreak, with such available men as he could collect, Ripley marched to the scene of conflict, but a careful reconnoisance convinced him that an engagement would be fought with peril, therefore he withdrew his troops to the American camp.

If General Drummond had only ventured a battle success would almost surely have attended him, but his experiences of American valor made him curiously cautious, and he suffered the opportunity of overwhelming Ripley and his worn-out brigade to pass quietly by. The American army had now reached a condition bordering on collapse, and the immediate future was anything but secure. General Brown had crossed the river, and was nursing his wound in Buffalo; General Scott was in the hands of the surgeons, and the command devolved upon Ripley. A liberal amount of caution was one of Ripley's characteristics, so he prudently marched his army from the neighborhood of Lundy's Lane, and took up his position at Fort Erie, where he threw up defences and prepared to meet the advancing enemy. But burning bridges and other obstacles impeded Drummond's coming, so that when he came in sight of the fort he recognized the strength of the place and the difficulties in the way of its capture.

It was at this time that a serious misunderstanding arose between Generals Brown and Ripley, and in one form or another continued through many years. An impartial reading of the history of this campaign makes Brown act unjustly, if not harshly, toward Ripley, "who," as Henry Adams says, "although

his record was singular in showing only patient, excellent, and uniformly successful service, leaned toward caution, while Brown and Scott thought chiefly of fighting." Brown, in his anger, wrote to the secretary of war that Ripley was wanting either in courage or capacity. This unfounded charge he subsequently withdrew, but his confidence in his subordinate was gone, and General Gaines was summoned from Sackett's Harbor to take command, whereupon Ripley returned to his brigade. The British had now arrived before Fort Erie, and set about investing it.

For nearly two months there were assaults, sorties, and bombardment, but no decisive advantage was gained by either side. A shell having wounded General Gaines, Ripley once more took command, holding it up to the hour when, on the 17th of September, while leading a charge, he received a musket ball in the neck, and was carried back into the works in a dying condition. The wound caused endless and excruciating sufferings, and to the day of his death he was not free from pain. In February, 1815, he had been able to proceed only as far as Albany, so serious was the nature of his wound.

Notwithstanding the drawing to a close of the war, Ripley, burning with humiliation at the treatment he had received at the hands of Brown, demanded a court of inquiry, a proceeding strenuously opposed by those high in authority. A court, however, was at last convened, consisting of Generals Dearborn and Bissell and Major Porter, but its sittings were cut short by an order from the president, and it was forthwith dissolved.

It is not within the scope of this sketch to probe the reasons that caused

this singular action; it only needs to be said that General Ripley suffered no diminution of esteem, either in the official or in the public mind. On the anniversary of the day preceding the Battle of Lundy's Lane, a major-general's commission by brevet was conferred upon him, and later, the state of Georgia gave him a vote of thanks. New York not only thanked him, but presented a sword; while Congress gave both its thanks and a gold medal, on which was inscribed, "Niagara," "Chippewa," and "Erie."

In accordance with an act of congress the reorganization of the army was carried out in April, 1815. The country was divided into two military districts, north and south, and into nine departments, five in the first, and four in the second district. Brown took the northern district, with Ripley and McComb as brigadiers, while Jackson took the southern district, with Scott and Gaines. The entire army consisted of ten thousand men, and was made up of eight regiments of infantry, one of riflemen, one of light artillery, together with a corps of engineers. General Ripley was enthusiastic in the love and devotion for his calling, and his superior intellect and military renown won for him an enviable place in the affections of his countrymen, but ill health, aggravated by his savage wound, compelled him to relinquish all hope of further service in the army, and on February 1, 1820, he reluctantly and sorrowfully resigned his commission.

From this time until his death, nineteen years later, Ripley gave himself to his first love, and diligently practised law in a state widely separated from the scenes of his early professional victories. Strangely enough, he chose Louisiana as his residence, taking up

bis abode in New Orleans, where he soon gained a wide and distinguished clientage. . . . His remarkable versatility was not dulled by his military service or by his change in surroundings, for he was soon elected a state senator, representing the same views and maintaining the same political principles he had done years before in Massachusetts.

He was a sturdy and consistent Democrat, being one of the strictest disciples of the Jacksonian school. That he served his party well and fulfilled the conditions of political trust was shown by his election to Congress in 1834. And in 1836, when the roll was called in the house, Ripley found himself in illustrious company, for among the members were Franklin Pierce, John Quincy Adams, Caleb Cushing, Samuel Hoar, Abbott Lawrence, John A. Wise, Cave Johnson, and John Bell, while presiding over its deliberations as speaker was James K. Polk.

In the senate were Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, Prentiss, Wright, Buchanan, Crittenden, Hubbard, Ewing, and King.

This was an exciting congress, for nullification, supported by many of those occupying high official station, had given grave unrest to the public mind, and had threatened to disturb the foundations of the republic. Political affairs had not so adjusted themselves as to relieve the people from the dangers that threatened them. The doctrines of Calhoun were not crushed, and they soon came to the front in another form. The debates of that period do not show that General Ripley took the part that one has reason to look for when the breadth of his experience in legal, military, and political affairs is taken into account.

He spoke rarely and briefly. His silence at so momentous an epoch can only be explained by the condition of his health, for a mind so vigorous, and an ambition so aggressive, could only be restrained by causes too inexorable to be conquered by the will.

His party allegiance was never questioned, and he continued, throughout, a strict adherent to the doctrines taught by Jefferson and to the practical politics espoused by Jackson.

Thus he bore himself during his short career in the house of representatives.

It is not necessary to seek for an explanation concerning the political course of General Ripley, but his thorough identification with extreme southern views is certainly interesting.

In ancestry, education, and mode of thought he and the citizens of his section might seem to be mental antipodes, yet he served them and their cause with a zeal and fidelity that would have been commendable in one to the manor born. Ripley had seen so much of practical and every day life that he had little patience and less confidence in those who sought to change the accustomed order of things by sentiment and theories. Besides, he was essentially a man of action, though prone to exercise a well considered caution in the steps he took. He was a man of catholicity of mind and a firm believer in the future greatness of his country. He voted for adequate public appropriations, and spoke more than once on the necessity of dealing liberally with the growing needs of the West. In him the army had a friend, and he stood ready to fight for its interests. Soldiers are generally poor speakers, but Ripley was a brilliant exception, for he was fluent of speech and copious in illustration, and he brought to his brief work

in congress, the logic and forceful eloquence that had characterized his early days at the bar and in the Massachusetts legislature.

Then, as now, investigations, mere dragnet proceedings entered upon in the hope of bringing to the surface something not really looked for, were in full favor, so Wise, of Virginia, introduced a resolution calling for information concerning the workings of the executive departments. Whereupon a brisk debate sprung up. Congressman Ripley had this to say on the subject: "As a member from Louisiana, I raise my voice against the original resolution if no other man does, for it is entirely without precedent in the history of this government. It goes directly to impeach the integrity of the president (Jackson), whose correctness of conduct and purity has never yet been questioned, and it proposes an exercise of powers extending far beyond any ever exercised by this house. The resolution is not, but it should be, specific." This excerpt sufficiently illustrates the moving spirit of General Ripley's political, personal leanings.

He had become intensely sectional, holding the same views and making the same arguments that Davis, Toombs, and Benjamin proclaimed twenty years later. This course does certainly seem strange to a man of Ripley's antecedents. Sprung from the purest of Puritan stock, educated in one of the sternest and most famous of New England colleges, surrounded by influences hostile to slavery, devoting the golden years of his life to the defense of liberty, yet, as a legislator in the halls of congress, we find him one of the most inexorable and ardent pro slavery men of his time. It would be useless to seek the causes that led to this result, but from what we

know of his integrity and moral courage, it must be assumed that he acted according to his conscience and understanding. To statesmen of this school, the right of petition touching the subject of slavery was unconstitutional, and Ripley was in the fore ranks of those that held that monstrous doctrine. It was during his congressional term that John Quincy Adams began that magnificent combat with the dragon that will prolong his memory, and add undying lustre to his distinguished name. Here were two men born and bred under the same severe conditions of society, both had achieved signal distinction in civic and public life, yet they stood as far apart on this great question as their ancestors stood from the kings whom they fought for the self-same right of personal liberty. Early in 1836 began the irrepressible conflict, and into the lists leaped a third Puritan, young in years, but, intellectually, the superior of both Adams and Ripley, Caleb Cushing. Petitions, praying for the abolition of the slave trade in the District of Columbia, had been presented to Congress before this time, but they had aroused no suspicion and were soon forgotten, but the public mind had become agitated with slavery aggression, and the South was now sensitive to the quick. To Adams had fallen the real mission of his life, and he kindled the unquenchable flame, flinging faggot upon faggot, until the whole continent was ablaze. From the debates of that congress two brief speeches may be selected in order to show the attitude of Cushing and Ripley on the portentous question of the right of petition, and to illustrate the divergent views of two highly endowed men, sprung from the same stock, yet differing so widely about the

abstract proposition that all men are created equal. And here it may be pertinent to suggest that a casual perusal of the subsequent career of Cushing may not be unprofitable, inasmuch as his constant and astonishing changes in opinion furnish an object-lesson of puzzling interest. On the 25th of January, 1836, Cushing presented an anti-slavery petition, and boldly proceeded to make a speech relative thereto. He was a speaker of rare powers, and the reluctant house gave its attention.

“Mr. Speaker: This is a petition for the abolition of slavery and of the slave trade in the District of Columbia. It is respectful in its terms, being free from the offensive expressions and reflections contained in some of the petitions on the same subject heretofore presented. It is signed by inhabitants of Haverhill, in the state of Massachusetts, and among the subscribers are the names of citizens of that state whom I know personally, whom I vouch to be highly respectable, and who, whether mistaken or not in their views, are assuredly actuated by conscientious motives of civil and religious principles. They are constituents of mine; they have transmitted it to me, and by desiring me, as their representative, to present it, and under the circumstances, much as I have deprecated such a commission and reluctant as I am to be instrumental in the introduction of any matter of excitement upon this floor, I cannot permit myself to hesitate in the discharge of this painful duty, believing, as I do, that it is the constitutional right of every American, be he high or low, be he fanatic or be he philosopher, to come here with his grievance, and to be heard upon it by this house.”

This must be accepted as the undoubted honest conviction of the brilliant member from Massachusetts, and it was met by Ripley, later in the year, when similar petitions had been introduced, by these sentiments:

“This is a grave and important question. There is no subject of greater interest in the quarter of the country from which I come. I have been sent here to oppose every effort of a certain class of citizens in reference to slavery in the District of Columbia and elsewhere. In disposing of the question before the house, care should be taken rather to allay the public feeling than to add to existing excitement. This question is a solemn one, and has been from the time of Magna Charta to the present moment.

Our citizens have a right to petition for a change of their constitution, and indeed for a change in their form of government. Every decorous memorial should be received, but when received, it is in the power of the house to dispose of it as it may seem proper. The motion to reject the petition was an incipient question, and should take precedence.”

He again adverted to the excitement created throughout the South by these incendiary petitions, and dwelt upon the importance of promptly and thoroughly putting the subject to rest. Continuing, he said,—

“If the gentlemen from the North are sincere in their friendship for their brethren of the South and are desirous of breaking down the double wall of partition between these two sections of the country, they could give an earnest on the present occasion by voting promptly to reject the petition, and when it shall go forth that we have rejected it by a vast majority, it will have an effect even upon the fanatics themselves, who do not understand the position and the feelings of the South on this subject, while it will, at the same time, allay the existing excitement in that section of the country.”

This speech was delivered on the 18th of December, 1836, and a careful search of the congressional records of that period brings to light no further utterances from the Louisiana congressman. Enough has been quoted to identify General Ripley with the people

among whom he lived; he had cast his lot with them and had become one of them. He delivered a short speech on the subject of fortifying the western frontier, in which his comprehensive knowledge of army needs is demonstrated, and concurred in by the house.

During his service in congress he was a member of the judiciary committee, and there he found as one of his associates, his fellow-compatriot, Franklin Pierce. His health, which had long been uncertain, had now become completely shattered, and the end was drawing near. Yet this brave and upright man was tortured to the last by the slow if not unjust adjudication of his military accounts—matters that

might have been settled years before stood like pestilential ghosts in his path and would not down.

His only son was dead, brutally slain, and the days grated and ground as they glided on.

The old wound brought from the glacis of Fort Erie vexed him sorely: relief there was none, yet worldly honors eagerly awaited him. It was too late. On the second day of March, 1839, on his plantation in West Feliciana parish, Louisiana, he died, and there he was buried, with military honors.

He was married to Love, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Allen, of Pittsfield, Mass., on the 13th of July, 1811.

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#### PORTRAIT OF GENERAL ELEAZAR WHEELOCK RIPLEY.

*By Ex-Governor B. F. Prescott.*

The portrait of Major-General Eleazar Wheelock Ripley, which is presented in connection with the foregoing article, prepared with so great care and ability, was taken from an original oil painting of him, now in the gallery in Dartmouth college. The writer has been invited by the publishers of this magazine to give a short history connected with this portrait, and how it came to be the property of the college. The facts in reference to the finding and securing of many portraits now in the same gallery, and also in the collections in Phillips Academy, in Exeter, and in our state house, if fully written and published, would afford much interest and amusement to those interested in such matters, if not to others. Somewhere near 1877 the writer was actively at work in securing the likeness of different prominent

persons, principally for the three now large collections above named. The effort was commenced to ascertain, if possible, whether there was a likeness of him in existence, and if one was found who would give it to Dartmouth college. Correspondence with people in various sections of the country was entered upon, and for a while without obtaining any information.

Finally a post-master in Louisiana, where General Ripley once lived, or in the locality, was addressed to give any and all information he was able in reference to the subject. The name of that gentleman is not now before me, though I have no doubt his reply is among the thousands of letters in my possession in connection with this work. He gave the name of Mrs. A. W. Roberts, of Bayou Sara, a person connected with

the Ripley family, and one, who in all probability could give me such information as I desired. By letter, I thanked him for his politeness, as he had given me the first ray of light I had seen. I at once addressed a letter to Mrs. Roberts, making inquiries, explaining fully all matters and stating the object of the letter. In a short time I received a reply, in which Mrs. Roberts said that she had an excellent oil painting of General Ripley in military costume, that her mother was his second wife, and after his death she married again, and by that marriage she was born, and since her mother's death the portrait of General Ripley had been sacredly cared for by her. I had no means of knowing, or did not know the ability of the owner to give it, or a copy, to the college.

A correspondence, however, was entered upon, and the result was that she decided to give the original to the "Trustees and Alumni of Dartmouth College." The portrait having been rescued from a fire, was injured slightly. The frame in which it was placed was of poor quality, and she desired to present it in a new frame with the canvas restored. She was a widow with four small children, very limited in means. There was no artist or frame-maker nearer than New Orleans, which was one hundred and fifty miles away. For awhile the matter rested, for the reason that one of Mrs. Roberts's letters had been mislaid by the writer. Early in the winter of 1881, probably in the month of February, in company with Col. J. E. Pecker, of the Boston *Journal*, I went on a trip south, and before returning went to New Orleans, where we remained for three weeks. While on the trip, and soon after we started, Mrs. Roberts addressed me another letter

from New Orleans, stating that she had left Bayou Sara, and was then living at No. 639 Carondelet street. That letter, as soon as received, was forwarded to me at the hotel where I was to stop. On our arrival the letter, with others, was handed to me.

This was in the morning, and as soon as I made arrangements I started on a street car to find Mrs. Roberts, whose address was in her letter. I reached the terminus of the railway, and was directed what course to take to find her residence. After travelling some distance I found the number, and knocked at the door. The house was small, and by no means attractive. A lady of dignified bearing and agreeable manners presented herself at the door, and about her were four little children. I asked if she was Mrs. A. W. Roberts. She replied that she was. I told her we had had correspondence, and she politely inquired who I was. I informed her, and was cordially received and invited to walk within. I did so, and stopped more than an hour, while the whole matter of General Ripley's portrait and his life was briefly gone over.

On the mantel in this room was the portrait after which I had so long and anxiously searched. She said, "That is General Ripley's portrait, which I have often heard my mother say was a wedding gift to her by the general, and that it was a perfect likeness of him." She, among other things, said, "It ought to belong to Dartmouth college, with which he was so intimately connected, and I want it to be protected and cared for there." I assured her of the care and protection it would receive. I asked her how we could get it to Hanover. She replied, "You take it now out of the poor and unsuitable frame, carry it to a picture store in the city, have it

properly packed, and forward it where you wish it sent, by the Southern express." After bidding her good-day, I took the portrait, followed her directions, and had it sent to my own address in Concord. Early in March I arrived home, and soon found the portrait had arrived safely. I got the artist, Ulysses D. Tenney, to cleanse, retouch, and restore the injured places, but no damage had been done the portrait proper, only light places on the back-ground. It was then placed in a fine gilt frame and forwarded to the Dartmouth gallery, where it has since been, and from which the likeness here appearing was taken. The above is an imperfect, rambling sketch from memory.

Mrs. Roberts, in presenting it to the college, wrote an account of General Ripley, and as it is so interesting and accurate it has been thought proper to print it here, as it has never before been published, at least in the form in which it here appears. It was because of the limited means of Mrs. Roberts, and her distance at the time from New Orleans, that it was not forwarded by her.

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BAYOU SARA, LA., July 30, 1880.

To the Trustees and Alumni of Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire.

RESPECTED GENTLEMEN: Through your honored state executive and associate, ex-Gov. B. F. Prescott, I have the honor of transmitting to you, for this old and venerated institution of the Granite state, this treasured heirloom, which has been in our family for fifty years. It is with no little pride, but much pleasure, with many pangs of sadness, I give this, the portrait of General Eleazar Wheelock Ripley, and part with it forever. It is associated with my earliest recollection, and as I have prized and taken care of it, I

now commend it to your keeping, hoping that it will meet with the same attention. This is the portrait of one of the distinguished men of the United States. New Hampshire bears the honor of giving him birth, and Dartmouth of educating him: then certainly she has the last right to this relic. It was presented to my mother, his wife, as a bridal gift in 1830, and by her treasured until her death in 1866. It was always her intention to present it either to a portrait gallery in Washington city or New Orleans, so I feel that I am carrying out what would be approved by her.

The dress in which this is taken was made in England. In 1857 this portrait came very near being destroyed. It was moved from the room in which the fire originated, by a colored man, very much scorched.

I deem it quite an honor to be called upon, and to have it in my power to bring to view this glorious, brave man's face and recall his valorous deeds forty years after his death, facts to enlighten the world that have been hidden from sight all that time.

General Ripley was born in New Hampshire in 1782, graduated from Dartmouth college in 1800. He was the son of Rev. Sylvanus Ripley, who graduated at this same institution in 1771. He married the daughter of President Wheelock of Dartmouth, the mother of this hero. After graduating General Ripley commenced the practice of law in Maine. The War of 1812 breaking out, he raised a company and offered their services as their captain. When only nineteen he became colonel from his great ardor and achievements. He was promoted to brigadier-general when only 22 years of age.

The battles of Bridgewater, Chippewa, Lundy's Lane, and the sortie of Fort Erie were all his victories. At the last named battle he received a wound through the neck from which never recovered, having to wear a seaton as long as he lived. The ball passed between the windpipe and the jugular vein. He was left for dead on the field. When his coat collar was unfastened the ball rolled out. It was upon this battle that peace was declared between Great Britain and

the United States. The state of New York presented him with a gold sword as a merit for the services he had rendered her. Congress awarded a gold medal as a memento from the United States.

After peace was declared he was put in Souther's command, where he remained for a number of years, when he resigned and resumed the practice of law. Then he retired to his plantation "Whealock," near Clinton, East Feliciana, Louisiana, where he resided until his death in 1839. He was the senior partner of Hon. Charles N. Conrad, who died honored and loved two years since. Thereafter he was a partner of Gen. S. W. Downes, who was U. S. senator from this state, being considered one of the best criminal lawyers in this section.

His first wife was Miss Love Allen of Maine. She died with yellow fever in 1828, at Bay of St. Louis, Miss., leaving a son and daughter. The son, Henry Dearborn Ripley, belonged to Colonel Fanning's company and was one of those twenty-one young men, shot by order of Santa Anna, at Goliad, whom he promised to release.

His second and last wife was Mrs. Aurelia Davis, the widow of Dr. Benn Davis, an elder brother of Hon. Jefferson Davis, and niece of Luther L. Smith, Esq., of West Feliciana parish, at whose residence they were married, by General Dawson, on July 28, 1830. She was twenty-seven years of age, very beautiful and intelligent. On the

third anniversary of their marriage a daughter was born, who died exactly one year from her birth, July 28, 1834, making three anniversaries on the same day.

In 1835, General Ripley was elected to congress. In 1837 he was re-elected. Becoming a lunatic, his wife brought him home early in 1837, with the aid of a faithful colored man-servant. She nursed him until his death, which was two years afterward, thus fulfilling the promise made him, that should he ever become deranged she would not permit him to be put in an asylum. He died March 1, 1839, and at his request was buried by the side of his little daughter, where they now rest, with simple headstones, on Locust Grove plantation, seven miles from Bayou Sara, West Feliciana, the residence of Mrs. Judge Boyle, where he was last married. Fifteen months after his death his wife married her cousin, Thomas B. Smith, and I am their daughter. It was my father that had the stone placed at his grave. My mother was his amanuensis, and prepared all his speeches for the press,—Niles' register, after they were delivered—dictated by him. His seat was unoccupied for two terms of congress. I am the nearest and only connection left to transmit to posterity the history of this great man. Hoping I have not trespassed too long on your time. I am, gentlemen, with great respect,

MRS. LUCY ANN SMITH ROBERTS.

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### SAMSON, M. C.

*By Harlan C. Pearson.*

Langdon Flint was a pure product of the great West. Born in the midst of a prairie that stretched from sunrise to sunset, the foundation of his character was as broad and grand as his environment. Out of the depths of the past his Puritan ancestors sent him undefiled the glorious strength of their convictions. The blizzards that howled

from the northwest breathed into his veins courage, power, endurance.

Like a hundred American leaders since Lincoln, he fought his way alone. Day after day, as he sat behind the four great horses that dragged the plough, the harrow, and the harvester, he thought long and earnestly of the books that he had pored over the

night before by the dim light of a kerosene lamp. Presently he voiced his thoughts to the horses; who replied to the deep, musical tones only by a switch of the tail or a pricked-up ear.

After many years a tidal wave of political unrest flowed, as if by magic, over the great mass of the western people. None knew its origin, none could trace its course, few dared prophesy its end. Upon its crest floated in triumph flotsam and jetsam, human débris; but its onward rush was irresistible, overwhelming.

It bathed Langdon Flint in its inspiring flood. Moved, as was the great Greek against the Macedonian invader, he spoke to the people of his county. The words that the horses had heard unmoved stirred to the heart these honest farmer-folk. They answered back his watchwords with a mighty cry of triumph. They sent him to congress by ten thousand majority.

In Washington he was very silent for a time, puzzled by the intricate problems on every side. But as the light came he spoke. Soon members came to know that the fresh, young voice which rang with new life through the vitiated chamber was not idly used. The honest men of the house, and there were many, gathered round him when he spoke. The galleries applauded his defence of the right and the true.

Meanwhile, in debate and through their purchased press, the ringsters mocked him; as they do all outside their ranks whom they dare not scourge and cannot crush. But presently some of the rank and file grew restive under the lash of his words. Then the leaders listened, observed, and saw that Flint was likely to become a power. Some of the senators who

wore the brand came over from the other wing of the Capitol, and after careful watching, agreed that he was dangerous.

Hence a telegram to a certain great personage at New York.—

“Come to Washington and hear Flint to-morrow. Important.”

The great personage came and held a miniature levee upon the floor of the house. But when Flint arose to speak, he dismissed his hirelings with a wave of his fat hand, and settled himself for attention. The young orator reached his highest mark that day. With force, eloquence, and wit, he denounced existing methods of taxation, and proposed a new plan that should equalize burdens, destroy legalized robbery, and prevent enormous and unjust wealth accumulation. When he had finished, the great personage sat in meditation for some minutes, one beringed finger scratching his double chin. Then he said to his lieutenants, “Leave him to me.” To himself and to his note-book he said, “Send Marie.”

Marie was, without exaggeration, one of the most beautiful women in the world. She was ever perfect in gown, in temper, and in tact; wise and witty, too—in short, adorable. Life was for her a game of billiards,—men’s hearts and hopes the balls; the power of wealth and beauty, the cues; the cost, her soul.

Flint noticed her first in the private gallery, where she sat, listening intently, whenever she heard he was to speak. After a time he received a note asking him to call at her hotel. When he came, somewhat on his guard, she did not dazzle him at once by the display of her charms, as she sometimes did her victims. She was very quiet and

subdued in both dress and manner, and turned all the conversation upon his one mania, political economy. She was trying to study the subject, she told him, but it was very hard to understand; and would he kindly explain to her one or two points he had touched upon in his speeches? Of course he would, and did, with wearisome detail and figures; to all of which Marie dutifully listened with grave and serious attention. And only once, just as he was taking his leave, did she turn her glorious eyes full upon his. The young westerner had never known the intoxication of love. For the first time a burning glance from beauty's eyes kindled his blood, and sent it hotly rioting through his veins. He forgot politics, the place, himself;—the white-haired negro at the open door recalled him to his senses.

*Facilis descensus amoris* as well as *Aeterni*, and Flint soon found the brakes of his will unable to cope with its steep grade. With Marie he walked, talked, and drove; with her and her "aunt" he occupied a box at the theatre, and, dining with them at Chamberlin's, learned to listen with pleasure to the popping of champagne corks. His congressional duties were neglected; his expenses far outran his income: thought, conscience, the future, were buried in the flood of his madness. Meanwhile the velvet paws that so daintily caressed him gradually unsheathed their claws.

One afternoon Marie dismissed her carriage, and they walked home together from the matinée. Passing a jeweller's window, the glow of a magnificent ruby caught her eye. "Oh, what a beauty!" she exclaimed, calling Flint's attention

to the jewel. "How I wish it were mine!" They turned away and talked of other things, but Flint could not dismiss the glitter of the gem from his mind. He could see just how its molten fire would gleam against the velvet whiteness of her throat. He knew that he could not buy it for her—he, worse than penniless. But its fascination drew him irresistibly back to the jeweller's, and the ruby blazed up at him with mocking beauty when the dapper clerk read its price-mark, eight hundred dollars. Flint pushed away the velvet casket with a sigh, turned his back upon it resolutely, and that night attacked his long accumulating correspondence with old-time vigor.

The next day a messenger brought to his room a brooch in which the gem he had admired was daintily set, and a note signed by the great personage, which said, "Your friendship is worth more to me than many of these baubles."

Six months before Flint would have returned the bribe with scornful indignation. Now he hesitated: and was lost. The innate, rugged honesty, that all his life had strengthened and upbuilt, fought a deadly fight with the feelings that are the strongest in strong men. The picture of a beautiful woman in languorous pose, with white teeth gleaming between red lips, turned the scale.

That afternoon Flint lunched with Marie, and fastened the jewel, so dearly bought, about her neck. That night with flushed face and heavy eyes he stumbled into his seat in the house, and voted "aye" on a ringster's bill.

Marie, watching from the gallery, sent a note to a great personage.—"Flint finished. Who next?"



The White Mountains from Bethlehem  
*From a Photograph by B. W. Kilburn.*

## A LOST TOWN: A SKETCH OF BETHLEHEM.

*By George H. Moses.*

**L**OST—From the records of the Province of New Hampshire and from the minds of men, the Township of Lloyd Hills.

The township which might well thus be advertised had only a paper existence. It undoubtedly was granted, for Holland's map of New Hampshire gives a place to it; and the charter of the town of Whitefield, which was granted in 1774, makes mention of this lost township as a boundary of the new town; but beyond these there is nothing. The charter records of the state are silent, and all is conjecture.

The government of John Wentworth, the last royal governor of New Hampshire, to which the township of Lloyd Hills owed whatever of existence it had, was overthrown by the outbreak of the Revolution, so soon after the grant was made that it is probable that the grantees made no effort to settle upon their property, and doubtless many of them fled the country with their vice-regal patron, for it is not likely that this lost charter was filled out without the usual number of favorite's names in the list of grantees.

But, be this as it may, the territory of Lloyd Hills became the property of the state of New Hampshire, and after the close of the war, in 1786, the Went-

worth title was ignored and a sale of the land was authorized. It was thirteen years after this that a township was chartered to take the place of the one that was lost, and on the 27th of December, 1799, the general court of New Hampshire incorporated the town of Bethlehem, which originally occupied almost exactly the territory embraced in the lost town of Lloyd Hills.

At this time the inhabitants, according to their own petition for town privileges, numbered more than forty, and the community had been christened with the name it now bears.

Before this, however, the place had figured in the record of legislative proceedings by the sale of the land in 1786, as has been indicated. This sale was made for the purpose of securing funds to build a road from Gunthwaite (now Lisbon) to the White Mountain notch, and was carried on under the direction of Colonels McMillan, Bucknam, and McDuffee, the commissioners to build the road. They caused four sales to take place, the last of these occurring in 1796, so close to the date of the act depriving the commissioners of their powers, that the titles then acquired were for a long time held in question, and many a legal battle was

fought in consequence. The last assault on these titles was made some ten years ago by the New Hampshire Land company, who claimed ownership under a much later sale by state authority, and the question was fought to a finish in the United States courts. The counsel in this case were among the most notable brought together in the later days of New Hampshire,—Harry Bingham, Gilman Marston, George A. Bingham, Irving W. Drew, Edgar Aldrich, A. S. Batchellor, and D. C. Remich appearing on one side, and on the other being Austin F. Pike, Daniel Barnard, William S. Ladd, Chas. H. Burns, William M. Chase, and Frank S. Streeter.

The land in question was a portion of the territory lying east of Lloyd Hills, and is now a part of Bethlehem, Captain John Pierce having secured the annexation of a portion of it in 1848 and the Hon. John G. Sinclair the remainder in 1873. The United States courts upheld the title under the so-called Bucknam sales, and all along the Zealand valley, at the foot of the Twins and Garfield, and

wherever the coveted spruce spread their branches, the sound of the axe and the buzz-saw proclaim the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils."

Governor John Taylor Gilman signed the act of the legislature two days too late to make the town of Bethlehem a Christmas present to his constituents, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven

hundred and ninety-nine, and on the fourth day of the next March the first town meeting was held at the house of Mr. Amos Wheeler, and was marked by a singular unanimity, choosing Moses Eastman moderator, town clerk, and first selectman. His colleagues on the board were Capt. Lot Wood-



The Swasey Road.

bury and Amos Wheeler, and to the former of these, December 8, 1800, his associates granted the first tavern-keeper's license. This document now hangs in the office of the Maplewood, a palatial summer hotel in Bethlehem, and in quaint language informs the reader,—

*Bethlehem, Dec. 8th, 1800.*

*Whereas there being no tavern in said Town of Bethlehem and as it is highly neces-*



Sinclair House.

From a Photograph by R. W. Kilburn.

sary that there should be one opened for the accommodation of travelers, therefore we, the subscribers do approbate Capt. Lot Woodbury and give him full liberty and license to keep tavern and accommodate travellers with liquors and other necessaries as the law Directs.

Moses Eastman } Selectmen  
of  
Amos Wheeler } Bethlehem,

The high necessity which made Captain Woodbury a Boniface, grew out of the increasing importance of the new town as a station on the pathway of commerce between Portland, Me., and the northern portion of New Hampshire. The White Mountain notch was the neck of the bottle through which this stream of trade and travel poured, but through Bethlehem went the great volume of it, and it was no uncommon thing for a hundred or more of pungs, sleighs, and other conveyances to pass daily through the village, loaded with farm produce, bound for Portland, where the eggs and butter and cheese would be bartered for calico, "liquors and other necessaries," to use the language of Captain Woodbury's license.

This house<sup>1</sup> of Captain Woodbury stood at the west end of what is now Bethlehem Street, near where the Alpine House now stands, and it was a famous tavern for many a day. The proprietor —'Squire Woodbury as they called him —was the leading man of the place, and the town meetings were held at his house for many years. Hotel-keeping



Hon. John G. Sinclair



The Maplewood.

must have become ingrained in his stock, for one of the most popular of the present hotels of the place was till quite recently managed by a grandson of the town's first landlord, and the children of the latter are now "mine hosts."

The days of Capt. Lot Woodbury's prime were prosperous days for Bethlehem. Traffic swelled; the state of Maine with fostering care appropriated money to build roads in New Hampshire over which trade went to Portland; a stage-line was established, with Bethlehem on its route; more taverns set themselves up beside 'Squire Woodbury's; a chair factory was established by Capt. John Pierce—and to his credit be it said that he made it pay; a church, two churches were built, the Ammonoosuc was bridged, other internal improvements were projected, and Bethlehem prided

itself as having a boom. It was before these palmy days were ended that the signs of the days to come appeared. The everlasting hills among which this village had been set out, began to assert themselves,—their beauty, their novelty, their wonders, their charm, were discovered, and from among the line of travellers passing daily through Bethlehem an occasional straggler fell from the ranks for a few days' sojourn in the midst of so much enchantment. These few before long had become many; and simultaneous with the town's decline in a commercial sense came a new importance: Bethlehem was a watering-place.

The transition from the old Bethlehem to the new was by no means as violent or as marked as the words would indicate, though it was not long before the



The Casino

tide of summer travel had overflowed the taverns and found admission in some of the farm-houses of the neighborhood. Before long, too, a hotel was built solely for the purpose of entertaining summer visitors, and that in turn was followed by nearly two score others; so that now almost the only source of revenue to the town, and certainly the only one for Bethlehem Street, is the summer traffic. "The summer boarder," sententiously remarked a landlord, "is our best and biggest crop." The person who first "took boarders" in Bethlehem is as numerous as the oldest Mason or the first volunteer. Like the seven cities which

.. strove for Homer dead

Through which the living Homer begged his bread."

the claimants of this honor are persistent. Far be it from me to decide so momentous a discussion. Doubtless they are all right. It is certain that Thomas Jefferson Spooner—as good a Democrat as his name implies—entertained more than one tourist at his

famous stage tavern; it is certain that boarders were received at Joseph Plummer's cottage, where they, *genus* and *species*, were curiosities; it is certain that John G. Sinclair built a house for the accommodation of the new visitors; and it is certain that at the Turner farm some of the first of the summer inhabitants found place. Beyond these assertions, I am not bold enough to go. But all this was merely preliminary, and it was not until 1863 that the attention of the

people of Bethlehem was directed toward the possibilities of their village, and any systematic attempts were made toward its development.

In that year the family of the Hon. Henry Howard of Providence (afterward governor of Rhode Island) was in the mountains and a serious runaway accident compelled the party to take quarters for some time at the Sinclair House, which was then, writes Governor Howard, "a small but well kept stage tavern



Pagoda Cottage



Maplewood Row

with a few rooms for boarders." The convalescence of the family was so remarkable, considering the nature of the injuries, that Governor Howard formed the opinion that there was an uncommon potency for health in the Bethlehem atmosphere. Revolving the subject in his mind during convalescence, and greatly impressed by the attractiveness of the situation, he came to the conclusion that here there were great possibilities which had been neglected. Learning that the large farm known as the Carlton farm, lying on the north side of the street and extending half a mile northward, was for sale, he acquired it by purchase; and shortly after also purchased the Brooks or Strawberry Hill farm, lying opposite. It was his belief that sooner or later the unrivalled opportunities of the village as a summer boarding-place would be appreciated.

His own appreciation was shown by his selling building-lots on credit, and by pecuniary assistance to those who were disposed to try their hand at hotel business.

In 1871 there came another to Bethlehem whose name has since become

indissolubly connected with the place. This one was Isaac S. Croft, a merchant of Boston, whose business sagacity endorsed Governor Howard's ideas and led him to similar activity by the acquirement of a large tract of land in the east part of the village. On this property, known as Maplewood farm,



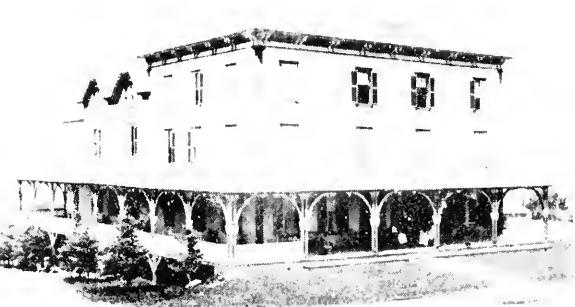
Hon. Henry Howard

there was then a comfortable farm-house, which was remodelled and opened as a hotel. The new resort sprang at once

into favor; and after years of repeated enlargement, re-building, and refitting, the entire estate, now known as the Maplewood, is one of the most famous and beautiful of all the summer resorts of the north. During Mr. Cruct's life he spent much of his time in developing and advancing the interests of the community, though for more than fifteen years the management of the estate rested in the hands of his nephew, General George T. Cruct, who took up his residence in Bethlehem and gained prominence in the affairs of the state as well.



Woodlawn.



The Altamonte.

The people of Bethlehem were slow to appreciate their advantages, and the summer visitors were not held very high in the esteem of the villagers. As showing the attitude of some of the natives toward the tourists, it is related that some years ago a party of Harvard dons, among whom were Professors Felton, Agassiz, and Gray, made a tour of the White mountains, and engaged a carriage for a drive along one of the charming roads of Bethlehem. They had not gone far before one of them jumped out to chip off a specimen of rock, another to chase a butterfly, a third to gather a plant or fern, and so on, until at last all had descended from the carriage with the exception of the driver and Professor Felton, who cared more for



Mount Washington House.

Greek roots than for the rarest herbs or other country messes. Jehu's curiosity was somewhat aroused at what appeared to him the mad antics of his passengers, and inquiring of the only one left in his carriage who the people were, received for reply, "They are naturalists from Boston." A few days later, while the driver had the care of another party of tourists, he was asked if he had driven anybody in particular lately. "Not that I know of," he answered. "But I drove a rum set of fellows t'other day—they were naturals from Boston, at least so their keeper said!"

When the manifest destiny of the town became self-apparent, the people of Bethlehem



Highland House  
From a Photograph by B. W. Kilburn.



The Bellevue  
From a Photograph by B. W. Kilburn.



The Uplands.

were willing enough to accelerate matters, and a village precinct was formed, through which means the community became supplied with the necessary sanitary and other adjuncts of an alluring place of residence. The unusual healthfulness of Bethlehem has already been alluded to as a factor in directing attention to the place; but when it was discovered that here sufferers were free from that irritating and dis-

tressing malady, hay fever, a unique charm was added, and the adoption of Bethlehem as the headquarters of the American Hay Fever association, gave the place a world-wide reputation.

Perhaps, however, the most effective of all the agencies by which this place has been brought to the public attention, is *The White Mountain Echo*, a weekly periodical with a publication season of twelve weeks. M. Markinfield Addey, the editor of *The Echo*, was first brought to Bethlehem in his

ment and betterment of the entire region. *The Echo* was projected on a high plane, and has continued its work under conditions, set by the editor himself, demanding nothing less than the best and producing nothing less.

As a distinctively mountain resort Bethlehem is anomalous, for there are no mountains in Bethlehem, broadly speaking, yet the mountain views from here are the finest, the most varied, and the most extended. From almost any point on Bethlehem Street, and with

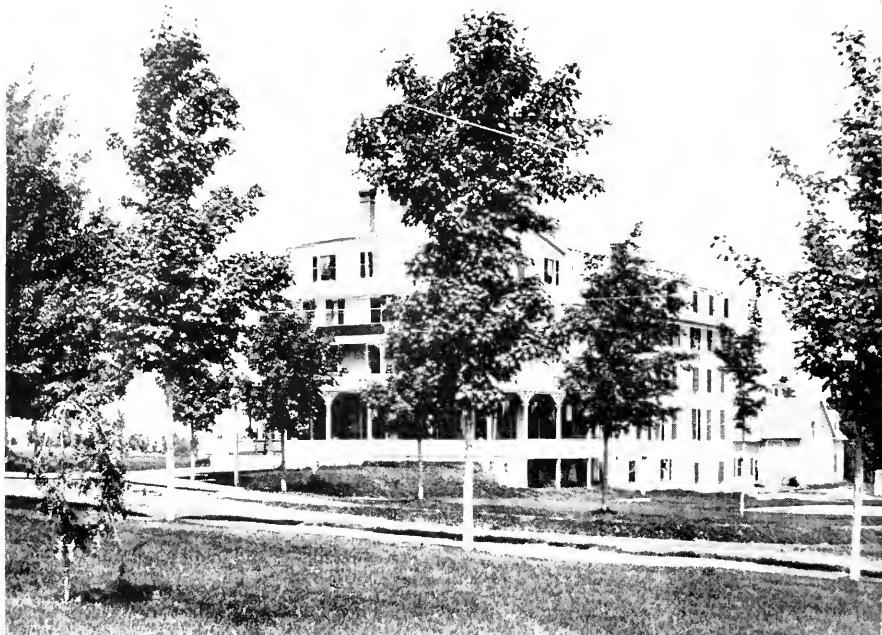


Cruff Block

search for rest and health. That was twenty years ago. Two years later he was there again. Since then he has made his summer home there. In 1878 he established *The Echo*, and notwithstanding that he had lost his sight since his first visit to the mountains, he has been able to make a success of the paper from the very first. As a factor in creating the new Bethlehem, *The White Mountain Echo* must take high place. Nor has its value been less to the entire mountain region, for Mr. Addey has labored incessantly for the develop-

greatest ease from any of the numerous observatories which crown the village slopes, the Franconia range, the Presidential range, the Dalton and Stratford groups of hills, and the Green mountains are distinctly visible, so high an authority as the Appalachian club declaring that Bethlehem's vista of the Presidential range is the only true one, that only here are the peaks revealed in their correct proportions, with due regard to their geographical divisions, their height, size, and shape. Certain it is that Mount Washington





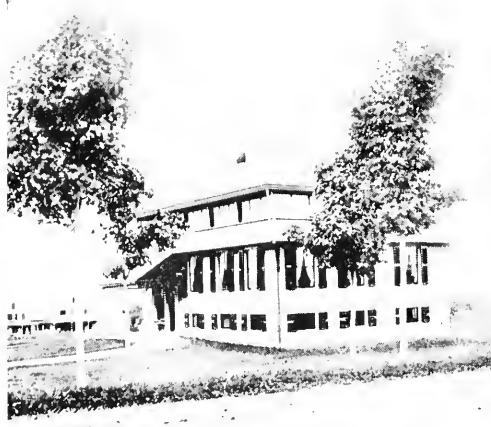
Maplewood Cottage.

is never more inspiring or alluring, nor is its lordly position more clearly defined, or its head more proudly uplifted among its fellows, than when viewed from the piazza of the Mount Washington House in Bethlehem, nineteen miles away.

Besides this the valley of the Ammono-

suc spreads out its undulating length before the eye of Bethlehem, and on every hand enchanting drives lead one into vistas of beauty to be seen though not described.

It is among all this grandeur and loveliness that the school-master often finds himself abroad, for the American Institute of Instruction more frequently holds its annual session in Bethlehem than anywhere else. This season it is here again, meeting alternately morning and evening in the Casino at Maplewood and at Cruff hall at the Street. Beside this many prominent educators are accustomed to visit Bethlehem for a more prolonged stay, the president of Amherst college having been a summer resident here for several seasons, and the faculty of almost every American college contributing its quota to the roll of habitues.



Harris Cottage.

Professional and business men, artists and poets, diplomats and statesmen, have here sought and found rest and health, and one member of one of these classes, an ornament to the most respected tribunal in the world, in one of his frequent visits, found here a wife with whose wooing goes a pretty story of an interrupted youthful romance which this marriage finally completed.

But Bethlehem the town is as interesting as Bethlehem the summer resort and as worthy of note, for though of late years the community has assiduously cultivated its "best and biggest crop," its early years were marked by certain notable productions in the line of New Hampshire's specialty—men.

Among the earliest settlers in Bethlehem was James Turner, who came here from Maine in 1788, stopping long

enough on the way, at Hanover, to woo a wife whom he afterward returned to marry. This sturdy pioneer became one of the foremost citizens of the new community and begat a line of descendants who carried his name far beyond the limits of Bethlehem. The Turner family, on the whole, is the most noted in Bethlehem genealogies. The son of James Turner was Timothy P. Turner,



Mount Agassiz.



The Rocks

born in 1795, and his sons form an interesting and notable group in the story of railroad affairs in New England.

There were five of these Turner boys,



Timothy P. Turner.

James N., Charles S., Timothy N., William H., and Hiram N. Of these the oldest has always remained on the



Timothy N. Turner.

old homestead which has been in the possession of the family since his grandfather came here from Maine, and which is not only a famous farm but is also a



William H. Turner.



Charles S. Turner.

popular summer resort, as well as being one of the oldest.

Charles left home at twenty-one and entered the railroad business at Norwich

Conn. After service as a station agent he was made general agent of a railroad line and steamboat company, with offices in Worcester, Mass. In this position he remained fifteen years and then became superintendent of the Worcester & Nashua railroad. Here he remained sixteen years and was then made president of the consolidated Worcester,

Nashua, & Rochester road and retired from active business after four years in this capacity.

thirty years. He is now one of the oldest conductors in the service in New England and makes his regular nightly trips between Worcester and New London. The third, William H., is dead; but before his death he was superintendent of the Portland & Rochester railroad, superintendent of the Boston & New York Air Line railroad, general

agent for the Norwich steamboat line in New York, and superintendent of the New York end of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad. To this last position he was appointed by President Charles P. Clark of the consolidated road, and in it he died. His grave



Turner House.



James N. Turner.

The three younger Turners followed their older brother's example and all entered the railroad business as apprentices in his office. One of them, Timothy N., soon became a conductor on the Norwich line, taking charge of the steamboat train which he ran for more than



Hiram N. Turner.



Rev. Dr. Edward Cooke.

in Worcester is marked by a costly monument of New Hampshire granite, the expense of which was defrayed by the employés of the Consolidated,—from president down to water-boys finding a place on the subscription list.

Hiram N., the youngest of the Turners, began with the Worcester & Nashua as general passenger and freight agent and while in this office he got out the first maps of the White Mountains showing the different routes for seeking the various summer resorts there. He also issued a map of Bethlehem Street, and these two maps are still standard among White Mountain tourists. From his first work Hiram Turner was called to the management of the Montreal & Boston Air Line, and thence to be general traffic manager of the Boston & Lowell passing with that road into the employ of the Boston & Maine. From here he was called to St. Johnsbury, Vt., where he is a director and the general manager of the Fairbanks scale factories. His railroad connection now consists of mem-

bership in the Concord & Montreal directory.

The Turner boys, as the people of Bethlehem affectionately term this notable group of brothers, are put forward as something unique in New England.

Another name intimately connected with Bethlehem is that of Sinclair, represented by the Hon. John G. Sinclair and his son, Colonel Charles A. Sinclair. The elder of these men was not born in Bethlehem, but came here to engage in trade. Before leaving here he engaged in the hotel business (giving the Sinclair House its name) and in the lumber business, and in manufacturing, and in farming, and in politics, conducting while in the pursuit of the last named branch of his activity a famous series of joint debates on the stump with Gov. Walter Harriman, against whom he was an unsuccessful candidate.

Colonel Charles A. Sinclair was born here and from here he went to college. He has slight business interests here and occasionally comes here for a holiday, not having lost his interest in his birth-



Colonel Charles A. Sinclair.

place despite his many diverting interests as president of a railroad, director in many railroads, banks, and other corporations, and member of the New Hampshire legislature in both branches. The village of Bethlehem has recently come into possession of a valuable scientific museum once the property of the late Dr. Cutting, state geologist of Vermont, and a stone building is to be

ing the earlier years of the town's history. His son, Stillman, was the father of the accomplished editor of the state papers, and was an outspoken Freesoiler, who quoted Thomas Jefferson and figured as the local Charles A. Dana of his time. He was a much respected man, and after his death the homestead became the property of Mr. J. J. Glessner of Chicago, who has built upon



Congregational Church.

erected to shelter the collection. Both these benefactions are shrewdly suspected to be from Colonel Sinclair to his native town.

Another name, now gone from the town, but still recalled here, is borne by the Hon. Albert S. Batchellor of Littleton, who, as a lawyer, a writer, and a historian, has come into the front rank of those who are contributing to make New Hampshire what it is. His grandfather was a pioneer here and was killed by falling from the roof of a barn dur-

it one of the finest, as it is the most conspicuous, of summer cottages in the neighborhood. It is not unappropriately named "The Rocks."

Another, a descendant of one of the earlier settlers here, went into the ministry and there achieved his fame, becoming principal of Wilbraham academy, and president of Lawrence university, Wisconsin, and of Clatlin university, South Carolina. This divine, the Rev. Dr. Edward Cooke, has graced many a position in the Methodist

Episcopal church, and in educational and religious circles was for many years the peer of any of his associates.

Among women, too, Bethlehem has a representative to be proud of, and not only Bethlehem, but all the land,—at any rate every veteran soldier in it, for it is to her that the disabled veteran owes those magnificent houses of refuge, the national soldiers' homes, Delphin P. Baker to whose efforts the establishment of these homes is almost altogether due. Henry Wilson, who was vice-president at the time the law was passed, says that to Miss Baker

she had travelled in many Western states giving lectures, and consequently making her acquaintance extensive."

Whether the next generations of Bethlehem-born men and women will be the equals of their forefathers is a question; but it is certain that those to come will find far greater advantages at home than did those whom I have named. There is an excellent system of public schools in the town—thanks to the energy and enthusiasm of General George T. Crut—*with a high school;* through the exertions of some of the summer visit-



*Church of the Nativity.*

was due the honor of originating the bill, getting it before congress, and lobbying it through successfully. Miss Baker was born in Bethlehem in 1828, and passed her early youth here. "Her parents," writes a biographer, "seems to have been of strong intellect, and to have possessed qualities which endowed the daughter with unusual ability. Without belonging to any party or clique, Miss Baker had devoted herself for several years before the breaking out of the Civil War, to the advancement of women, desiring to see her sex in the enjoyment of the fullest mental development, and to this end

ors who have supplemented the labor of a few of the townspeople, a library has been gathered. There are three churches; two of them, Methodist and Congregational, with settled pastors, and the third, the Church of the Nativity, with summer services only. A railroad now connects the village with the outside world; a system of water-works, and a limited line of sewerage, supply sanitary needs; an occasional new cottage and the constant additions and alterations to the hotels keep trade and rumor busy during the seasons when the summer boarder is not abroad in the land.

And all the year round there is the

Bethlehem climate! That climate which, according to a distinguished writer in *The Climatologist*, is nearer to the standard of perfection than any other with which he is familiar; that climate in which hay fever cannot exist, and where pulmonary difficulties cannot flourish.

The town of Lloyd Hills was lost by the friends of Governor John Wentworth; but in its place has been found the town of Bethlehem which can never be erased from the map nor lost from the mind; and which will be held as dearly in memory as its prominence deserves.

## TO NEW HAMPSHIRE.

*By Charles Henry Chesley.*

I love thee, New Hampshire, thou land of my birth,  
I love thy green valleys, thy song-birds' glad mirth.  
No music so sweet as the voice of thy rills;  
No home is so dear as thy granite-bound hills.

In thy woodlands, New Hampshire, thou hold'st a charm,  
Though not of the orange, the spice, or the palm;  
For thy pink-tinted bud, and thy vine-covered bower,  
Are more beautiful, far, than Ind's fairest flower.

In thy mountains, New Hampshire, that tower toward the sky,  
Doth the symbol of freedom and purity lie;  
And thy granite-clad hills that have weathered the blast,  
Stand for honesty, courage, and strength to the last.

Thy sons, O New Hampshire! have stood on the plain,  
Where death-dealing missiles were falling like rain;  
And as firm as thy mountains, and strong as thine oak,  
Have fought 'gainst oppression, and slavery's yoke.

And their names shall be placed 'mong the brave and the free,  
Who were willing to die for their country and thee.  
And around thy fair daughters forever shall cling  
A grace and a sweetness, like flowers of spring.

And thy name, Granite state, forever shall be  
A sign that thy people from bondage are free;  
Till thy hills shall be levelled, and time shall be o'er,  
And thy sons and thy daughters tread Heaven's bright shore.

Some lands may be fairer, some skies be more clear,  
But to me, O New Hampshire! none is so dear;  
And though others may leave thee, and fairer lands roam,  
I still will be loyal, because thou art home.

## THE BLUE JUNIATA: A NEW HAMPSHIRE WOMAN'S SONG.

*By Jay Chaefel.*

In 1850-'55 nearly every young person and lover of music knew the then popular song, "Blue Juniata." Its pathos and touching simplicity caught the masses with a glowing fervor. It was sung in hundreds of thousands of homes, and by moonlight and starlight on all the boats of pleasure and commerce on all the lakes and rivers. Children were named, and romantic young and old men called their lovers for the wild Indian girl, "Alfarata."

As the song grew in favor and enthusiasm the name of the Indian girl was changed to suit the fancy of the individual, to "Alfaretta," and sometimes to "Alfretta." Rev. Edward E. Hale, the prominent Unitarian minister and advanced and independent thinker, in "The Wonderful Adventures of a Pullman," said it was a "pretty specimen of that school of song that may be called the American."

Juniata is an Iroquois word, and was written, in the early settlement of the country, "Chonita." The Juniata river is formed by three lesser ones that rise in the Alleghany mountains in Pennsylvania. Uniting near Huntingdon, they form the main stream which flows one hundred and fifty miles through a picturesque region, scooping out in its wild course, with rare beauty and majesty, the valley of the same name, where the Iroquois Indians lived and flourished before the whites drove them so unjustly from their homes. It finally loses itself in the embrace of the Susquehanna, about a mile above Duncannon, Pa. I was born and reared to manhood

in the land of William Penn, and have traversed with horse and carriage, by canal boat and rail, in delightful enchantment, the whole length of that beautiful and famous valley.

When compared with the Susquehanna, the Juniata is narrow, but much deeper, and the waters a sky blue, often in spring, even, when other streams are muddy. In floating down the Susquehanna, as I have often done in early manhood on immense rafts of pine lumber, I have noticed the great volume of blue water rushing into the lake-like river, changing its muddy current into more attractive colors for a long distance.

The Pennsylvania railway follows the Juniata nearly its entire length amid some of the most romantic scenery in America.

At first, only an Indian path connected this region with the far west, which in 1840 was Ohio; then came by regularly progressive steps the pack-horse road, the wagon road, the turnpike, the canal, connecting the Susquehanna and Alleghany rivers by means of a railway over the mountain, run by a stationary engine and cables; then came the great Pennsylvania railway, which the old dry-as-dust conservatives said *could not* ascend the mountain with steam engines.

What is to come next to banish steam palace cars, as they have the canal boat, I will not stop here to discuss. Much discussion and dismal prophesying was made as to the best route for the canal. After many delays it finally was built,

and the first boat made its trial trip successfully November 5, 1829. It started in attractive style for those times, drawn by two white horses, gayly caparisoned, driven tandem, with the star spangled banner flying in the breeze from its head. The driver, with whip and spurs, rode the hind horse, making five to eight miles an hour with twenty to forty passengers on board.

Marian Means Dix, one of nine children of Timothy Dix, Jr., and Abigail Wilkins Dix, was born in Boscowen, N. H., April 17, 1802, near the beautiful Merrimack which H. D. Thoreau described so charmingly and instructively in his book, "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack." She was a sister to Gov. John A. Dix, whose thrilling and peremptory dispatch while secretary of the treasury in 1861 still remains vivid in the minds of many who participated in the war for and against African slavery,—*"If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot."* She married John W. Sullivan, a merchant in Boston, Dec. 15, 1825. Some time in the forties Mr. Sullivan was induced to seek a home in Ohio, and in a few weeks thereafter Mrs. Sullivan, their children, and a few friends from Massachusetts followed him to his new home, passing up the Juniata valley by stage and canal. That now slow mode of conveyance gave that gifted woman a rare opportunity of seeing and studying the varied and attractive scenic beauties constantly before her. Her children were as delighted as the mother as they sat in the little home-like parlor especially set apart for women and children on those canal boats. They gazed with wonder and strange comments on the interesting scenes of farm life,—green fields and wooded ravines, and more than all upon the rapid tread of

the horses' feet on the tow-path. The sparkling, singing cascades dashing down the dented hills, and the towering mountains, made a deep and lasting impression on the mother, whose soul was attuned in the most melodious and inspired key. She had early in life given much attention to music and literature, and became a teacher of the piano and guitar, a composer of ballads and Bible songs, besides writing for the *New England Magazine* and other periodicals of that time. It was under this state of mental culture and circumstances that she first saw the blue Juniata, and there found in that charmed region, so rich in Indian lore, the material and inspiration for her song, which I give you here.

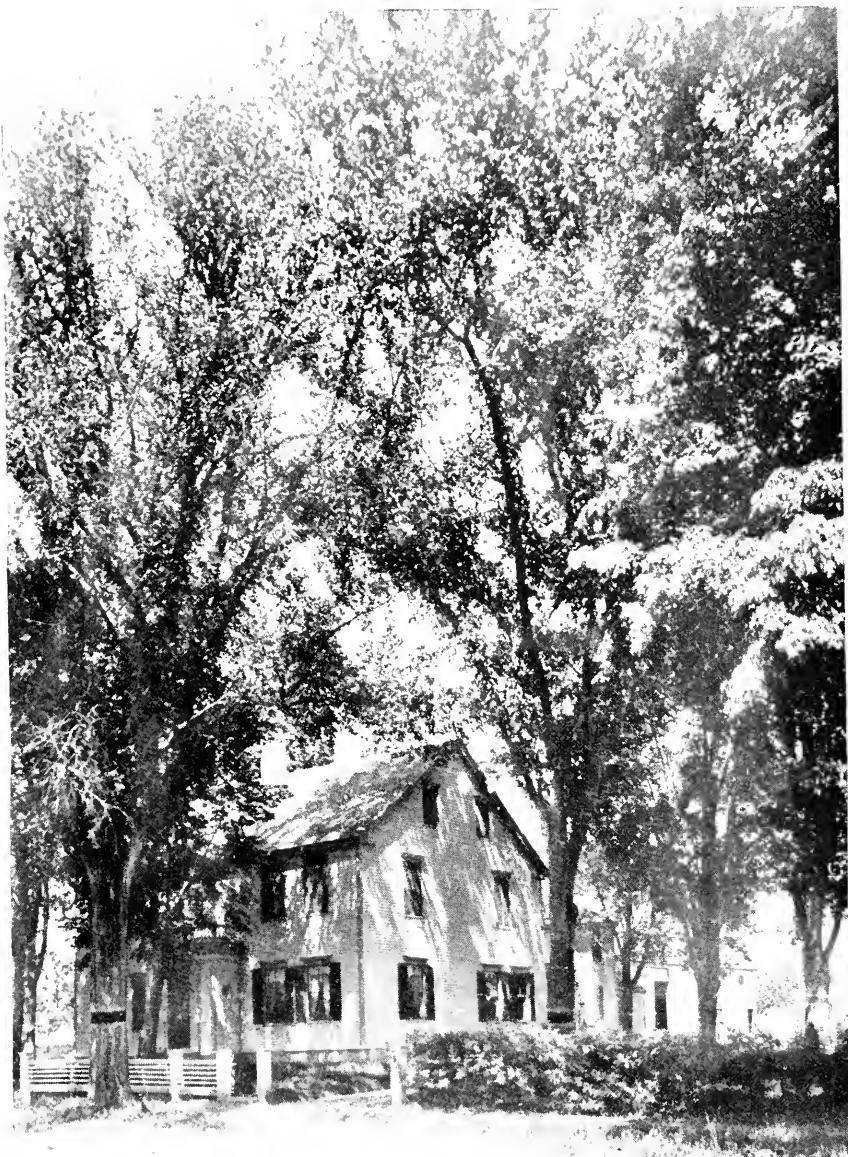
"THE BLUE JUNIATA."

"Wild roved an Indian girl,  
Bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters  
Of the blue Juniata.  
Swift as an antelope  
Thro' the forest going,  
Loose were her jetty locks  
In wavy tresses flowing,

"Gay was the mountain song  
Of bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters  
Of the blue Juniata.

"Strong and true my arrows are,  
In my painted quiver,  
Swift goes my light canoe,  
Adown the rapid river.

"Bold is my warrior good,  
The love of Alfarata,  
Proud waves his snowy plume  
Along the Juniata.  
Soft and low he speaks to me,  
And then, his war-cry sounding,  
Rings his voice in thunder loud,  
From height to height resounding."



The Dix Homestead at Boscowen.

“So sang the Indian girl,  
Bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters  
Of the blue Juniata.  
Fleeting years have borne away  
The voice of Alfarata,  
Still sweeps the river on,  
Blue Juniata.”

She always wrote her songs without effort, the words and music seeming “to come to her” at the same time.

After some years spent in Ohio, her husband’s health failed, necessitating his seeking a more favorable climate. While he was absent for two or three years, she taught music and literature, earning sufficient to support herself and three children, and educating them in the best schools in the neighborhood.

In those days music and culture were in swaddling clothes in the West, and her home was a charmed retreat for the musical and cultivated classes, as well as for musical and literary entertainments of all kinds. She had a beautiful face and form, gracious, genial, frank manners and speech, and so made friends easily, singing her songs with a clear, distinct voice and deep feeling,

delighting and instructing her hearers at the same time.

After some years spent in Ohio doing valuable service in that new country in the world of music, literature, and social amenities, she returned to Boston and published a number of songs,—“Marion Day,” “The Field of Monterey,” and others. The latter was written at the time of the battle of Monterey in Mexico, in 1846. All of her songs were popular and had a large sale, but none ever touched the public heart with such popular favor as “The Blue Juniata.” She died in Brookline, Mass., in July, 1860.

The rock-bound hills and mountains of pine and spruce, the winding, singing, dashing rivers, the placid, limpid lakes, and the fragrant, invigorating breezes of New Hampshire seem especially adapted to develop poets, artists, educators, and statesmen. Boscowen has had her full share of these illustrious minds. Gov. John A. Dix, William Pitt Fessenden, Charles Carleton Coffin, the great war correspondent and author, Prof. Moses G. Farmer, the famous electrician and inventor, and many others of equal note, were all born in this town.

## GRANDMOTHER: A PRECIOUS MEMORY.

*By Myra B. Lord.*

On my daily walk there is one house at which I seldom fail to glance, for at a sunny front window, in a quaint high-backed chair, a dear old lady is always sitting, so busy with book or work that never once does she look from the window at the passers-by. Some day, ah me! the high-backed chair will be empty, the peaceful face with its crown of snow-

white hair will be lying low, the busy, tireless hands will be folded at last on the quiet breast, and all that will be left in that pleasant home of the dear grandmother will be what is left to me of mine—a precious memory.

My grandmother died when I was but eight years old, yet of all my childish recollections no figure stands out more

prominently than hers. Small in stature, with sunny brown hair that kept its sheen to the last; blue eyes always beaming with tenderness on those she loved, yet blazing with righteous indignation when a wrong had been done or justice violated; the slender figure clothed in a short black stuff gown, protected by a blue-checked apron as she stepped briskly about her household tasks, or by a white homespun linen one as she sat at her sewing or knitting; the low shoes, clasped with silver buckles over the white open-work stockings knit by her own skilful fingers;—they all come back to me now as if it were but yesterday.

Early left a widow on the homestead farm, she had faced the world bravely and with indomitable energy. But her children were now men and women grown, and settled in homes of their own—all, save one, Seth, the baby and grandmother's darling, who, after making two successful voyages, had sailed away in a ship to China, and never come back. Twenty years had gone by since the curly-haired lad had said good-bye to grandmother, yet she never spoke of him as being dead. That he would come back some day, she never seemed to doubt; and so strong was her faith, and so vivid were her word-pictures of my sailor-uncle, that my belief in his coming grew to be as strong as hers, and many a castle in Spain was reared, in view of the time when Uncle Seth should come sailing home in triumph, bringing us all manner of curious and beautiful things from the wonderful lands across the sea. But he never did come back, and grandmother still lived on in the old home.

It was a typical New England farmhouse. The long, low, white-walled house stood end to the road, the yard

between, enclosed by a neat picket-fence, set off with sweet old-fashioned flowers. There were rows of high, stiff hollyhocks, whose gay blossoms always grew provokingly beyond my childish grasp, and great clumps of tiger-lilies and faintly odorous “old-maid’s” pinks; but dearest of all were the modest ladies’ delights that sprang up everywhere, their queer, bright faces, ever upturned to the sun, lending themselves readily to the vagaries of my fancy.

The front door of the house opened into a large green yard or lane, the common thoroughfare for both house and barn, and over the door grew a famous white rose-bush—“grandmother’s pride,” we always called it, for she had planted it with her own hands when she had first come to the farm, and it had repaid her care by throwing out a mass of thrifty shoots that every June were a mass of fragrant blossoms.

On either side, as you entered the front door, was a large square room. The best parlor was only opened on state occasions, and lacked the cheery homeliness that pervaded the living-room, which, with its open fire, the home-made rag-carpet and braided rugs, its straight-backed chairs, and long chintz-covered sofa, was the very embodiment of comfort. The small, square light-stand that stood between the west windows, covered with a neat white spread, held grandmother’s work-basket, and “Book of Psalms,” and an ancient eight-day clock, that filled the south-east corner from floor to ceiling, marked the hours in stately time. Opening out from the living-room were a bedroom and the tidy kitchen, and overhead were the chambers, and an unfinished loft used as a store-room.

Beyond the house was the shed, with all the neat clutter that the manifold needs

of the farmer makes, and then—centre of childhood's delights!—the great barn, where long rows of cattle were ranged on either side, and overhead the fragrant haymows, abounding in memories of hair-breadth escapes from broken necks, and too often, alas! with broken eggs. Once, indeed, a treasure-trove of five striped kittens sent me, with my prize, in inglorious haste to the barn floor, but to the detriment of the kittens, fortunately, rather than myself. The double doors at either end always stood wide open in summer, and, seated in the swing that hung from the high beam, many a mythical journey was made as I ventured far out beyond the doors and up towards the fleecy clouds that floated in the blue sky above.

To the left of the house was the orchard, and nowhere else could be found such spicy fruit,—lady-apples, striped sweets, gilliflowers and all. Just below the orchard, and under the shade of a group of maples, was the family burying-ground, where lay my grandfather and two baby girls who had opened their blue eyes on this weary world one spring-time only to close them ere the June roses drifted snowy petals over their tiny graves beneath the maples.

It was in the early days of the war that my name was added to the genealogical record in the big family Bible, and as father had soon after entered the army, mother and I were left to grandmother's fostering care; so that my earliest remembrances are chiefly associated with grandmother and the dear old farm home. Then, by-and-by, the war was over, and we went back to the village to live; and busy with my school-life, visits to the farm were earned by the faithful performance of tasks, and prized accordingly. But there were two not thus earned which stand out clearly

in my mind, though widely differing in associations.

In those days, as now, the coming to town of a circus was a great event, and everybody turned out to see the procession. The favorite point of vantage was the long, broad flight of steps in front of the Congregational meeting-house, and here, one bright morning in July, behold me,—a very small girl of seven, decked out in clean white pinafore and sunbonnet—waiting, under the care of an older cousin, to “see the elephant.” But this particular elephant was an unusually long time unpacking his trunk, and it occurred to me, tired with waiting, to investigate for myself the cause of the delay. My cousin, absorbed in her own affairs, failed to notice my disappearance, as, slipping quietly from the steps into the crowded street, I was lost the next minute in the throng. Down the wide Market street, across the bridge, and then—surely my good angel was leading me all the while—out of four diverging roads the wayward feet unconsciously turned into the road that led to the farm.

Many times have I ridden over the road since, but never without a thrill of pity for the small sinner who that day found the way of the transgressor hard enough. A long two miles of hot sand, and under a blazing July sun, it must have been considerably after noon that the little feet, that felt as though shod with fire, were toiling patiently up the long hill.

Oh, the intense longing that possessed me for a drink of water! I wanted my home, I wanted my mother, yet to go on seemed the only way out of the difficulties. The tears were falling fast now, bitter tears of repentance: but the pardon was close at hand. Wearily dragging itself along, and wiping away the

tears that streaked their paths down dusty cheeks on to a pinafore no longer clean and white, with sunbonnet pushed back from a mop of tangled curly hair, it was a forlorn enough little figure that greeted grandmother's eyes as, attracted by the sound of a crying child, she stood in the doorway, peering down the road. "Dear heart, where is the child going!" she cried, and in another moment was flying down the lane. I had stopped at the sound of a voice,—and now grandmother's arms had enfolded me, and all my troubles were forgotten.

Oh, how tenderly she bathed and dressed the bruised feet; how cool was the water she brought from the well to the parched lips; and then, safe on the chintz-covered sofa, after a big bowl of bread and milk had been disposed of, I fell asleep with grandmother's hands clasped in mine. It was late afternoon when I awoke, and the team was waiting to carry me home. Grandmother went along, too—probably to plead the cause of the small sinner, for mother seemed to think the week's enforced quiet that my sore feet occasioned, was punishment enough.

It was nearly a year later when one day the word came that grandmother was very ill, and for some days after father and mother were at the farm helping to care for her. Then, one morning early, father came for me, saying that grandmother had asked to see me. It was late in June, yet in the early morning the fields lay fresh and fair in the sunlight, and it seemed strange that father paid no heed to my chatter, but sat silent and stern all the way. At last we turned into the wide green yard, and leaving me at the front door, father drove on to the barn.

Somehow a chill fell on my heart as I stepped into the entry, and half-fearing,

—I knew not what—opened the living-room door. The changes in the familiar room seemed to presage the greater change, for all at once came the overwhelming thought, Grandmother is going to die,—and the rising tears blinded my eyes for a minute. Close up by the east windows stood the four-posted bed, its curtains drawn back to catch the morning breeze. Beside it was the little light-stand, but the familiar work-basket was gone, and in its place were glasses and spoons, a bunch of grandmother's roses, and a little china dish of red and white peppermints.

Several of the neighboring women were seated about the room; and on the bed, half sitting, half lying among the pillows, was grandmother,—white and still as never before. How the kindly blue eyes brightened as I came up to her side, and how they spoke the welcome her lips vainly tried to frame! Her "Book of Psalms" lay beside her, as if just dropped from the trembling hands; and answering the wistful expression that crept into her eyes, I stepped to the foot of the bed, and with folded hands and in low reverent tones began the psalm that has strengthened so many fainting souls when the weary feet trembled on the brink of the dark river. "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." How quiet grew the restless hands as the familiar words fell on the dying ears! She had taught me the psalm herself, when, a tiny girl of three, I had sat at her knee and watched the shining needles as they flashed in and out the knitting.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death"—grandmother's feet were treading the toilsome way, but the promise held sure—"thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." The

blue eyes were closing now, and as the psalm ended there was no sound to be heard in the room save the measured tick of the clock.

I never saw dear grandmother again, for, with a child's unreasoning fear of death, nothing could persuade me to

enter the room where her body lay; but I remember how the rose-leaves dropped on the casket in sad farewell, as, tenderly borne by loving hands, she was carried out from the wide front door, across the green fields, down to the quiet graveyard beneath the maples.



## CROYDON.

*By H. A. Barton.*

My native town, I love thee—  
Thy hills and fields revere;  
The God that rules above thee  
Has shed his blessings here.

Thy rills and mountains teeming  
With nature's rich display—  
Thy grand old forests dreaming,  
Have pictures bright and gay.

I fain with thee would tarry,  
Because thou art so true;  
Thou seem'st to me a fairy,  
Bedecked with heaven's blue.

## WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

*By Mary Baker Eddy.*

Grave on her monumental pile,  
She won from vice, by virtue's smile,  
Her dazzling crown, her sceptred throne,  
Affection's wreath, a happy home.

The right to worship deep and pure,  
To bless the orphan, feed the poor;  
Last at the cross to mourn her Lord,  
First at the tomb to hear his word.

To fold an angel's wings below,  
And hover o'er the couch of woe,  
To nurse the Bethlehem babe so sweet,  
The right to sit at Jesus' feet.

To form the bud for bursting bloom,  
The hoary head with joy to crown;  
In short, the right to work and pray,  
"To point to heaven and lead the way."

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## THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A DOMESTIC STORY OF THE FORTIES.

*By Jonas Lie.*

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

### VII.

Bustle had complete sway in the kitchen at Gilje with the Christmas preparations.

There was a cold draft from the porch, an odor in the air of mace, ginger, and cloves—a roar of chopping-knives, and, dull rumbling and beating so that the floor shook, from the wooden mortar, where Great-Ola himself was stationed, with a white apron and a napkin around his head.

At the head of the long kitchen table ma was sitting, with a darning needle and linen thread, sewing collared beef, while some of the old women of the tenants and Thea, white as angels, were scraping meat for the fine forced meat.

There, on the kitchen bench, sat Thinka, who had recently returned home, with bloody, murderous arms, stuffing sausages over a large trough. It went with great skill through the fil-

ler, and she fastened up the ends with wooden skewers, and struggled with one dark, disagreeable, gigantic leach after the other, while their brothers or sisters were boiling in the mighty kettle, around which the flames crackled and floated off in the open fire-place.

The captain had come into the kitchen, and stood, with a kind of pleasure, surveying the field of battle. There were many kinds of agreeable prospects here for the thoughts to dwell upon, and tastes of the finished products were continually being sent up to the office for him to give his opinion on.

"I'll show you how you should chop, girls," he said, sportively, and took the knives from Torbjøerg.

The two chopping-knives in his hands went up and down in the chopping-tray so furiously that they could hardly be distinguished, and awakened unmistakable admiration in the whole kitchen, while they pause in bewilderment at the masterpiece.

It is true it continued for only two or three minutes, while Torbjøerg and Aslack must stand with linen towels on their heads and chop all day.

But victory is still victory, and when the captain afterwards went into the sitting-room, humming contentedly, it was not without a little amused recollection of his strategy,—for, "yes, upon my soul," he could feel that his arms ached afterwards nevertheless. And he rubbed them two or three times before he tied a napkin around his neck and seated himself at the table in order to do justice to the warm blood pudding, with raisins and butter on it, which Thinka brought in to him.

"A little mustard, Thinka."

Thinka's gentle figure glided to the corner cupboard after the desired article.

"The plate might have been warmer for this kind of thing—it really ought to be almost burning hot for the raisins and butter."

The always handy Thinka was out by the chimney in a moment, with a plate. She came in again with it in a napkin: it could not be held in any other way.

"Just pour it all over on to this plate, father, and you will see then."

One of the happy domestic phases which Thinka disclosed since her return home was a wonderful knack of managing her father; there was hardly any trace of peevishness any longer.

Thinka's quiet, agreeable pliancy and cool, even equipoise spread comfort in the house. The captain knew that he only needed to put her on the track of some good idea or other in the way of something to eat, and something always came of it. She was so handy, while, when ma yielded, it was always done so clumsily and with difficulty, just as if she creaked on being moved, so to speak, that he became fretful and began to dispute in spite of it, notwithstanding she knew very well he could not bear it.

A very great deal had been done since Monday morning, and to-morrow evening it was to be hoped they would be ready. Two animals, a heifer and a hog, that was no little slaughtering,—besides the sheep carcasses.

"The sheriff—the sheriff's horses are in the yard," was suddenly reported in the twilight into the bustle of the kitchen.

The sheriff! It was lightning which struck.

"Hurry up to the office and get your father down to receive him, Joergen," said ma, composing herself. "You will have to take off the towels and then stop pounding, Great-Ola, exasperating as it is."

"They smell it when the pudding

smokes in the kettle, I think," exclaimed Marit, in her lively mountain dialect. "Is n't it the second year he has come here just at the time of the Christmas slaughtering? So they are rid of the manfolk lying in the way at home among themselves."

"Your tongue wags, Marit," said ma, reprovingly. "The sheriff certainly does not find it any too pleasant at home, since he lost his wife, poor man."

But it was dreadfully unfortunate that he came just now—excessively unfortunate. She must keep her ground; it would n't do to stay out here now.

The captain came hastily out into the kitchen.

"The sheriff will stay here till tomorrow—It can't be helped, ma. I will take care of him, if we only get a little something to live on."

"Yes, that is easy to say, Jaeger—just as all of us have our hands full."

"Some minced meat—fried meat balls—little blood pudding. That is plain enough. I told him that he would have slaughter-time fare—and then, Thinka," he nodded to her, "a little toddy as soon as possible."

Thinka had already started; she only stopped a moment at her bureau up stairs.

She was naturally so unassuming, and was not accustomed to feel embarrassed. Therefore, also immediately after, she was in with the toddy tray like the wind, only with a clean blue apron on; and, after having spoken to the sheriff, in the cupboard after rum and arack, and to the tobacco table after some lighters, which she put down by the tray for the gentlemen before she vanished out through the kitchen door again.

"You must wash your hands, Torbjørg, and put things to rights in the guest chamber; and then we must send

a messenger for Anne Vaelter to help us, little as she is fit for. Joergen, hurry!" came from ma, who saw herself more and more deprived of her most needed forces.

Great-Ola had put up the sheriff's horse, and now stood pounding again at the mortar in his white surplice—thump, thump, thump, thump.

"Are you out of your senses out here? don't you think?" said the captain, bouncing in; he spoke in a low voice, but for that reason the more passionately. "Are not you going to mangle, too? then the sheriff would get a thundering with a vengeance, both over his head and under his feet. It shakes the floor."

A look of despair came over ma's face; in the sudden, dark, wild glance of her eye there almost shone rebellion—now he was beginning to drive her too far—But it ended in a resigned:

"You can take the mortar with you out on the stone floor of the porch, Great-Ola."

And Thinka had to attend to the work of putting things in order and carrying in the supper, so that it was only necessary for ma to sit there a little while, as they were eating, as if she was on pins and needles, though, it is true, she must act as if there was nothing the matter.

When ma came in, in the beginning, there was a little formal talk between her and the sheriff about the heavy loss he had suffered. She had not met him since he lost his wife, three months ago. It was lonesome for him now, he only had his sister, Miss Gülcke with him. Both Viggo and Baldrian, which was a short name for Baltazar, were at the Latin school, and would not come home again till next year, when Viggo would enter the university.

The sheriff winked a little, and made a mournful gesture as if he wanted to convey an idea of sadly wiping one eye-brow, but no more. He had given

outburst just before a spread table with hot plates.

It developed into a rather long session at the table—with ever stronger



Skjæggdalsfossen.

exhibition of grief as good as before every threshold in the district in this time, and here he was in the house of people of too much common sense not to excuse him from the more protracted

compliments as often as there was opportunity during the meal-time to catch a trace of the hostess in every new dish that Thinka brought in smoking delicately straight from the pan—actually

a slaughtering feast—with a brilliant bottle of old ale in addition, for the new Christmas brew was too fresh as yet, and two or three good drams brought in just at the right time.

The sheriff also understood so well what was going on in the house, and how the hostess and Thinka were managing it.

The grown-up daughter cleaned off the table and took care of everything so handily and comfortably without any bother and fuss—and so considerately. They had their pipes and a glass of toddy by their side again there on the sofa, with a fresh steaming pitcher, before they were aware of it.

The small inquisitive eyes of Sheriff Gölcke stood far apart; they looked into two corners at once, while his round, bald head shone on the one he talked to. He sat looking at the blonde, rather slender, young lady, with the delicate, light complexion, who busied herself so silently and gracefully.

"You are a fortunate man, you are, Captain," he said, speaking into the air.

"Have a little taste, Sheriff," said the captain consolingly, and they touched glasses.

"Nay, you who have a house full of comfort can talk—cushions about you in every corner—so you can export to the city—But I, you see," his eyes became moist—"sit there in my office with these records. I was very much coddled, you know—oh, well, don't let us talk about it. I must have my punishment for one thing and another, I suppose, as well as others."

"Isn't it true, Miss Kathinka," he asked, when she came in, "it is a bad sheriff who wholly unbidden falls straight down upon you in slaughtering time? But you must lend him a little home

comfort, since it is all over with such things at his own home."

"Bless me, I had almost forgotten it," he exclaimed eagerly, and hastened, with his pipe in his mouth, to his document case, which hung on a chair near the door. "I have the second volume of 'The Last of the Mohicans' for you from Bine Scharfenberg, and was to get—nay, what was it? it is on a memorandum:—'A Capricious Woman,' by Emilie Carlén."

He took it out eagerly and handed it over to her, not without a certain gallantry.

"Now you must not forget to give it to me to-morrow morning, Miss Kathinka," he said threateningly, "or else you will make me very unhappy down at Bine Scharfenberg. It won't do to offend her, you know."

Even while the sheriff was speaking Thinka's eye glided eagerly over the first lines—only to make sure about the continuation—and in a twinkling she was down again from her room with the read through book by Carlen and the first volume of the Mohicans done up in paper and tied with a bit of thread.

"You are as prompt as a man of business, Miss Thinka," he said jokingly, as with a sort of slow carefulness he put the package into his case; his two small eyes shone upon her full of fancy.

Notwithstanding there had been slaughtering and hubbub ever since early in the morning, Thinka must still, after she had gone to bed, allow herself to peep a little in the entertaining book.

It was one chapter, and one more, and still one more, with ever weakening determination to end with the next.

Still at two o'clock in the morning she lay with her candlestick behind her on the pillow, and steadily read "The Last

of the Mobicans," with all the vicissitudes of the pursuits and dangers of the noble Ancas.

Ma wondered, it is true, that so many of the slender tallow candles were needed this winter.

The sheriff must have a little warm breakfast before going away in the morning.

And now he took leave, and thanked them for the hours that had been so agreeable and cheering, although he came so inconveniently—oh, madame, he knew he came at an inconvenient time. “Although now you have certainly got a right hand in household matters. Yes, Miss Thinka, I have tested you: one does not have the eye of a policeman for nothing.

“Invisible, and yet always at hand, like a quiet spirit in the house—is not that the best that can be said of a woman?” he said, complimenting her spiritedly, when he had got his scarf around his fur coat, and went down to the sleigh with a gentle expression, with a little grayish stubble of beard, for he had not shaved himself to-day.

“Pleasant man, the sheriff. His heart is in the right place,” said the captain when, enlivened and rubbing his hands for the cold, he came in again into the sitting-room.

———But father became poorly after all the rich food at the slaughtering time.

The army doctor advised him to drink water and exercise a good deal; a toddy spree now and then would not do him any harm.

And it did not improve the rush of blood to his head that Christmas came so soon after.

Father was depressed, but was reluctant to be bled, except the customary twice a year, in the spring and autumn.

After the little party for Buchhotz, the judge's chief clerk, on Thursday, he was much worse.

He went about unhappy, and saw loss and neglect and erroneous reckonings in all quarters.

There was no help for it, a messenger must now go after the parish clerk, Oejseth.

Besides his clerical duties he taught the youth, vaccinated, and let blood.

What he was good for in the first named direction shall be left unsaid; but in the last could it safely be said that he had very much, nay barrels, of the blood of the district on his conscience, and not least the full-blooded captain, whom he had bled regularly now for a series of years.

The effect was magnificent. After the sultry and oppressive stormy and unfortunate mood, which filled, so to speak, every groove in the house and oppressed all the faces in the house, even down to Pasop—a brilliant fair weather—jokes with Thinka and mild plans that the family should go down in the summer and see the manoeuvres.

It was at the point of complete good humor, that ma resolutely seized the opportunity to speak about Joergen's going to school—all that Aunt Alette had offered of board and lodging, and what she thought could be managed otherwise.

There was a reckoning and studying, with demonstration and counter-demonstration, down to the finest details of a man's cost of existence in the city.

The captain represented the items of expenditure and the debit side in the form of indignant questions and conjectures for every single one, as if she wanted to ruin him, and ma justified stubbornly and persistently the credit side, while she went over and went over

again all the items which were to be deducted.

When time after time things whirled round and round in the continual repetition, so that she got confused, there were bad hours before she succeeded in righting herself in the storm.

The captain must be accustomed to it slowly, until it penetrated so far into him that he began to see and think. But, like a persistent, untiring cruiser, she always had the goal before her eyes and drew near to it imperceptibly.

"This ready money"—It was for ma to touch a sore, which nevertheless must be opened. The result was that the captain allowed himself to be convinced, and now became himself the most zealous for the plan.

Joergen was examined in all directions. He was obliged to sit in the office, and the captain subjected him to the cramming process.

"That's as old as the hills," blazed out the captain. "If you swing a hen round and put her on her back with a chalk mark in front of her beak, she will lie perfectly still; dare not move. She certainly believes it is a string which holds her. I have tried it ever so many times—that you may safely tell her that, Thinka."

"But why does Inger-Johanna write that?" asked ma, rather seriously.

"Oh, oh,—for nothing — only so—"

Thinka had yesterday received her own letter, enclosed in that to her parents; it was a letter in regard to ma's approaching birthday, which was under discussion between the sisters. And Inger-Johanna had given her a lecture in it, something almost inciting her to rebellion, and to stick to her flame there in the west, if there really was any fire

in it. That about the hen and a chalk mark was something at second hand from Grip. The women could be made to believe everything possible, and gladly suffer death when they get such a chalk mark before their beaks!

That might be true enough, Thinka thought. But now, when all were so against it, and she saw how it would distress her father and mother, then—she sighed and had a lump in her throat—the chalk mark was really thicker than she could manage nevertheless.

Inger-Johanna's letter had made her very heavy hearted. She felt so unhappy that she could have cried, if any one only looked at her; and as ma did that several times during the day, she probably went about a little red-eyed.

At night she read in Arved Gyllenstjerna of Van de Velde, so that the bitter tears flowed.

Her sister's letter also contained something on her own account, which was not meant for her father and mother.

"For you see, Thinka, when you have gone through balls here as I have, you do not any longer skip about blindly with all the lights in your eyes. You know a little by yourself; one way or another there ought to be something in the manner of the person. Oh, this ball chat! I say, as Grip does: I am tired, tired, tired of it. Aunt isn't any longer so eager that I shall be there, though many times more eager than I.

"There I am now looked upon as haughty and critical, and, whatever else it is, only because I will not continually find something to talk away about! Aunt now thinks that I have got a certain coldness of my own in my 'too lively nature,' a restraining repose, which is imposing and piquant,—that is

what she wants, I suppose! In all probability just like the ice in the steaming hot pudding among the Chinese, which we read about, you remember, in the Bee.

"Aunt has so many whims this winter. Now we two must talk nothing but French together! But, that she should write to Captain Roennow that I was so perfect in it, I did not like at all; I have no desire to figure as a school-girl before him when he returns; neither is my pronunciation so 'sweet,' as she says!"

"I really don't understand her any longer. If there was any one who

could and ought to defend Grip at this time, it should be she; but instead of that, she attacks him whenever she can.

"He has begun to keep a free Sunday school or lecture for those who choose to come, in a hall out on Main street. It is something, you know, which creates a sensation. And aunt shrugs her shoulders, and looks forward to the time when he will vanish out of good society, although she has always been the first to interest herself for him and to find that he came with something new. It is so extremely mean of her, I think."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## THE SINGER AND THE SONG.

*By C. Jennie Swaine.*

Over the keys her white hand crept  
With a flutter, like that of a frightened bird;  
But her touch was sure of the notes that slept,  
Biding the organist's time to be heard.  
And the notes of the singer grew strong and sweet,  
And she trembled no more at the foot-lights' glare,  
While perfume stole up from the flowers at her feet,  
Flooding with summer the stifling air.

But who penned the words of the tender song?  
Who wreathed the notes of the beautiful chords?  
And who, amid all of the listening throng,  
To the artist-dreamer a flower awards?  
Ah! the fair prima donna will wear with pride  
Her Circean magic, in storm and calm;  
But the poet, who wrote the sonnet, died  
In the beautiful siren's power to charm.

The poet was strong with an honest pride,  
And sure of each note as he touched the keys;  
But the sweet young singer turned aside,  
And blushed at the wavering melodies.  
The song was the faded lily of night,  
Whose mellow beauty had ripened for rest,  
And the singer the rose of the morning light—  
But I loved the sweet, sealed lily best.

## A STORY BETWEEN BITES.

*By Frank W. Rollins.*

Little Brannigan sat in the stern of the boat, patiently watching his line, while I sat amidship baiting my hook, from which the cunners incessantly stole the seductive clam. The fish were biting well, but we were not catching many. The dory wobbled about on the waves, tugging at its anchor, the sun shone hotly down, while here and there, out upon the horizon's verge, a white sail glimmered for an instant and then disappeared. Neither of us had spoken for some time.

"Pops."

"What?"

"Could n't tell me a story, could you?"

"I don't know, Brannigan. My head is so full of that machine I'm making—

"What machine, Pops?"

"Oh, I guess it would n't interest you."

"Yes, it would. Do tell me about it, won't you?"

"Well, it's pretty intricate, but I'll try and explain it to you. We'll just fasten our lines to the side of the boat, and see who has the largest fish when I get through."

We made our lines fast, and, taking a paper and pencil out of my pocket, in order to illustrate my scheme, I sketched rapidly and facilely a diagram of my machine, while Brannigan's eyes followed me in fascinated silence.

"What is it, Pops?—a cow?" asked Brannigan.

"Now, does that look like a cow?" I answered, somewhat nettled that he should mistake my free-hand drawing in this manner. "No, this is a machine, an invention, a discovery. But, you

will see—in order that you may clearly understand the whole thing and its working, we will letter the different parts of the machine. Let us call this tank or receiver, A; this set of knives, B; this rod, C; this cylinder, D; this shaft, E; this crank, F; this pinion wheel, G; this cog, H; this cross lever, I; this cam, J; this ratchet, K; this shut-off, L; and this spout, Z."

"There's some more letters, Pops."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you left out M, N, O, P, Q, R, S, T, U, V, W, X, and Y."

"I'm saving those for my next machine."

"Oh!"

"Now, to show you how it works: You see I stand here and press the lever I, and this acts upon the cog H, which sets the machine in motion. This cog grasps the pinion wheel G, and the knives B begin to revolve. This forces the rod C to raise the cam J, and as the cam J comes in contact with the crank F, the ratchet K holds it until the substance has completed the revolution through the knives B. You then press the shut-off X, and the substance falls into the tank or receiver A, thence it passes through the cylinder D and out through the spout Z."

"The engineer what runs that machine will have to have a memby, won't he, Pops?"

"Yes, but just think of the mind which conceived it!" and I took off my hat to cool my brain."

"But, papa, what does the machine make?"

"You may well ask, my boy, for this is one of the great discoveries of an age abounding in the marvellous. It dwarfs the steam engine into a child's toy; it throws the telephone into the dim regions of forgetfulness; it jams the storage battery and the electric light back four centuries, and leaves them hopelessly stranded on the shores of time; it——"

"But what does it do?"

"Do n't interrupt me, that was one of my best periods. Time doesn't count when you are out fishing; but then you are young, Brannigan, and, as yet, do not know to what heights your father's incisive brain has soared. This machine, my boy, would have driven Wagner wild; it would have filled the soul of Mozart with ecstatic bliss; King David would have given his crown to see this day. It brings joy to the humblest and most remote, as well as to the rich and the dweller under the drippings of the opera. It does away with the lugubrious piano, with the shrieking cornet, and the mournful trombone. But, in a word, it is a machine for making canned music. 'We have canned tomatoes, canned salmon, why not canned music,' I said to myself, and I have attained it. The deed is done."

"But, Pops, how does it make it?"

"It is very simple in principle, though difficult in execution. This diagram represents my machine, which of course you fully comprehend after my explanation. Now, you simply take the score of any composition which you wish to can, introduce it between the rolls, pull the lever, and away she goes. After passing through the machine it finally arrives in the tank or receiver, where, after cooling, it is drawn off through the cylinder into the cans. You will notice that you do not have to use a can opener,

for there is a little spigot, which you turn, and from which the music escapes in quantities to suit. It does not spoil, like tomatoes, after being opened, and grows mellower with time.

"Each can will be distinctly labelled to show what it contains. For instance, one can might contain Gilbert's '*Pinafore*,' another Gounod's '*Redemption*,' and so on. Pleasing effects may be obtained by chastening the work of some rugged and virile composer like Wagner by a mixture with some more tuneful composer like De Koven. For instance, just put the score of '*Gotterdamerung*' into the matrices at the same time with De Koven's '*Robin Hood*,' let them go through together, be reduced to one pulp, and, ye gods! what an effect!

"Then again think of Handel's '*Judas Maccabeus*' in conjunction with '*Wang*' or '*Evangeline*!' The possibilities are limitless. Another side of the matter is that the music costs next to nothing, and Lieutenant Peary in his ice-bound fastnesses at the base of the North Pole, with the grizzly and the musk-ox filling the air with their discordant cries, while the pole creaks and sways in the aurora borealian blasts, may wrap the drapery of his thoughts about him, and listen to the '*Stabat Mater*' or '*Erminie*' as his mood leads him. Or Stanley, in Darkest Africa, can open a can as he sits at eventide under the efflorescent shade of the begum tree, and soothe the festive boa constrictor into dreams of sucking pigs by Bach's '*Ich hatte viel Bekummerniss*.'"

"When are you going to start your machine, Pops?"

"Not till after the people get rested from the World's fair. But, my boy, the sun is getting low, and we'll just see who has the biggest fish."

## EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

*Conducted by Fred Gowin, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.*

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### EXAMINATIONS FOR TEACHERS' CERTIFICATES.

*By Frank W. Whitney.*

The statutes of New Hampshire no longer require the candidate for a teacher's position to present a certificate of qualification. Custom and the laws of our state, for nearly a century, have made the township school committees the examiners of our teachers. In hundreds of our schools the instructors know only the barest rudiments, and, in many cases, even these imperfectly: it cannot be otherwise when the higher salaries of the large towns and cities bring the average pay of male teachers up to only \$48.83 and that of female teachers to only \$27 per month. Men who can be hired for less than a dollar a day and women for fifty cents have no business to know enough to teach school.

These existing conditions suggest for discussion the questions: Ought teachers to be subjected to examinations? Under our system, or lack of system, is the average teacher given an examination that shows fitness for work and the ability to run a school? Are school committees the proper parties to perform so important a work?

It is safe to say that we have hard-working and faithful teachers, that they are ambitious to raise our calling to the level of a profession. We often claim that it is one of the great professions. The question seems to be, Is it? Will any kind of an examination tend to make it so? How is it in the medical

profession? What is the difference between a doctor and a quack? We all know that the character and ability to do good service vouched for by a diploma from a reputable college and a medical school of high standing means infinitely more than the bogus certificate that can be secured for money alone and without the expenditure of time and effort. Are there any incompetent quacks in our profession preying upon the people, allowing the insidious disease of illiteracy to spread, and wholly unable to enlighten the minds of our youth? Does it affect the estimate which the community makes of our calling?

How is it in theology? Must not the minister show evidence of a superior education, an approved-of theological training, and an exemplary character ever worthy of imitation? Is the same care taken to secure in the teacher a man or woman who can improve the moral condition of the community? Is it not as much in the power of the teacher to do good as it is in the case of the preacher?

How about the standing of the lawyer who has never been admitted to the bar? Who examines the lawyer? Lawyers of ability, the legal lights of the profession. Who examines the ministers? Ministers. Who examines the doctors? Doctors. Who examines the teachers of New Hampshire? Teachers?

No! Rarely is it a man who knows or begins to know as much as the teacher ought to know. Usually it is some professional man, farmer, merchant, or mechanic,—all successful in their business, but ignorant of the ways and needs of a modern school-room. Too often it is some unprincipled, scheming politician, working only for selfish ends. I never saw one who would n't sacrifice the interests of the school when he thought he could gain politically by so doing. I doubt if a man can be at the present time a successful politician and a good citizen. Have I spoken too harshly? Have I called a saint a sinner? If my estimate is even approximately correct, must it not have a tendency to cheapen in the eyes of the people the worth of our certificates, and to lower us professionally?

Who should examine us? Teachers. Men and women who are teaching? Not necessarily. They should be men and women who have ability in our line of work, and who can teach. In Ohio a law was passed about four or five years ago, providing that in cities of the first-class no person shall be appointed an examiner who has not had at least five years of successful experience as a teacher. Would that we could claim such protection for our profession. In our cities we have such examiners, and in the majority of cases their advice is followed.

We need supervisors who can protect the schools from teachers who seek positions for which they have not the requisite preparation. We need examiners capable of selecting teachers who can teach our undeveloped boys and girls to read, write, and spell, who can so stimulate their mental and moral nature that it will be possible for them to become worthy and patriotic citizens.

Our examiners ought to be men responsible only to the executive department of the state, or local superintendents of recognized ability; they have been found superior and more efficient than those elected by the people. Their work is less liable to be influenced and affected by political management. The most enlightened communities now select for superintendents men who have had a successful experience in the school-room and who are qualified to be instructors of teachers: to them they wisely intrust the selection of their teachers. The duties of such superintendents make them better judges of the relative merits of candidates. Few committees know the needs of the school; none so well as they. When we consider that, other things being equal, the difference in schools is essentially the difference in teachers, we cannot hesitate in saying that it is the most important part of their work. Their success depends upon the condition of the schools under their charge, and they will naturally be uninfluenced by friendship, personal beauty, religious prejudice, and politics; their one aim will be to put into the schools teachers of real ability and good experience.

Ought we to have a rigid, exacting standard for the whole state—such a system as is so successfully tried in Germany, in which “all public schools are under the state's supervision,” in which all the teachers are government officers and must, at all times, submit themselves to the state's examination and inspection? Such a system, unless considerably modified, would not be advisable under a government like ours, or possible where the salaries vary to the extent that they do in our cities and small towns.

A study of the last New Hampshire school report will show that in those parts of the state where there is the best supervision, and consequently the greatest care exerted in the selection of good teachers, the youth get the benefit of from four to six times as many weeks of schooling as the boys and girls in those localities where there is the least expenditure of thought and money for the advancement of educational interests. It is not in keeping with the spirit of our institutions that our youth should be more favored in one county than in another. This matter ought to be agitated; every one who has a particle of interest in our school system ought to bring his influence to bear upon our state officials and make them feel that New Hampshire is not doing enough for education until she has made it possible for every child to attend as good schools as any in the state and for the same number of weeks in every year.

The question may be asked: Can we secure skilled and experienced teachers for schools that are small, poor, and poorly paid—especially when the teachers, by the experience and cunning acquired at the expense of the pupils they have taught, can secure better paid positions and a chance to do professional work in city schools? The answer is and ought to be—no! What then can be done? We must do what is being done in some other states, notably in Massachusetts. We must close our small ungraded suburban and country schools and convey the pupils at the expense of the several towns to the centre schools. This centralization makes easily possible the payment of higher wages, and a grade of work that will compare favorably with any in the large towns and cities—centralize, com-

bine, and properly grade the schools in our state, and more than one thousand less teachers can do it better. This plan has been proved to be more economical and is found to be very satisfactory both to pupils and to parents. Teachers are not unlike other people; some like the life of a city, others prefer a country home. It is for the interest of a community to bring about these changes, and not force our teachers of ability to seek better paid positions in the city or other employment.

More than thirty states have both a state and county superintendent: we have but one, the state superintendent. A judicious centralizing of schools would enable a little group of neighboring towns to combine and have, at a small expense to each, an able superintendent. A Massachusetts town has just hired a New Hampshire teacher for her superintendent. This change of position should show our people what we must do to be as progressive. The state, county, and local superintendents would furnish an almost ideal board of examiners for determining the qualifications of teachers.

Even if it be not wise or politic for the state to say what shall be the test for determining the qualifications of candidates aspiring to teach in our schools, she ought to have a law that will make it impossible for any man or woman who is unqualified to teach to cross the threshold of any school-house as a teacher.

In the German schools it is said that each teacher understands perfectly every subject that he teaches, and that he knows why he teaches each fact. He must prove it to the state before the government allows him to enter the schoolroom as a teacher. With our many colleges, scientific and training schools,

teachers' institutes, and excellent school publications, the examiners ought not to grant a certificate until they are sure that the candidate has a knowledge of the history and principles of education, that he has a thorough knowledge of the studies he desires to teach, and what is equally important, the ability to impart his knowledge.

The teacher who can control, interest, and influence his pupils, will secure for his school a better attendance, a higher average rank of scholarships, and will delay withdrawals from school-work till a time of real necessity. Success in the other so-called professions requires a special professional training. Doctors, ministers, and lawyers demand it for their own interest and protection. Our vocation will never deserve the name of

profession until we make and obtain like demands. We must contend for these changes and this recognition until the masses of the people feel that we are right and that it is for their interest as well as ours.

.. Who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

An examination is of value, if it shows whether a teacher has method or no method, a method that is good or one that ought to be condemned. Professional qualifications are all important; an examination paper alone cannot determine them. The examiner must see the teacher at work. A teacher's certificate ought to vouch for the requisite knowledge, professional qualifications, and sterling character.

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#### SCHOOL GROUNDS AND BUILDINGS.

The increasing and wide-spread observance of Arbor day all over the United States is very noticeable. In almost every town in our own state some little act was done to show that the schools were not unmindful of the governor's proclamation. Should this custom be carried out systematically, in a few years there would be a radical change in the appearance of the grounds around our country school houses.

Some one truly says—"It is of much account that the children should early learn, as they will by planting trees and watching their growth, their own power to produce effects, to be something else and something better than mere recipients of impressions or bestowments from others. The trees are of their planting. Their growth is, in an important sense, their own work. Thus early, and thus

easy, comes the lesson that they are in the world to accomplish something—to be doers, and well doers also."

Aside from this important consideration, we would urge that as the children engage in the work of planting trees, beautifying the school grounds, they are led to plan for the future, and provide for it. They learn the lesson of unselfishness,—that they should live and do for others.

And while the children are doing their part to enhance the beauty of their school grounds and streets, let the school officials be stimulated to exercise greater care and diligence in selecting sites and erecting commodious school buildings, when this becomes necessary. This is one of the most important factors in school work.

In the cities and larger towns, the school buildings of later years are gen-

erally a credit to the good taste and public spirit of the communities in which they are situated. But away from these centres, many,—alas most—of the school buildings are ugly blots on the landscape.

This shows that public sentiment must be aroused and educated; that the people must be convinced that neat and attractive school buildings and grounds are important elements in the educational work of our state; that they are important contributions to the mental and moral well-being of the children.

Some of the states have issued books on school architecture and ventilation.

In the library of the state department of public instruction, at Concord, are several of these books, and efforts are being made to procure others. They will be gladly loaned to any responsible school officer in the state. They contain plans for school houses costing from five hundred dollars to several thousands.

Let us hope that the time will soon come when the old dilapidated, disgraceful school buildings may all be wiped out of existence, and new buildings erected—not necessarily costly but comfortable and healthful for the pupils and the teacher.

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#### NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

##### NATHAN PETERS.

Nathan Peters was born in Goshen, and died in South Hampton May 31, aged 91 years, 4 months, 10 days. In early life he was a neighbor of John G. Whittier, and for many years his friend. He had resided in South Hampton since 1828, and was engaged in manufacturing for many years. He represented the town in the legislature of 1855, and had filled the minor town offices. Two sisters, one 75 and the other 87 years of age, survive him.

##### MARY P. THOMPSON.

Mary P. Thompson was born in Durham, November 19, 1825, and died at her home in that town June 6. She was an earnest and able student of local history and a writer of rare gifts. Her efforts were largely devoted to historical research and writing, and in her death a rich store of information about New Hampshire's early days is lost to the state and to posterity.

##### WILLIAM W. ALLEN.

William W. Allen was born in Alton, and died in Rochester June 20, aged 36 years. He fitted for college in the Farmington high school, and graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1882. He had been a very successful teacher, filling with credit principalships at Charlestown, Dexter, Me., and Rochester, being at the time of his death principal of the high school in the latter city.

##### MISS A. C. MORGAN.

Miss A. C. Morgan, who died in Portsmouth, June 22, aged 69 years, had conducted the female seminary, which bears her name, in that city for twenty years. She had resided in Portsmouth the greater part of her life, and was widely known as a talented and successful teacher.





L.A. Rusiel

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

AUGUST, 1894.

No. 2

CHARLES ALBERT BUSIEL.

*By Henry Robinson.*

Somebody has said that biography is usually falsehood from the mouth of flattery, or slander from the lips of malice. On the safe middle ground of unobjectionable truth is ventured the simple statement that Hon. Charles A. Busiel is a broad, practical, upright, and useful citizen. Manly in his instincts, generous in his impulses, genial in his manners, fully rounded in all his faculties, he is remarkably well equipped for life's battle. In robust health, with resolute enterprise and that inestimable quality known as sound good sense, he averages far above men in general. It is safe to say that no business manager in New Hampshire is more highly appreciated and affectionately regarded in his respective community. No region of the state can boast of a more popular leader, whose superior administrative abilities and indefatigable fidelity to local interests have been more manifest, whose invincible and pervasive spirit of comprehensive improvement and general development has been more marked and successful than that of Mayor Charles A. Busiel, who has the considerable honor of being the first chief executive of the brilliant new city of Laconia, a populous and very progressive municipality, presenting in itself

a material and very handsome encomium on the splendid work and worth of its principal resident, the history, growth, and welfare of the cheerful place being indissolubly wrapped with his good name.

Charles Albert Busiel, the subject of this sketch, was born in Meredith (Village), November 24, 1842, his parents being John W. and Julia (Tilton) Busiel, of that town, although John W. came originally from Moultonborough, N. H. Mrs. Busiel was the daughter of Stephen and Julia Tilton, of Meredith.

The Busiel family moved to Laconia (at that time Meredith Bridge) in 1846, Charles being only four years of age. He had a sister, who died in infancy, and there are now living in Laconia, and associated in business with him, two brothers, John T. and Frank E. Busiel, extensive hosiery manufacturers, and public-spirited citizens of sterling character and unsullied reputation.

Charles came of excellent stock, although his father's earlier circumstances were humble. John W. was a manufacturer, carding rolls for hand-spinning. That form of woollen manufacture was nearly all that was had in New England in those early days. The elder Busiel carded rolls and dressed cloth at Mere

dith, in a small mill hired of Daniel Smith, and upon taking up his residence at what is now the delightful "City on the Lakes," he resumed the same employment, occupying the old Bean mill, or Morrison mill as it was subsequently called. This was a one-story wooden building, standing on the site now occupied by the dye-house of J. W. Busiel & Co. After the old Strafford cotton-mill, which stood directly north of it, was destroyed by fire, the senior Busiel, in 1853, purchased the water privilege and land there, and erected a brick mill, in 1854, where he made woollen yarns, and operated four sets of machinery, manufacturing some woollen cloth. He made what are known as Saxony and Germantown yarns, and also made satinet cloth.

At that time the old custom carding, as it was styled, or the carding of rolls for farmers, had almost wholly disappeared. There were still some small mills in New Hampshire engaged in the business, but it was rapidly going out of vogue.

It was in the neighborhood of 1856 that the first letters-patent were taken out on knitting machinery, the first machines that were available to persons generally for woollen manufacture. Patents of this kind became the property of Jonas and Walter Aiken, of Franklin, and also of John Pepper, of Laconia; and thus John W. Busiel, the founder of the great hosiery manufactory of Busiel & Co., was amongst the first to use that knitting machinery for the manufacture of hosiery. He began in a comparatively small way, but at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, the providing of our army with necessary supplies served to increase greatly the manufacturing enterprises of New England, and the

early introduction of the industry at Laconia tended to centralize the business along the river, that being really the home of the woollen hosiery industry. The circular ribbed knitting machine proved a valuable invention. Shaker socks were made, and at one time ribbed shirts and drawers. The war stimulated the manufacture of hosiery of all kinds, and this became the sole business of the mill. Fine machines for ladies' goods were introduced, and the manufacture of men's, women's, and children's hose was carried on under the superintendence of Mr. Busiel, until his death, July 27, 1872, at the age of 57.

Charles obtained his education largely at the public schools of the "Bridge," having the advantages subsequently of attending the famous old Gilford academy, but the best business college for him was found in the counting room of his worthy father, who is described as having been a man of kind-hearted, generous nature, benevolent, public-spirited, and unselfishly devoted to the interests of his town. A local authority says that his rugged honesty, his strong antipathy to sham and false pretense, kindly interest in, and generous and fair dealing with, his employés, and his ever ready help to the poor and unfortunate, are too well known to the elder residents of that community to need comment. He is authoritatively pronounced to have been emphatically a self-made man, raising himself to a comfortable independence in this world's goods, and being universally loved and respected. His sudden death was deeply and widely regretted.

Charles was employed by his father in different departments of the mill, gaining practical knowledge of the important business, before he made his first venture for himself in the hosiery

manufacture, which was in 1863, when he purchased and operated the property since known as the Pitman Manufacturing Co., which he disposed of a few years later. In 1869 he formed a partnership with his brother, John T., and they carried on the hosiery business together until the death of their beloved father in 1872, when Frank E. Busiel joined in the partnership with his two brothers, under the well-known firm name of J. W. Busiel & Co., which has since continued. It is unnecessary to add that this triple partnership has been a very progressive and prosperous one from the outset, new buildings having been added to the original plant and various modern facilities and every recent improvement in the line of machinery having been adopted.

At the head of this magnificent business, established and maintained by industry, honesty, and capable management, stands Hon. Charles A. Busiel, the unassuming and unostentatious central figure of the rapidly growing city, his name having become synonymous with its commendable advancement in manufacturing, banking, railroading, building, and with almost every other branch of its legitimate progress and development. No place of no larger population in the United States has made more rapid strides toward the desirable objects of intelligent and cultured civilization, and to no man, or set of men, is the credit so largely due as to Mr. Busiel himself, who modestly interdicts expressions of appreciation and praise, and keeps steadily on with his good work, which extends throughout the city, from the magnificent new passenger railway station, the building of which was procured through his efforts and influence, to the remotest highways, some of which are the model ones of the Granite state,

if not of New England: on all sides being unmistakable evidences of his limitless energy, enterprise, and genius of government.

The Lake Shore railroad is especially a monument to his courage, tact, and indomitable will. The history of that undertaking is the story of success against fearful odds, in the face of obstacles that would have appalled a common mind. The two great railway systems of New Hampshire were both vigorously averse to the enterprise, because they believed it would not redound to their pecuniary advantage, or might be used by one to the detriment of the other; but in spite of the tremendous momentum of their combined organization, Mr. Busiel maintained an unremitting crusade for years, during which he himself became a director in one of the giant opposing corporations, and finally saw the happy and remarkable spectacle of each vying eagerly with the other for the coveted privilege of fathering the project and constructing the line which is now such an acknowledged public benefit.

Mr. Busiel has, for nearly ten years, been prominent in railway circles, and is a considerable owner in different railway corporations. He is, at present, an active director in the Concord & Montreal, Meredith & Conway, New Boston, Tilton & Franklin, Moosilauke, Profile & Franconia Notch, as well as being president of the Lake Shore road. Upon the completion of the last branch, he was given a token of esteem by the citizens of Laconia generally, who improved the opportunity to congratulate him upon the important success that he had so valiantly achieved, especially for that section of the state.

Laconia was formerly a Democratic town, and Mr. Busiel was associated with

that party, but, six years ago, he took exception to the views of the Democracy, as generally expressed, especially on the subject of the tariff, a matter regarded as of vital importance to him and his numerous employés, because of its claimed bearing upon the manufacturing interests. Preferring the national Republican platform of principles, he voted for Benjamin Harrison for president, and became and remains identified with the Republican party, an avowed member of that political organization, believing, as he avers, that it represents those great truths and correct policies on which the welfare and prosperity of the country depend. Although not seeking or desiring the position, he was elected and re-elected mayor by a rousing majority each time, the latter election being by the phenomenal majority of almost 600. The prominence of the choice under the circumstances is such that he is said now to represent more emphatically than any other one man in the state the great central idea of protection to American industries, and to the interests of the laboring people; and entering the Republican party, as he did, with so many followers, and assured, as he is declared to be, of many more, it is considered not surprising that his nomination to the governorship should be suggested and urged at this time as a partisan expedient, especially as his geographical location and general qualifications are pronounced so favorable and fitting.

It is urged that with him as a standard-bearer the coming campaign would have in it an element of magnetism, popularity, and significance which perhaps no other available candidate could insure to it. His change from affiliation with one political party to alliance with the other was made so apparently

unselfishly, and upon reasons that seemed so conclusive to his own judgment, that nobody has arisen to question the sincerity of his action, however much the expediency of the step may have been doubted. The universal trust and favor Mayor Busiel enjoys at Laconia are ample testimonials to his irreproachable character, and demonstrate the supreme confidence in which he is so very generally held by the people throughout the whole community in which he has his home. Besides being mayor, he is, *ex-officio*, a member of the standing committee on finance. He was a delegate to the Cincinnati National convention in 1880, and a member of the state legislature in 1878, and again in 1879, exercising as such that keen discernment of which he is the fortunate possessor, and bringing to bear upon the various subjects for legislative consideration a fund of valuable experience and accurate information that made him at once an influential member of the house of representatives, where his careful judgment was held in uncommon deference by his associates. Whether in the directorship of railroads and other large corporations, or in the management of minor affairs in Laconia, whether at home or abroad, or wherever he may be, or however urgent and exciting may be the occasion, he is always the same self-commanding, comprehensive, capable, common-sense man and manager,—accessible, kindly, dignified, sincere, gracious, and able. His name is properly placed high in the choice list of the leading spirits of the Granite state. Called on for the greater part to deal with weighty questions, he nevertheless gives adequate consideration to details.

This is true of his administration of city affairs, in which every point, whether

pertaining to the police or the fire department, or any other branch of the public service, is given the required personal attention. He was formerly a member of the fire department himself, was its chief for several years, and many a hot run he has had with the "boys," and many a time he has led the grand march at their annual ball. He was somewhat of an athlete, physically, in early years and is a finely-formed gentleman of good carriage. He is fond of a good joke, tells an apt story, and has a strong sense of fun. He is one of the most companionable of men, square and frank in his statements, correct in his dealings, charitable in his judgments, and exceedingly kind and indulgent to the poor and erring. The fondness with which he is held by his own townspeople, young and old, of all grades and classes, all sorts and conditions alike, is remarkable. Its unaffected and unbroken enthusiasm is contagious.

Mr. Busiel married Eunice Elizabeth Preston, on November 21, 1864, and they have one child, an accomplished and attractive young lady, now married, and resident at Philadelphia, Penn. Mrs. Busiel is a lady of superior attainments, with a wide circle of warm friends. Their residence is one of elegant taste and refinement, and there is about their home the same pleasing atmosphere of peace, happiness, and harmony that characterize their personalities. The family attends the Congregational church.

The Busiels constitute the centre of a considerable social circle, having many friends and acquaintances throughout the state, and elsewhere. While not indulging in any ambitious display, their residence is one of frequent welcome to visitors, the hosts having an easy, unobtrusive, and very happy faculty of enter-

taining. It is a grace that comes of good breeding, of culture, refinement, and experience,—genuine politeness, that has origin in generous hearts. The Busiel "boys," as they are still called, are very widely and very favorably known, and, while they have been remarkably successful in business, they have kept untarnished the honest pride of the splendid family name. However prosperous they may have become in material things, they have never for a moment held themselves above anybody, even the humblest workman, and their advancement has therefore awakened nothing of covetousness, not a tinge of apparent jealousy. There is no dross in their make-up, no discount upon their standard qualities.

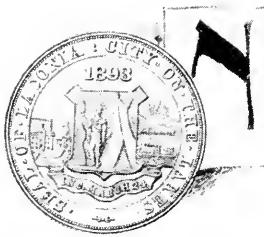
The three brothers are each worthy of especial mention, but the mission of this cursory article pertains only to Charles, who in private life is a devoted husband and father, a true and willing friend, a most accommodating and cheerful neighbor, a self-reliant, patient, and painstaking man, sympathetic and self-sacrificing. He has won the respect and support of his employés and business acquaintances by straightforward dealing. His voice and his hand are against vice, fraud, corruption, and oppression. His business sagacity is his forte, and his integrity the shield of his protection. The secret of his success is energy, and it never tires. He is now in the full vigor and strength of manhood's prime, with his intellect at the zenith of clearness. Already he has made a name that will be cherished long after he has passed from sight, and yet from the happy vantage-ground of a sound constitution and a good mental equipoise, he may look forward with reasonable assurance to a future of still greater endeavor and accomplishment.



Concord & Montreal Railroad Station.

## THE CITY ON THE LAKES: A SKETCH OF LACONIA.

*By George H. Moses.*

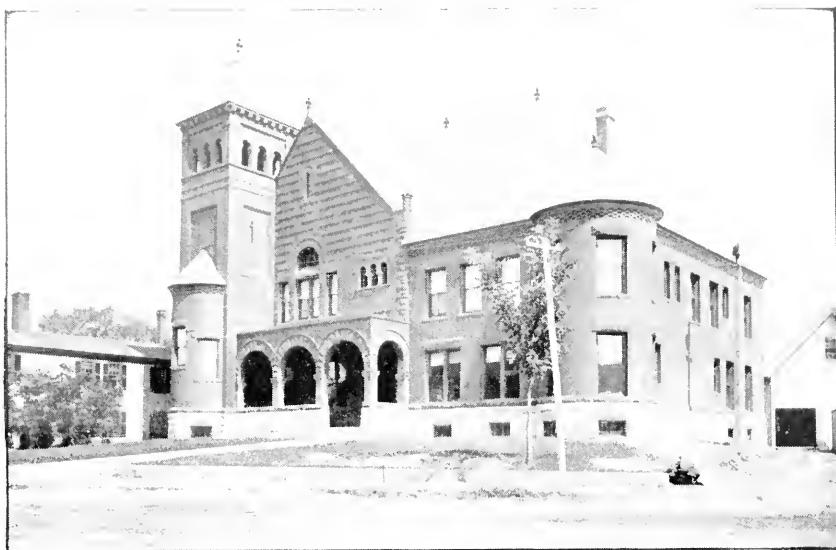


O less an authority than the Colony of Massachusetts Bay first claimed jurisdiction over that portion of New Hampshire's territory now included in the limits of the city of Laconia, and the testimony thereof remains to this day engraved on the surface of the Endicott Rock by Governor John Endicott's surveyors, who in August, 1652, marked here the northern boundary of Massachusetts soil. To follow the transition of membership through the 241 years intervening between that day and the time when the city of Laconia was born is the historian's task, not mine. It is the historian's duty to philosophize upon the Masonian grant in which this territory was included and from which it took its name; it is the historian's duty to

trace the growth of the State of New Hampshire and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, to point out Endicott's error, to show how Mason's claim fell, to rehearse the grants by royal and state authority, to specify legislation, and to point out methods as well as to present results.

A portion of these duties falls to me, also, and I must be about my task:

Where now Laconia stands was once embraced within the township limits of Meredith and Gilmanton, the former under the name of New Salem, having been settled early in the century, and as Meredith having been granted in 1768. Gilmanton came into existence in 1727, and passed through several phases and titles before coming under its present condition. Some portions of the territory have been so frequently made the subject of annexation, division, and change that they demand a more extended treatment than can be given here.

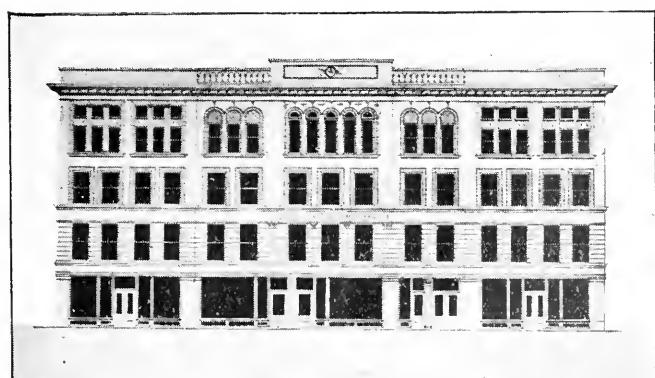


Court House.

But, speaking roughly, the outline is this: From Gilmanton the Gunstock Parish was set off as the town of Gilford in 1812; from this that portion of Laconia lying south of the Winnipesaukee river was taken in 1874, and to it was restored a portion of this same land two years later in order to give symmetry to that portion of Gilford in which the village of Lakeport was situated; and, the final transfer, the community thus made symmetrical was made Ward Six of the new city in 1893, when Laconia received municipal honors. So far as Meredith is related to Laconia there was but one transaction: that portion of Laconia, not before mentioned, was taken from Meredith and erected into a township in 1855. This was the original territory of Laconia, and

the new town came into existence as the result of a catastrophe which befell the people of Meredith on March Meeting day, 1855.

On that day the voters of the town assembled for the first time in a new town-house which had been built at Meredith Parade. The structure and its location had been the subjects of quite the usual amount of heated discussion which attends the completion of such an enterprise in a rural community, and some of the dissatisfaction



Masonic Temple.



Folsom Block.

still exists, even though the occasion for it has long since been removed.

"T wa'n't much of a thing any how," said one of the old men who described the disaster to me. "Built up 'gainst a side hill, hump !"

But to our disaster. The meeting was about to organize itself and the voters were standing before the moderator's desk awaiting a chance to deposit their ballots, when the floor gave way beneath the weight of the crowd, and several hundred men were pitched headlong into the basement.

Several deaths resulted from this disaster, and the discontent with the new town-house, coupled with anger growing out of the accident, led to the secession of the most thriving community in the town, and at the next session of the legislature, only three months distant, the village of Meredith Bridge was transformed into the town of

Laconia. The village of Meredith Bridge had its beginnings in 1765, when the first sawmill in town was erected on the sawmill grant. This beginning was rapidly followed by the growth of a village around the centre; settlers increased; farms multiplied; a stage route to Boston became a daily feature



Gilford Avenue School.

of existence; industries sprang up; a term of court was established; and the community became noted. Court was first held here in 1820 in a building which was presented to the county of Strafford (Belknap county not having been erected until 1840) by the citizens of Milford, on whose soil the county seat was set up. This structure, though lately replaced by a modern and elegant edifice in

which the county business is transacted, still survives, and is in use as a church, the gospel now falling from the bench where the law formerly held sway. In its earliest years some portion of the building was used as an academy, so that in all its history it has at least been faithful to the one central idea of instruction.

With the establishment of the court



High School.

Meredith Bridge took on added importance, and on court-days it particularly assumed the demeanor of a metropolis. The "great day" of court was the first Thursday of the semi-annual session. On that day the criminals were brought up from Dover jail for arraignment. The August term was particularly attractive to the crowd, and



Opera House.

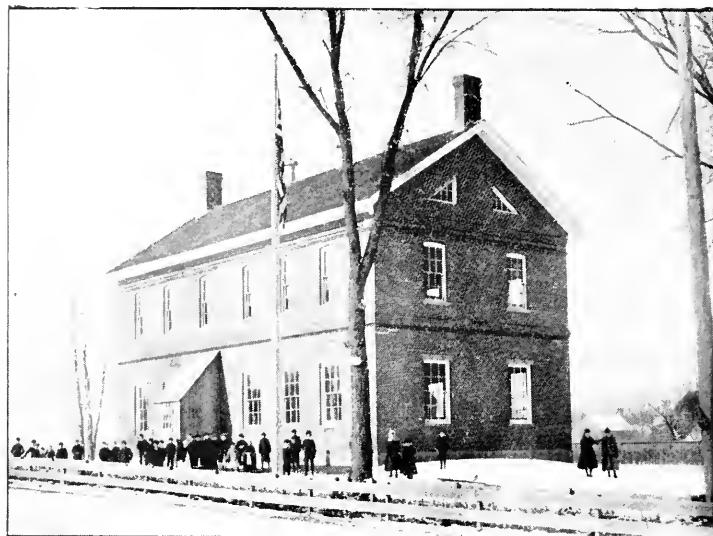
on the "great day" the town would be full of people who had come in to trade, to exchange gossip, and, last of all, to attend court. Meredith Bridge on those days was full of life, the liveliest kind of life. The route to the court-house was lined with peddlers and fakirs, Tin peddlers' carts, Yankee

notion carts, gingerbread carts, all kinds of carts, stood in the row. Here a barrel of cider was dispensed at one cent a glass; there a hive of honey found purchasers at "fo' pence a chunk;" next to the honey a load of silk hats found ready purchasers among the dandies of the day. The clock-maker was present, too, with a few wooden time-

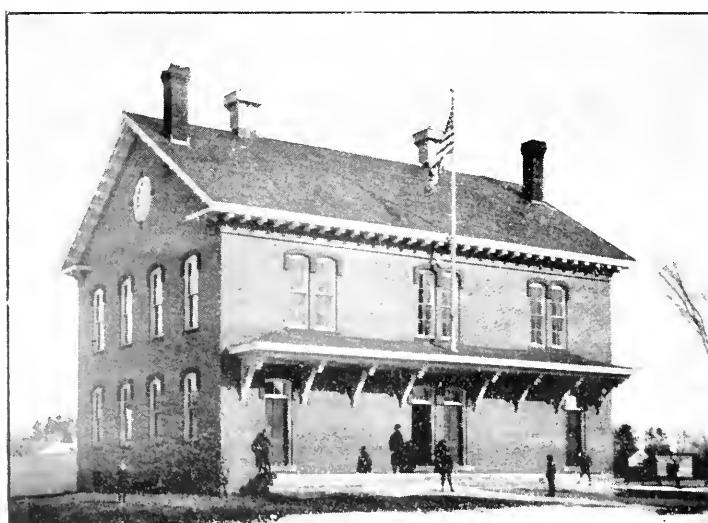
keepers to be sold on easy terms. Many of the hucksters attracted a crowd by means of vocal or instrumental music, a violin or an accordeon being most frequently heard; those who could neither play nor sing would shout, and there was noise enough for the passage of an army.

Opposite the court-house was a grove and an open space adjacent. Here the

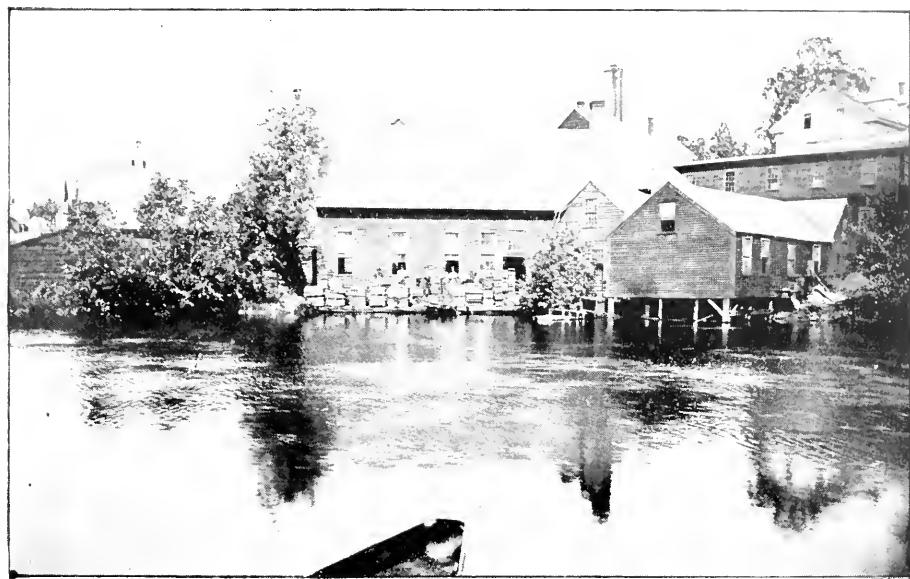
jockeys swarmed and swapped horses until after dark, when the dickering was transferred to the taverns and continued far into the night. The celebration of the "great day" of court was a feature in the local calendar until the outbreak of the Rebellion; and was, so far as I can learn,



South Grammar School.



North Grammar School

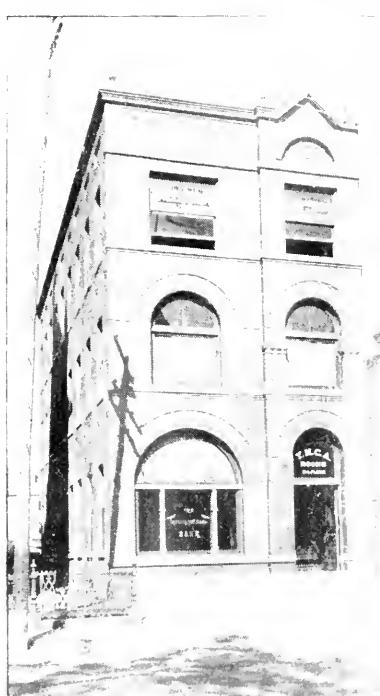


McLaughlin Foundry.

almost a unique custom. Coincident with the "great day," at least in its abandonment, was training day, when the sturdy yeomanry of the locality, under compulsion and \$3.50 a year, appeared "armed and equipped as the law directs, for military exercises and inspection." Beside the soldiers, the striped pig and the other attractions of the "great day" divided the attention of the crowd. In the ranks there was little enthusiasm and the old Queen's arm was handed up for inspection with small grace. For military purposes training day was not a success; but in its social aspect it was without equal, and on those rare occasions when the governor graced the day with his presence and was escorted with great pomp and circumstance from Gilmanton the date of muster was sure to be indicated with red letters in the calendar.

It was when these festivals were at their height that a suburban visitor returned home from a day celebration and informed his family that "the man

who dies without seeing Meredith Bridge is a consummate fool,"—though his adjective was shorter and more



Laconia National Bank.



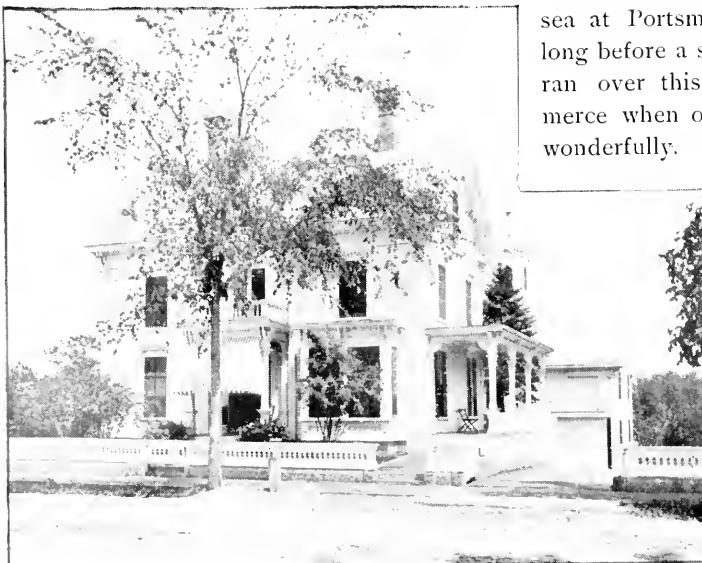
Residence of Perley Putnam.

emphatic than "consummate." Long before the "great day" and muster time had passed they were felt to be superfluous; for affairs had prospered so mightily at Meredith Bridge that every day was a great day, and with

the introduction of new lines of travel the people felt themselves to be the subjects of a daily inspection.

The building of the Province Road from Gilmanton to Meredith Bridge occurred in 1770 and has afforded the new community an outlet to the sea at Portsmouth. It was not long before a stream of commerce ran over this course, and commerce when once begun thrived wonderfully. The industries of

the place diversified rapidly, and in addition to the agricultural and dairy products which would be expected from a community as old as this, there sprang up establishments from which were turned out shooks, barrels, pegs,



Residence of Napoleon B. Gale.

hats and caps, oil cloths, iron implements, boots and shoes, ticking, pottery, paper, and machinery. Much of these products sought the overland route and traffic in shooks was particularly brisk with Portsmouth where fish-packers and distillers furnished ready market. The huge teams loaded high with shooks and drawn by oxen were objects of childish wonder in those days as they creaked slowly along the highway. The first stage of the journey to Portsmouth was twenty miles and one convivial driver found himself when near nightfall eight miles from his first stopping place and sat himself down to take his bearings. "It is eight miles to the first stopping place," he reasoned, "and with eight miles back to where I am, that makes sixteen. But it is only twelve miles to the Bridge, so I guess I'll go back there for the night." And he did; but it was his last trip.

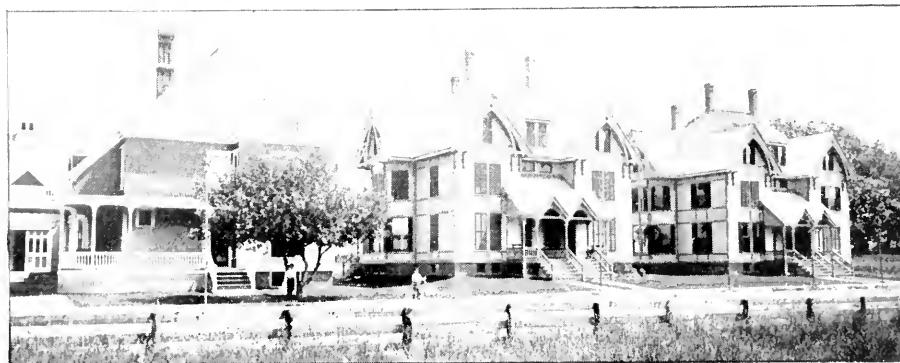
The diversity of occupation which I have outlined was not the natural indus-



Residence of E. C. Covell.

trial development of a community such as this was destined to be: and the direction of its forces into their proper channel under the new condition of production which increasing concentration of capital had brought about was not completed when the war broke out and producers were brought to face still newer conditions which brought newer problems, though they did not disturb the trend of trade.

Then the real development of the place began. Six years before it had sought release from its allegiance to the town of Meredith and was free to seize upon the impetus which the war gave all manufacturing communities in the North



Residences on Lincoln Street.



Residence of Mrs. Sarah Ide.

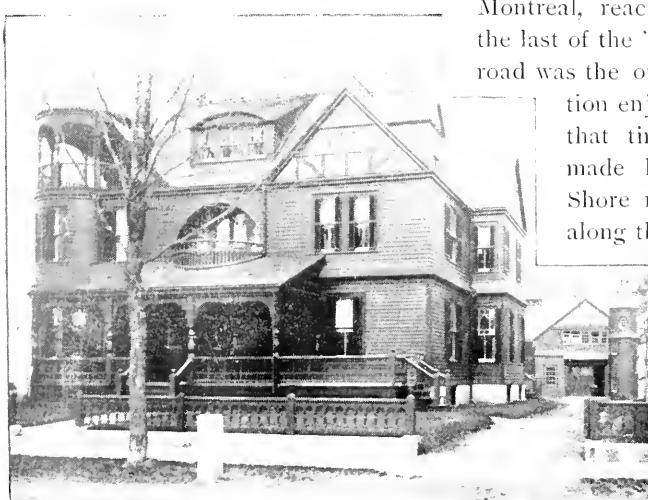
and to make the most of it. That impetus has never been lost. It has been lessened at times by stringencies of business, but it has always remained, ready at the first opportunity to reassert itself.

Under these conditions manufacturing in Laconia began to assume symmetry and coherence. Certain conditions of production led capital into certain lines, and there it has contented itself to remain, with the result that to-day Laconia

is the headquarters of hosiery manufacturing and kindred interests in northern New England, to name the most limited sphere of influence. This has come about in a measure logically, but only logically as far as the sagacity of the first hosiery manufacturer and his sons has been applied to producing the eminently desirable result.

Along with the march of time came the railroad, the Boston, Concord & Montreal, reaching Meredith Bridge in the last of the '40s. For forty years this road was the only means of transporta-

tion enjoyed, but at the end of that time a new opening was made by means of the Lake Shore railroad which, sweeping along the beautiful curves of the western shore of Lake Winnipesaukee, gives access to the region where once the entire community did its trading over the old Province road. Along this new avenue of commerce have



The James H. Tilton Residence.



Residence of Frank P. Holt.

sprung up small suburban communities, the summer homes of Laconia captains of activity, and at Lake Shore Park has been found the breathing-place for a state. Yet as these are beyond the bounds of Laconia they are outside my limits also.

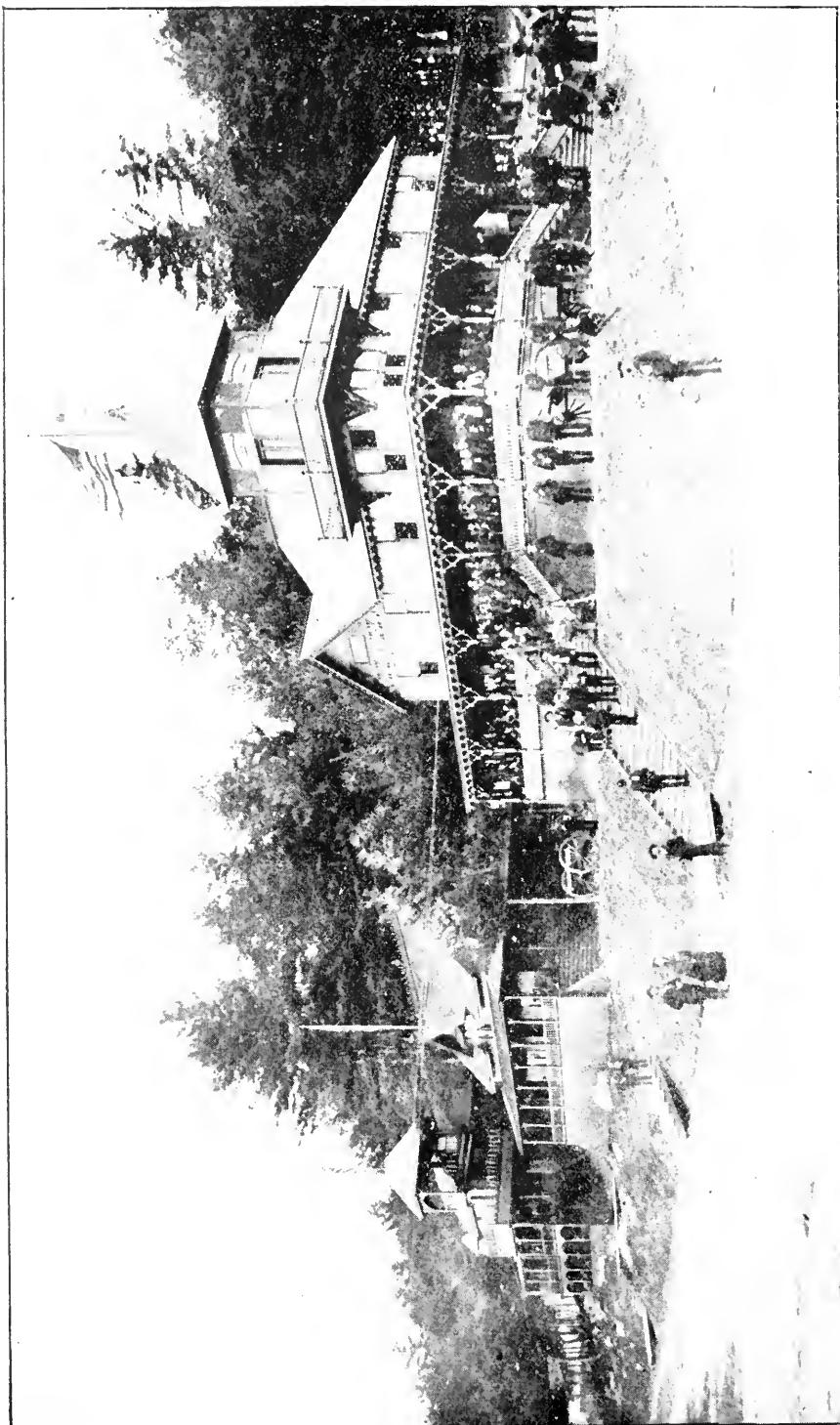
And while Laconia was growing to all this, it was passing through other experiences as well. A new county had been erected about the court-house. The town had taken to itself that portion of its neighbor whereon the court-house stood; and had afterward given up to its neighbor some of its own self in return. Fires had come and gone, and the town had been benefited by them. The old academy in the court-house had given way to graded schools. The one church and no pastor had been followed by half a dozen churches, and more than that number of pastors. A newspaper rose up and flourished—two

of them. Social reforms swept over the place: the Washingtonian movement, among others, seized the community, and among the lyceum lectures of the times was frequent mention of the "absorbing topic of temperance." John P. Hale, among others, being invited to address the people on this subject.

All these improved conditions had not been brought about spontaneously. Far from it. The railroad fought its way into New Hampshire, and contested almost every mile of its progress. At Meredith Bridge, the editor of the *Belknap Gazette* set his face sternly against such godless engines as a locomotive, and believed all corporations a curse. A railroad he believed especially harmful, and besought his readers to give such a scheme no countenance. "Last week," he exclaimed in one issue,



Residence of Dennis O Shea



Veterans' Head-quarters at The Weirs.

"a whole carload of live hogs was brought from Ohio to Boston. Farmers, how do you like that?"

They evidently liked it well enough to vote that the town should subscribe roundly to the capital stock of the proposed railroad.

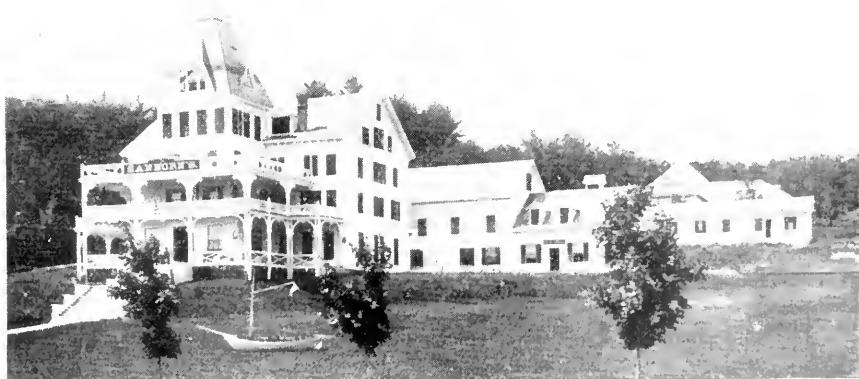
The first minister was received with even less enthusiasm; and from his diary and letters a lugubrious tale is told of the growth of the gospel here. But both railroads and ministers persisted, and I have already indicated the extra facilities which the place enjoys, under the former head. A glance at Laconia's churches and pastors will show whether there is anything lacking in the ministerial line.

The aboriginal possessors of this region made their home within the limits of our eighth city. At the outlet of Lake Winnipesaukee they set up the village of Aquedoctan, where great stone wiers were placed in the river, as fish-traps. "The Penacook word for river," says



Fish Hatchery.

Mr. E. P. Jewell of Laconia, an authority on Indian nomenclature, "was Aquedoctan. The great stone fish-trap was constructed in the form of a W. The lower points extended quite a distance below the present iron bridge; the walls extended up the river some ten or fifteen rods, and touched the shore. Good-sized stones, such as could be picked up in the river and on the shores, were used; at low or ordinary stages of the water, the walls were never covered; but at



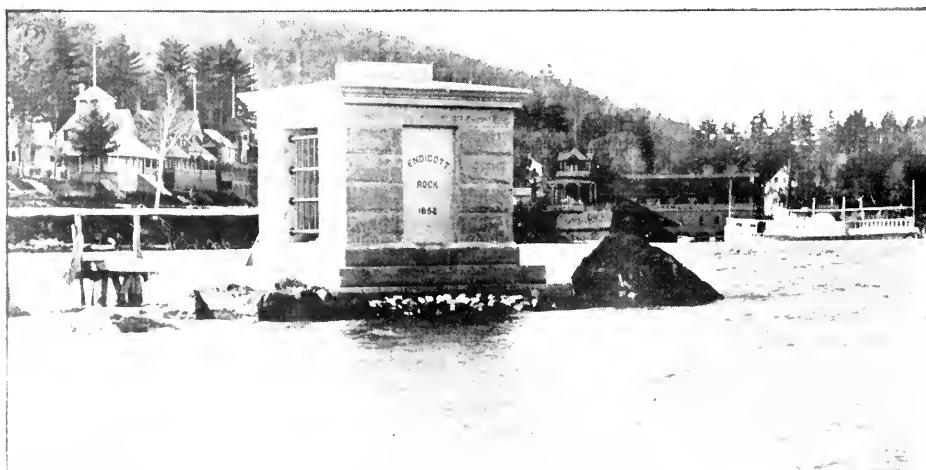
Sanborn's.



Lakeside House

flood times the water flowed over them. They were substantially built. The lower points were left open a few feet for the water and fish to go through. A short distance below the opening, another wall was built, in a half-circle, and into the spaces was placed wickerwork, through which the water could easily flow, but fine enough to secure fish of any considerable size. . . . . When the white settlers came the weirs

were in a good state of preservation, and were used by them. Fish wardens were appointed yearly, whose duty it was to go, two days each week, to see that the fish were fairly distributed among the people who assembled here. If not enough were found in the traps, boats and rafts were sent up into the lake, and the water was beaten with brush and the fish were driven in. This was the method pursued by the Indians for years before,



Endicott Rock.

for these rude walls bore unmistakable evidence of great age. With the exception of the two days each week when the wardens were present any one could use them.

. . . Excavations and improvements in the interest of navigation and manufactures

have obliterated all traces of these interesting old monuments of another race."

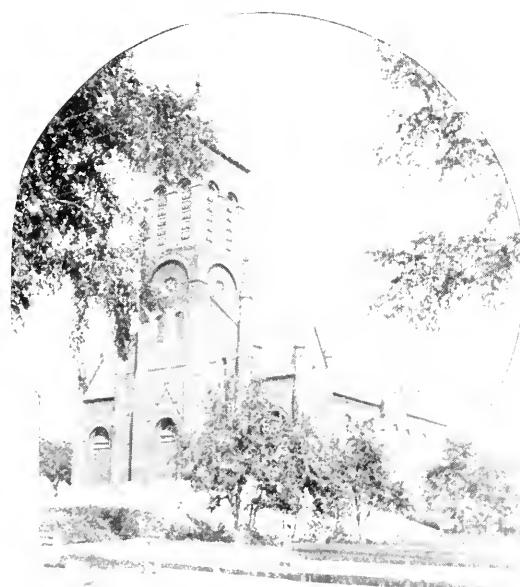
It was at this point that Worshipful John Endicott, governor, fixed the source of the Merrimack river. It was at this point, long after Gov. Endicott's claim had been disputed and overthrown—

indeed, after his bound had been hidden for two centuries and then had reappeared—that a new kind of explorers appeared, seeking that which knows no jurisdiction, no courts. They were in search of healthful influences, the beauty of nature, rest and recreation. They

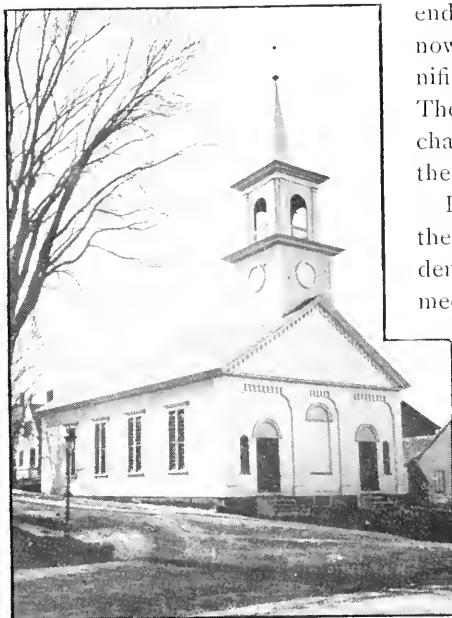
found them all, and the marks they set up were not obliterated, were not forgotten, but were added to year by year; and The Weirs, growing from a mere railroad station with a steamboat connection, developed into a summer resort—a great summer resort, where rendezvous four great religious bodies, and where the New Hampshire Veterans' Association meets yearly in its new buildings—the only place in the land where the "boys in blue" enjoy such a privilege. At The Weirs, too, thousands in nowise connected with any of the interests named find the pleasures of the summer season in abundant measure, for the



People's Church.



French Catholic Church.



Methodist Episcopal Church.

myriads of cottages and the dozens of hotels that have sprung up here shelter the population of a city; who demand city conveniences, and have them, even to their own newspaper, which, in the form of *The Weirs Times*, comes to them weekly from the hands of Mr. Matthew H. Calvert, one of the most talented journalists in New England.

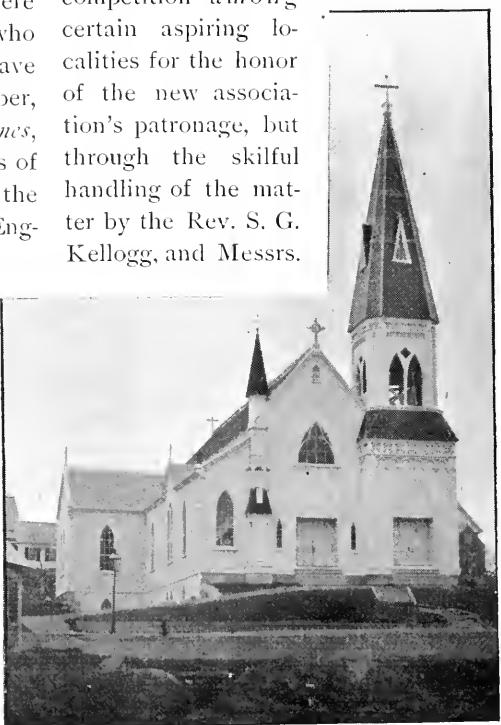
These things came quickly to The Weirs, for that remarkable resort has only just now turned twenty-one, and rarely do the years of youth contain so much of improvement and progress as may be noted here.

In 1873 the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad ran through the woods at The Weirs. There was a steamboat landing, but to get to it one must come on the cars, or walk, either on the railroad track or through the woods. There was no road here, that

ended a half-mile below where The Weirs now lies, for the place then was too insignificant to pay any sort of attention to. There were four families living here; a chance fisherman now and again reached the place; but that was all.

In 1873 certain prominent members of the Methodist church fell a-thinking. The denomination had established two camp-meeting grounds, one to accommodate the brethren in the southern part of the state at Epping, the other to accommodate the faithful in the north country was at Lisbon. The great middle class, to borrow a sociological Anglicism and turn it to geographic uses, was unaccommodated, and to give them what they demanded a site was sought for another camp-meeting nearer the centre of the state than either Epping or Lisbon.

As may be supposed, there was some competition among certain aspiring localities for the honor of the new association's patronage, but through the skilful handling of the matter by the Rev. S. G. Kellogg, and Messrs.



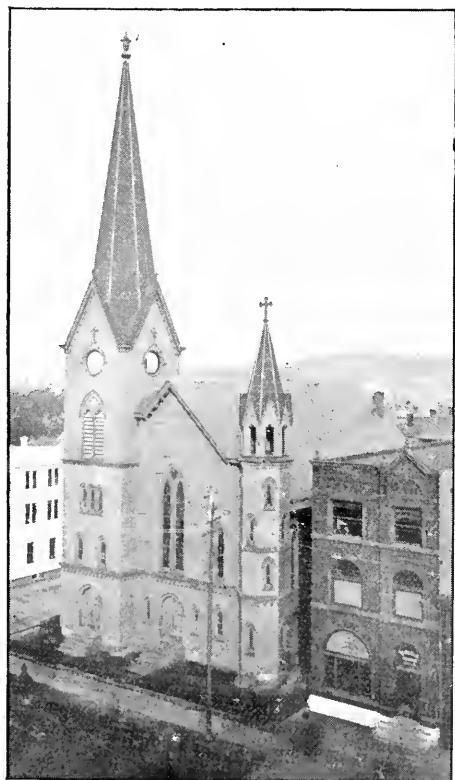
St. Joseph's Catholic Church.

L. R. Weeks and Hiram Gilman—of whom only the last is now living—the new camp-meeting was pitched at The Weirs, and in 1873 the association purchased twenty acres of land along the lake front, and held their first meeting that year. At that time the whole region through here was woods, and the entire camp-ground had to be cleared of underbrush and débris before using.

That was the beginning of The Weirs. The thrifty brethren erected their speaker's stand and set up their woodland tabernacle in the centre of their tract, and plotted the rest into house-lots, which sold readily and with some profit. From the tabernacle the cottage city spread out. It first encircled the lake front, then it crept back along radiating avenues which bear the names noted in



Congregational Church.



Unitarian Church

Methodism's noble history. Finally it burst its churchly bonds, swarmed across the railroad track, invaded the hill opposite, swept up the crest, was finally hurled back with every position of vantage occupied, and sought a new base of operations across the river and along the horse-shoe curve of the lake further south.

The character of summer residents thus brought here was of the highest and best to be found in the land. Hundreds of the clergy and the consecrated laymen of the Methodist church have established themselves here; and through the stringencies with which the association begirt all its deeds the place has been singularly free from most of the influences which pervade the mod-



Hon. E. P. Jewell.



Col. S. S. Jewett



W. A. Plummer.



Charles E. Buzzell.



Hon. E. A. Hibbard.



Hon. E. C. Lewis.



W. F. Knight.



Hon. B. J. Cole.



C. L. Pulsifer.

ern summer resort not at all to its advantage.

Along with the growth of the cottage system at The Weirs went the hotel business, though that had a later origin, and has attained less gigantic proportions than its forerunner.

The first hotel at The Weirs was built in 1877 by L. R. Weeks, and he had eight guest chambers at first. The next year he doubled his capacity, and three years later he began the real development of what is now the Lakeside estate with its hotel accommodating 200 guests, its detached cottages, its two cafés, its casino, and its store. The original house was known as the Lakeside House, and by that name the property is still known. *In hoc signo vinces.*

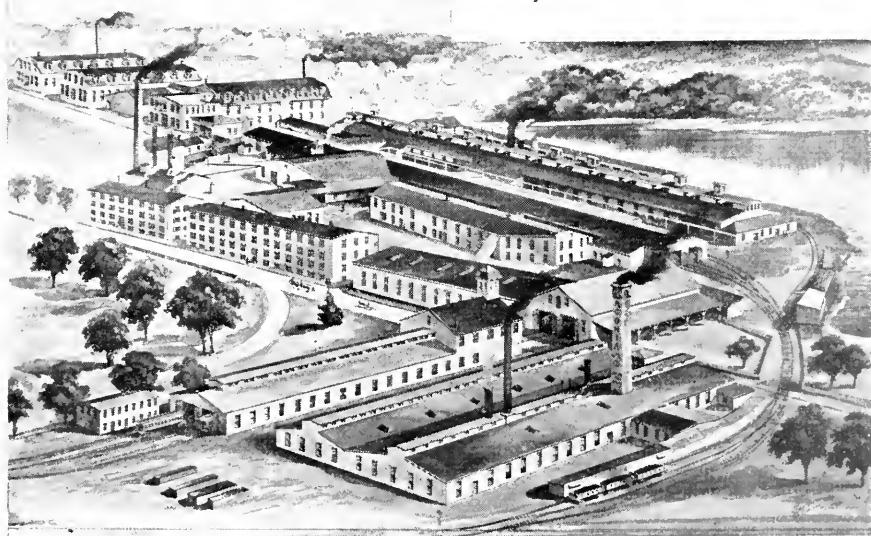
The builder of the first house was the pioneer hero, Mr. L. R. Weeks,

who some years since went to the house not made with hands, and his brother, Mr. George W. Weeks, now manages the hotel, and in addition holds a seat in the city council of Laconia as the representative of Ward One, that being the portion of the city in which The Weirs lies. Mr. Weeks came here in 1878, and in speaking of the growth of The Weirs may say that he has seen it all, and has been a great part in much of it.

The wonderful success of the Methodists at The Weirs led to other ventures of a similar character, and in 1878 the Grand Army of the Republic, its New Hampshire members, at least, held here what was destined to be the first of the most successful veterans' reunion in the country. The first reunion was not



Hon. Perley Putnam.



Laconia Car Company



Hon. W. L. Melcher.



J. T. Busiel.



Frank P. Holt.



Hon. C. F. Stone.



Col. B. F. Drake.



Dennis O'Shea.



Geo. A. Sanders.



F. E. Busiel.



G. H. Tilton.



Up the River, Looking North.

much like those which followed. Then the boys ate and slept and heard the speeches in a large tent, pitched down in the grove near the water. But they soon yearned for something more substantial—and got it; in 1880 they formed the New Hampshire Veterans' Association, and bought the hillside on the north of the railroad track. Here they began what now shows itself to be a

substantial hamlet, with barracks, mess buildings, an amphitheatre for public meetings, regimental headquarters, association headquarters, and other structures, all solidly and handsomely built, well decorated, and finely adapted to their purpose. Here each year for a week, at the close of the vacation season, throng the survivors of the greatest war in history, with fast-thinning ranks,



J. W. Busiel Mill.



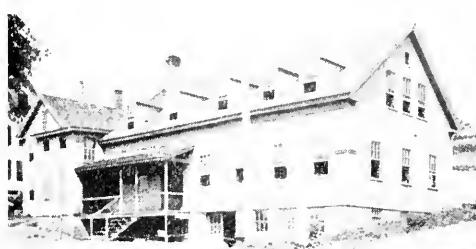
Belknap County Farm.

fighting their battles over again, renewing friendships and reviving patriotism, cheering their old generals who came back with them, and cementing ties which death cannot break.

In the great work which the veterans have undertaken at The Weirs they have been amply seconded by the people of the state. The state itself, through the legislature, supplied the grounds with sanitary appliances, and a long roll of honorary members gives the association

bronze, now standing before the headquarters building, the gift of Mrs. John F. Zebley, of New York, whose summer residence is at Nestledown, a lovely country seat near by, and whose father was a brave soldier in a New Hampshire regiment. The fountain stands in his memory, and will be dedicated during the coming reunion this year.

The same year which witnessed the beginning of the veterans' work was full of achievements by others. In that year, 1880, the highway was extended so far as the Lakeside House; and Sanborn's, then known as Hotel

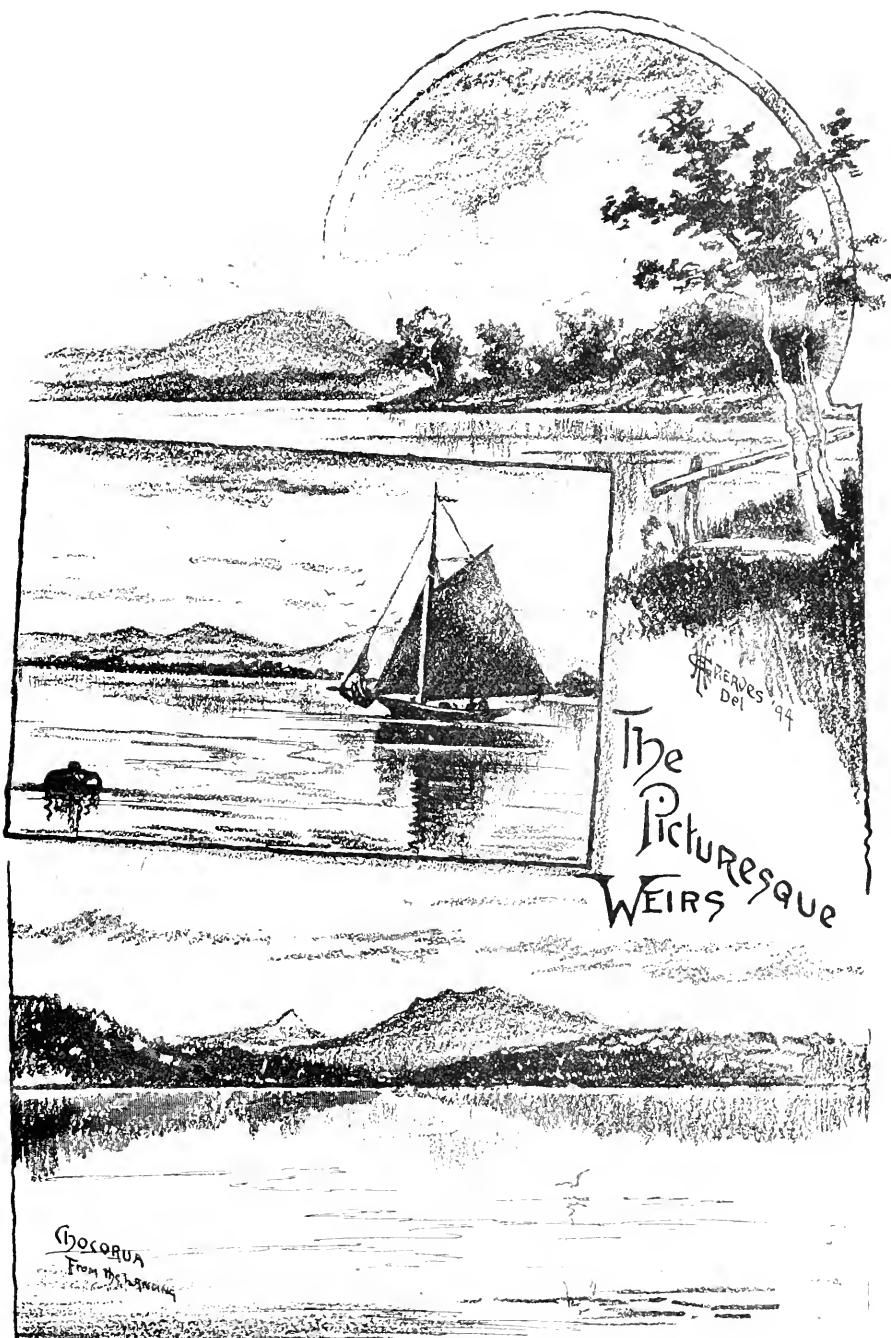


an anchor to windward, if soldiers will pardon the naval phrase. A recent benefaction to the association is a beautiful drinking fountain in



W. D. Huse Machine Shop.

Abel Machine Company.





Down the River.

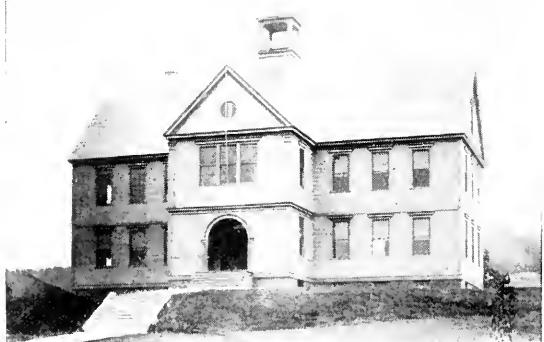
Weirs, was built. The Aqueductan was built in that same year, and the Winnicoette followed in 1881.

Beside the Methodists, other religious bodies come here for their summer gatherings. The Unitarians, Universalists, and Baptists now claim a week in the brief season, and the New Hampshire Music Teachers' Association is the successor to numerous musical organizations which have made The Weirs a harmonic centre for at least one week each summer for the past ten years. Music Hall, an assembly room capable of seating a very large audience, and charmingly situated on the shore, grew out of the demand which these associations created; and a pretty little chapel, nestling among the pines on the slope of the hill, is the outcome of so many religious gatherings here, its services being administered by the Methodist denomination, by virtue, I suppose, of their priority.

The Weirs has become a great summer resort by reason of the

same cause which has operated to make Laconia in its entirety the smartest city of its size in New England—intelligent booming. In this every interested party has taken some share, but chiefly to the railroad corporation, which traversed this spot when it was unbroken woods, should credit be given.

Mr. J. A. Dodge, who was superintendent of the Boston, Concord & Montreal railroad when The Weirs first began to take on growth, was a firm believer in the future of this place, and lost no



High School, Lakeport.



Rev. Lucius Waterman, D. D.



Rev. J. H. Haines.



Rev. William Warren.



Methodist Church Lakeport.



Chapel at The Weirs.



Father Monge.



Father Lambert.



Free Baptist Church, Lakeport.



Residence of B. F. Drake.

opportunity to further any proposition which looked to the advancement of the region. To all associations, churches, or individuals desiring to visit The Weirs or establish themselves there he gave attentive ear and lent a helpful hand. This wisdom and its beneficent results were adopted and received by his successors not only before the road

lost its autonomy, but afterward, and to-day The Weirs has no better, or more active, or more intelligent friends, alive to the best and highest interests of the place, than the officials of the Concord & Montreal railroad.

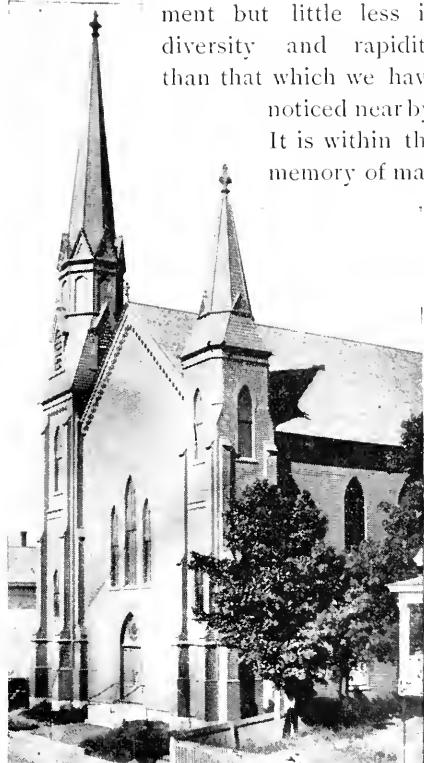
While all this has been going on at Meredith Bridge and Laconia its neighbors

have not been idle, and one neighbor in particular has been keeping step to the music. Across the line in Gilford, along the east shore of the Winnipesaukee river, and particularly around the lower Weirs, where, by the way, in 1766, the proprietors of the town erected the first saw-mill, this community had been witnessing an industrial develop-



Marshall Mill.

ment but little less in diversity and rapidity than that which we have noticed near by. It is within the memory of man



Baptist Church, Lakeport.

that this took place, for the first permanent dam succeeded the loose stone structure of the proprietors only some sixty-five years ago. The owner was Nathan Batchelder, who counts in his line Gen. R. N. Batchelder, now quartermaster-general of the

regular army. This water power has been the source of almost endless litigation and transfer. To a man by the name of Nelson the town of Gilford, for \$500, awarded the right to build a dam and erect mills on its side of the river. This right soon became, by some financial jugglery, intrinsically mixed with the assets of a bank at Meredith Bridge, and the bank, to retrieve itself against an embezzling employee, took possession of the property. The

right across the river fared scarcely better, and after several transfers, the formation of a stock



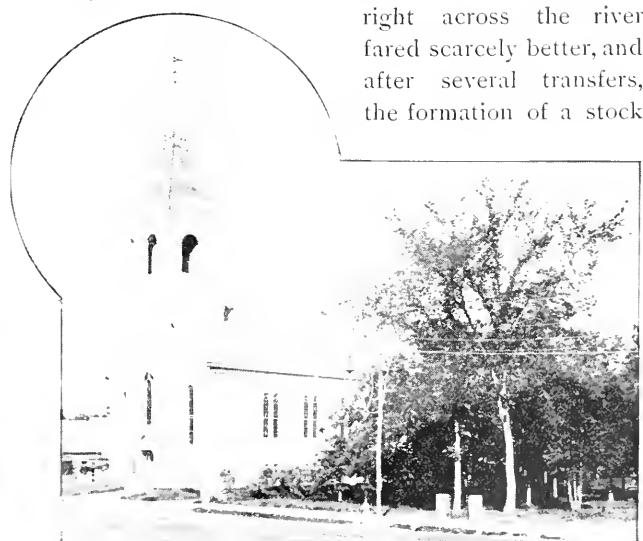
Rev. Woodman Bradbury.



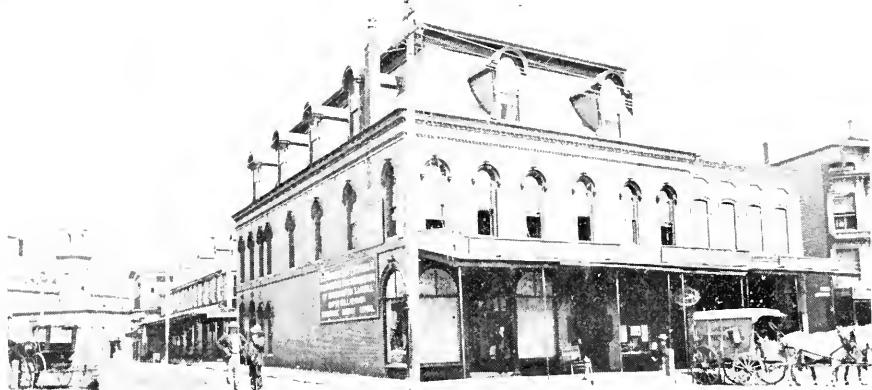
Rev. J. B. Morrison.



Rev. Lewis Malvern.



Free Baptist Church.



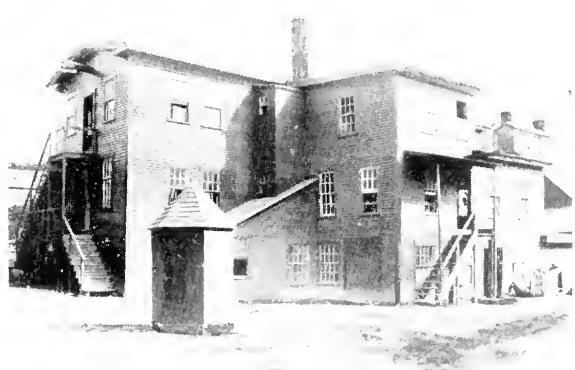
Mill Street Corner.

company, and various other expedients, it became badly involved, and, together with the bank's privilege on the other side, passed into the hands of a trickster, who deeded the property to Abbott Lawrence, of Boston; and thence it passed to the Lake Company, thence to the courts, and thence to its present ownership.

It was during the earlier of these transition stages that the father of the Hon. B. J. Cole came into possession of certain rights here and laid the foundations for the plant which has since developed into the Cole Manufacturing Company, and which has been perhaps the most efficient of all the causes which have operated to make Lakeport (this being the community of which we are treating) one of the most prosperous manufacturing places in New Hampshire. To this work Mr. Cole gave the active years of his life, and found time beside to sit in the governor's council before relin-

quishing the great burden of the business to his son-in-law, the Hon. Henry B. Quinby, who has since successfully managed it and has found time beside to sit in both houses of the legislature and in the governor's council; and has felt obliged to take more time than all the rest to inform his numerous political admirers that he does not desire to become chief magistrate of the state.

The Cole Manufacturing Company is but one of a dozen industries which have grown up at Lakeport, and when



J. A. Burleigh &amp; Company.



City Hotel.

that thriving community was lost to the town of Gilford there was little left.

In 1893 the situation in this community which we have been viewing was this: At three points on the Winnepesaukee river—at its source, a short distance below, and a mile and a half below

that—were three important villages, the first, The Weirs, a great and growing summer resort; the second, Lakeport, an active, prosperous manufacturing town, and the third, Laconia, like the second, only larger. These three communities were geographically and logi-



Eagle Hotel.



Residence of W. A. Plummer.



Hon. Henry B. Quinby.



Col. Thomas J. Whipple.



Residence of J. T. Busiel.



The Winnecoette.



"Nestledown."



General R. N. Batchelder.



Residence of Mrs. J. Busiel.



Residence of Frank E. Busiel.



Hon. John C. Moulton.

cially one, their business interests were practically identical, two of them were already embraced within the same township lines, and, taken together, contained wealth and population sufficient for a city of no mean importance. This view of it presented itself forcibly to the legislature, and the city of Laconia, the eighth in the state, was chartered, embracing, in addition to the town of Laconia, that portion of Gilford in which the village of Lakeport was situated. The population of the new city was nearly 12,000, and on the second Tuesday of March, 1893, the first city election was held.

The new city was fortunate. It had all the material for making what it desired to become, a New England city of the best type; and its first city government was composed of men who understood exactly how best to mold



Residence of Eugene O'Shea.



Pitman Manufacturing Company.



The Laconia Lumber Works.



G. Cook & Sons.

their material to this purpose. This government, in all its essential features, the citizens had the good sense to retain in office when the second municipal election day rolled around.



Story's Hotel.



Residence of C. A. Busiel.



Dr. Joseph C. Moore.



S. B. Smith.



Moore's Opera Block.



Tramp Building, Veterans' Grove.

The first mayor of Laconia, the Hon. Charles A. Busiel, is a man of very clear and comprehensive plans for the development of his city; and his associates in office fell so largely beneath his influ-

ence that the public improvements undertaken during his term of office took logical sequence and were planned with reference to future growth and necessities quite as much as to present demands. The result is that a visitor to Laconia receives no impression that is not distinctively urban, yet carrying with it an almost personal character as of the place. There can be no doubt that Laconia is a real city. Its trains roll into an elegant stone passenger station, which has no superior in northern New England. Suburban train service and a line of horse railroad make all parts of the city accessible. Elegant modern residences adorn all the streets; three opera houses, one of them excelling anything in its line in the state, cater to the public amusement; wholesale and department



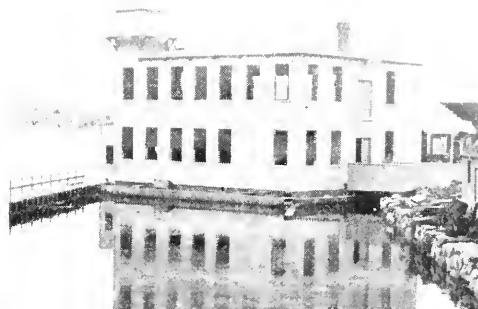
The Aquedoktan.



Concord & Montreal Station at The Weirs



A. G. Folsom.



Electric Light Plant, Lakeport.



City Water Works.



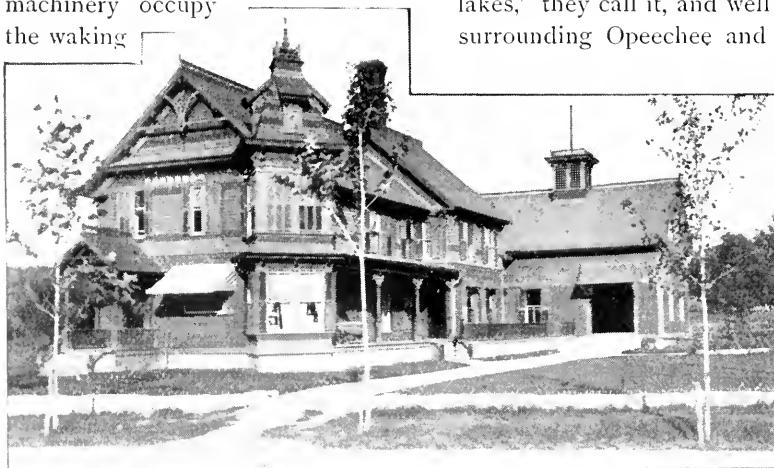
Frank Lugee

lative water-works plant indicate the foresight of this people; paved and asphalted streets are added metropolitan evidences; electric lights and gas are

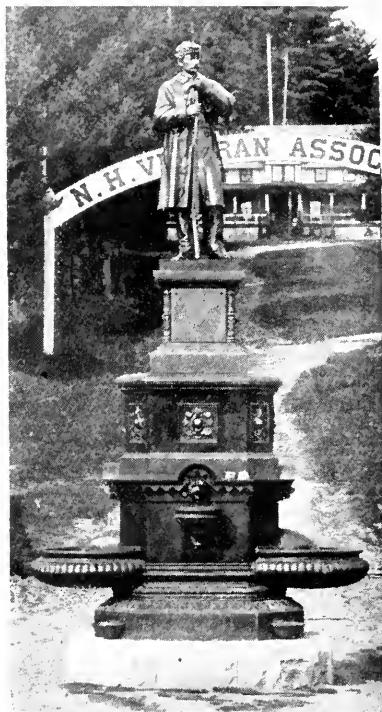
plentifully be-strewed along every avenue, and a park, the gift of Mr. A. G. Folsom, is now under development.

And its mills! Go into them; nowhere will you find better.

Here are produced stockings by the thousands of dozens of pairs daily; here is made all the machinery which the production of so many stockings demands; here the Laconia Car Company, now disastrously crippled by fire, is engaged in sending out a noted product; here the American Twist Drill Company is busy with its unique device; here a malleable iron foundry monopolizes its branch of industry in the region; here two large lumber mills with shrieking saws find constant employment; and at Lakeport, hosiery, car axles, and machinery occupy



Eastman Residence



Soldiers' Monument at The Weirs.

hours. And all this, these busy mills, these whirring wheels, these shrieking saws, is set down next to nature's heart; for in the midst of all the perfect loveliness of lake, mountain, forest, and field Laconia is situated. "The city on the lakes," they call it, and well they do; for, surrounding Opeechee and bordering on

Winnisquam and Winnipesaukee, Laconia is well calculated to figure as a dimple created by the Smile of the Great Spirit.



Hon. Martin A. Haynes.

## A POEM.

*By Edward A. Jenks.*

[Read at the Seventy-Fifth Anniversary of Thetford (Vt.) Academy, June 28, 1894.]

In a far Eastern land—the splendid Sunrise land—  
There lived a King, three thousand years ago :  
So wise was he, so gentle, and so large of heart,  
That all the kings of earth would come, and go,  
And come again, to question him, and catch the pearls  
Of wisdom that, like gleaming drops of dew,  
Fell from his rich, ripe lips. His fame spread over all  
The lands ; and once a Queen, with retinue  
Of camels that bore spices, and much gold, and stones  
Most precious—the most beautiful and wise  
Of women—came to prove him with hard questions. But  
The half had not been told ;—she veiled her eyes ;  
There was no spirit left in her. She sadly turned—  
This proud and noble dame—back to her own  
Fair land, with all her train of servants, cattle, gifts,  
And stores of wisdom hitherto unknown,  
A nobler, sweeter, purer, queenlier Queen  
Than wise King Solomon had ever seen.

But once—so runs the tale—the great King Solomon  
Received command from a far greater King  
To build a palace—a grand temple—to His Name,  
Whose richness and magnificence should ring  
Adown the laggard ages—unapproachable  
By king or potentate, ere yet the tide  
Of Time should drift us all upon the farther shore  
And close the record on the hither side.

The great King called his builders and his architects  
Into close counsel, and his plans were told :  
But there were not, in all his realm, artificers  
In wood and brass and ivory and gold  
With skill and subtle wisdom equal to the task  
Of inlaid work and carvèd cherubim,  
Gigantic pillars of bright brass, a molten sea  
With just three hundred knobs beneath the brim,  
And lions, massive oxen, brazen wheels, and all  
The thousand other weird and wondrous things  
That made this palace of the Greater King divine—  
A Wonder of the World, as history sings.

The great King's heart was sorely troubled, and he went  
To the high tower where he was wont to pray,  
And drew a soft divan to the great window, where  
He could o'erlook the city :—'t was broad day—  
But he was weary, sad, and sick at heart, for he  
Could see no sunshine brightening his way.

Some unseen finger touched his tremulous eyes—he slept.  
 A voice familiar fell upon his ear :  
 “ O King ! take heart of grace : thy father’s dearest friend,  
   The King of Tyre, will help thee : never fear !  
 Awake ! e’en now his servant standeth at thy door  
   With kindly messages for David’s son.”  
 The King awoke : the dream was true—the problem solved :  
   The building of the palace was begun.

Meanwhile (the King was very near the hearts of all  
   His loyal subjects) a vague rumor spread  
 Throughout the city that his heart was troubled sore  
   Because he had no artisan with head  
 Sufficient for the royal task : and sympathy  
   And tender helpfulness and kindly words  
 Came up from every side. But one bright early morn  
   A flock of brilliant plumaged, white-winged birds  
 Came flying o’er the city from the smiling west,  
   And all the air was full of sparkling song,  
 Which seemed to say to all those eager ears,—“ Cheer up,  
   For help is coming, and ’t will not be long !  
 Look to the west ! Cheer up ! ”—and then they circled round  
   And o’er the expectant city, till the hearts  
 Of all grew lighter than the lightest thistle-down :  
   E’en merchants came from all the crowded marts . . .  
 To join the throng : and as they gazed, came winding down  
   The hills, with rapid, graceful, easy swing,  
 A long procession—horses, camels, men—and at  
   Their head the grand old man from Tyre—the King !  
 As this great retinue approached the wide-eyed throng,  
   And recognition came like lightning flash—  
 “ Hiram of Tyre ! ” they cried—“ The King ! Hiram the King !  
   Hiram our Benefactor ! ” Crash on crash  
 The shouts rolled back in thunder peals, wave after wave,  
   Over the city, over hill—and hill—  
 Dying away in faintest echoes, as dies the storm  
   At the great Master’s mandate—“ Peace ! be still ! ”

So Solomon and Hiram, friends and lovers, built  
   That wondrous pile. Their fleets sailed side by side  
 To Ophir, and brought back great store of ivory  
   And gold and precious stones, and fabrics dyed  
 In the rich colors of those dim, barbaric climes,  
   To decorate the temple. And the King  
 Of Tyre denuded Lebanon of cedars, firs,  
   And everything of worth, that he might bring  
 The oil of gladness to its humble worshippers.  
   And when the task of that seven years was done—  
 The twice one hundred thousand artisans at rest—  
   That regal dream stood flashing in the sun,  
 The grandest epic of the ages, and the best.

So runs the strange old story :—it is quaintly told  
   On dim and musty parchments, in the deep  
 And dark recesses of an ancient monastery

In the far East, where strangest legends sleep,  
And only curious travellers, who dig and delve  
For hidden gems, can rouse them from their slumbers :  
Let them sleep.

Alas for that grand pile ! Where—where is it to-day ?  
No human eye for eighteen hundred years  
Has gazed upon its towers and peerless pinnacles :  
'T is buried in a soundless sea of tears.

Another temple—not so grand and beautiful—  
We sing to-day : a temple reared by hands  
And hearts and brains as true as ever struck a blow  
For love of God and man in Eastern lands :  
A temple round whose modest pillars cling the loves  
Of thousands who have worshipped at its shrine,  
Whose tender memories, quivering through the haze of years,  
Dress it in robes that seem almost divine :  
A temple reared to Education, Truth, and God,  
Most of whose builders lie beneath the sod.

And yet this temple groweth still—it is not done :  
Of years three score and ten and five, it stands  
Baring its white, cool, youthful forehead to the sun,  
Gazing adown the centuries, its hands  
Outstretched in passionate welcome to the splendid sons  
And daughters of the future, whose clear eyes—  
As full of sweetest laughter as your mountain brooks—  
Shall aye reflect the nations' destinies.  
Here shall they come, in troops, to taste the cooling spring,  
And thirsty souls shall drink, and drink again,  
And, passing out these academic doors, shall go  
To raise to higher planes their fellow-men.

Another Hiram,<sup>1</sup> too, we sing—and every inch  
A man—a king—yea, every inch a king  
No whit the less than he of fragrant memory  
Whose praise the Poet has essayed to sing,  
The strength and wisdom of his ripe and golden years,  
His forceful guiding hand and teeming brain,  
Helped fashion here a fane so grand, we could but think  
The King of Tyre had come to earth again.

To-day we saw a long procession winding up  
The hill, in gay attire, and at its head  
A form and face familiar in the years gone by :  
Our hearts were lighter—baleful fancies fled—  
For in that noble form we saw Hiram the King !  
And warm hearts greeted him with silent cheers,  
No crown of gold sat heavy on his brow—instead,

<sup>1</sup> Hiram Orcutt, LL. D., principal of Taftford Academy from 1843 to 1856. Under his admirable management the institution attained its highest prosperity and its greatest measure of usefulness. He was present at this seventy-fifth anniversary—at the age of eighty—in good health, and made an entertaining after-dinner speech at the banquet under the great tent. His presence added much to the pleasure of the occasion. Mr. Orcutt is now a resident of Boston.

The rime of wisdom and of four-score years,  
 As light and airy as the fleecy clouds of June  
 Afloat in ether; and an easy grace,  
 Born of a life well spent, spread o'er his countenance :  
 We thought he had a wondrous lovely face.  
 Welcome, King Hiram, to your own !—a kingdom won  
 By the sheer force of duties nobly, grandly done !

And here, upon the summit of this sun-crowned height,  
 A beacon light, this modern temple stands,  
 And hearts of gold will turn to her their eager feet,  
 Drawn to her altars by her high commands.  
 Her gracious light shall not be hid ;—like Joseph's kin—  
 The sun, the moon, and the eleven stars—  
 And all the circling mountains—feel their pulses thrill  
 With humble homage, and shall leap the bars  
 That stand between them and old Thetford Hill.

The Poet, from the vantage-ground of his high tower  
 Upon the rocky, thunderous coast of Maine,  
 Looks out of his wide window on the turbulent sea  
 And sees uncounted ships—an endless train—  
 Go sailing by, and every canvas swelling with  
 The hope and faith that high endeavor knows.  
 How eagerly their white arms welcome every breeze,  
 From softest kisses to the hardest blows !  
 See how the salt spray leaps and flashes in the sun,  
 And falls in cooling drops upon the prow ?  
 See how the parting waters humbly step aside  
 To leave a pathway for the gleaming plow !  
 And you can hear the jocund voices of the crew  
 Come lilting o'er the waves—/ hear them now !  
 So each fair ship goes sailing on—and on—and on—  
 Bound to some far-off port—God only knows  
 The where, or whether its great anchor ever will  
 Be cast where never more the wild wind blows ;  
 Or whether, as the full, ripe years go marching by,  
 These brave craft, weather-beaten, canvas-torn,  
 Will proudly sail across the harbor bar of home  
 And cast their anchors where their hopes were born.

Old Thetford Hill has sent her noblest craft to sea :  
 Where are they now ?—Sometimes she cries, with tears,  
 “ When will my ships—my splendid ships—come back to me ?  
 When will my ships come home ? ” But darkest fears  
 Give place to triumph ! Look ! This early morn a soft  
 Brisk breeze across the white-capped waters blew :  
 A fleet of bellying sail came flying down the wind,  
 On every deck a bronzed, stout-hearted crew :—  
 And look around you now ! These faces—do you know ?—  
 Are but the ships old Thetford launched—her ships of Long Ago.

## THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A DOMESTIC STORY OF THE FORTIES.

By *Jonas Lie.*

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

### VIII.

Joergen must start on his journey before the sleighing disappeared, for the bad roads when the frost was coming out might last till St. John's day, and to harness the horses in such going would be rash madness. If he was not to lose a whole year, he must go early and be prepared privately for admission to school.

Joergen was lost in meditations and thoughts about all that from which he was going to be separated. The gun, the sleds, the snow-skates, the turning-lathe, the tools, the wind-mill, and the corn-mill left behind there on the hills, all must be devised with discretion—naturally to Thea first and foremost, on condition that she should take care of them till he came home again.

If he had been asked what he would rather be, he would doubtless have answered “turner,” “miller,” or “smith”; the last thing in the world which would have presented itself to his range of ideas, saying nothing of coming up as a bent or longing, would have been the lifting up to the loftier regions of books. But Greece and Latium were lying like an unalterable fate across his path, so that there was nothing to do nor even to think about.

The pockets of his new clothes, which were made out of the captain's old ones, on the day of his departure were a complete depository for secret dispatches.

First a long letter of fourteen pages, written in the night, blotted with tears, from Thinka to Inger-Johanna, in which with full details she gave the origin, continuation, and hopeless development of her love for Aas. She had three keepsakes from him,—a little breast-pin, the cologne bottle which he had given to her on the Christmas tree, and then his letter to her with a lock of his hair on the morning he had to leave the office. And even if she could not now act against the wishes of her parents, but would rather make herself unhappy, still she had promised herself faithfully never to forget him, to think of him till the last hour.

The second dispatch was from ma to Aunt Alette, and contained,—besides some economical propositions,—a little suggestion about sounding Inger-Johanna when Captain Roennow returned from Paris. Ma could not quite understand her this last time.

— The captain never imagined that there would be such a vacuum after Joergen was gone. In his way he had been the occasion of so much mental excitement, so many exertions and anxieties, and so much heightened furious circulation of blood, that now he was away the captain had lost quite a stimulating influence. He had now no longer any one to look after and supervise with eyes in the back of his head,

to exercise his acuteness on, or take by surprise,—only the quiet, unassailable Thea to keep school with.

The doctor prescribed a blood-purifying dandelion tonic for him.

And now when the spring came—dazzling light, gleaming water everywhere, with melting patches of snow and its vanguards of red stone broken on the steep mountain sides,—Thinka, with a case knife in her numb hands, was out in the meadow gathering dandelion roots. They were small, young, and still tender, but they were becoming stronger day by day.

The captain, with military punctuality, at seven o'clock every morning emptied the cup prepared for him and stormed out.

Today a fierce, boisterous, icy cold blast of rain with hail and snow met him at the outer door and blew far in on the floor. The sides of the mountains were white again.

These last mornings he was accustomed to run down over the newly broken up potato field, which was being plowed: but in this weather—

"We must give up our day's work, Ola," he announced as his resolution in the yard—"it looks as if the nags would rather have to go out with the snow-plow."

He trudged away; it was not weather to stand still in. It drove and pounded in showers down over the windows in the sitting-room with great ponds of water, so that it must be continually mopped up and towels placed on the window-seats.

Ma and Thinka stood there in the gray daylight over the fruit of their common work at the loom this winter,—a roller with still unbleached linen, which they measured out into table-cloths and napkins.

The door opened wide and the captain's stout form enveloped in a dripping overcoat appeared.

"I met a stranger down here with something for you, Thinka,—wrapped up in oil-cloth. Can you guess whom it is from?"

Thinka dropped the linen, and blushing red advanced a step towards him, but immediately shook her head.

"Rejerstad, that execution-horse, had it with him on his trip up. He was to leave it here."

The captain stood inspecting the package. "The sheriff's seal—Bring me the scissors."

In his officiousness, he did not give himself time to take his coat off.

"A para—sol!—A beautiful—new"—burst out Thinka. She remained standing and gazing at it.

"See the old—picador! Things are getting thick for you, Thinka."

"Do n't you see that here is 'philopene' on the seal, Jaeger," ma put in, to afford a cover.

"I won a philopene from him—on New Year's day, when father and I took dinner at the Minister Horn's—after church. I had entirely forgotten it," she said, in a husky tone. Her look glanced from the floor half way up to her parents, as she quietly went out, leaving the parasol lying on the table.

"I guess you will use your linen for a wedding outfit, ma," said the captain, slapping his hands and swinging his hat with a flourish. "What should you say to the sheriff for a son-in-law here at Gilje?"

"You saw that Thinka went out, Jaeger." Ma's voice trembled a little. "Very likely she is thinking that it is not long since his wife was laid in the grave. Thinka is very good, and would like to submit to us; but there may be

limits to what we can ask." There was something precipitate in her movements over the linen, which indicated internal disturbance.

"The sheriff, ma; is not he a catch? Fine, handsome man in his last years. Faith, I don't know what you women will have. And, Gitta," he reminded her, a little moved, "it is just the men who have lived most happily in their first marriage who marry again the soonest."

Time flew with tearing haste towards St. John's day. Brewing of spring in the air and over the lakes. The meadow stood moist and damp, hillock on hill-ock, like the luxuriant forelocks of horses. The swollen brooks sighed and roared with freshly shining banks. They boiled over, as it were, with the power of the same generating life, and the sap which made the buds start forward in alder, willow, and birch almost audibly, and shows its nature in bouncing, vigorous movements of the mountain boy, in his rapid speech, his lively, shining eyes, and his elastic walk.

At the beginning of summer a letter came from Inger-Johanna, the contents of which set the captain's thoughts into a new flight:

JUNE 14, 1843.

DEAR PARENTS: At last a little breath to write to you. Captain Roennow went away yesterday, and I have as yet hardly recovered my balance from the two or three weeks of uninterrupted society while he was here.

It will be pleasant to get out to Tilderoed next week on top of all this. It is beginning to be hot and oppressive here in the city.

There did not pass a day that we were not in company, either at dinner or in the evening; but the pearl of them was aunt's own little dinners, which she has a reputation for, and at which we spoke only French. The conversation ran on so easily, one expresses one's

self so differently, and our thoughts capture each other's already half guessed. Roennow certainly speaks a brilliant French.

A man who carries himself as he does, makes a certain noble, masterly impression: you are transported into an atmosphere of chivalric manly dignity, and hear the spurs jingle, I had almost said musically; you almost forget that there are those who stamp their feet.

When I compare the awkward compliments at balls, which may come smack in your face, with Captain Roennow's manner of saying and not saying and yet getting a thing in, then I do not deny that I get the feeling of a kind of exhilarating health. He claimed that he had such an illusion from sitting opposite me at the table. I resembled so much a portrait of a historic lady which he had seen at the Louvre; naturally she had black hair and carried her neck haughtily and looked before her, smiling, with an expression which might have been characterized, "I wait—and reject—till he comes, who can put me in my right place."

Well, if it amuses him to find out such things, then I am happy to receive the compliments. It is true there are such godfathers and uncles who are utterly infatuated with their god-daughters, and spoil them with nonsense and sweets. I am afraid that Roennow is a little inclined to this, so far as I am concerned, for, sensible and straightforward as he always is, he continually launches out into superlatives so far as I am concerned; and I really cannot help thinking that it is both flattering and pleasant when he is continually saying that I am made for presiding where ladies and gentlemen of the higher circles are to be received. He really must think something more of me than I deserve, because he sees that I am perhaps a little more open and direct than others, and have no natural gift at concealing what I mean, when I am in society.

Yes, yes, that is the thanks you get because you have continually spoiled me; in any case I do not immediately creep under a chair, but try to sit where I am sitting as long as possible.

But, now, why has n't such a man married? If he had been younger, and I just a little vainer, he might almost have been dangerous. He still has a fine black hair; a little thin, and perhaps he takes a little too much pains with it. There is one thing that I cannot understand, and that is that people try to conceal their age.

The captain gave a poke at his wig:

"When one goes a-courtin', Ma," he said smiling.

—Two mail days after he came home from the post-office with a long letter from Aunt Alette to ma. She was not a favorite of his. In the first place she was too "well read and cultured"; in the second place she was "sweet"; lastly, she was an old maid.

He seated himself in an arm-chair, with his arms folded before him, to have it read to him. He plainly regarded it as a bitter document.

My dear Gitta: It is no easy task, but really a rather complicated and difficult one, you have laid upon the shoulders of an old maid, even if she is your never failing, faithful Aunt Alette. If we could only have talked together, you would have soon guessed my meaning; but now there is no other way for me to free my conscience than to write and write till it has all come out that I have on my mind.

Now you know well enough that the governor's wife is not of my line, and if it had not been for what you wrote me when you sent Inger-Johanna here, I certainly should not have moved my old limbs so far out of Gamlebyen, where I have my circle of firm friends, and gone in to make city visits at the governor's, notwithstanding she always is excessively friendly and means it, too, I dare say.

First, and foremost, I must tell you that Inger-Johanna is a lady in every respect, but still with more substance to her, if I may express myself so, and stronger will than our poor Eleanor. It is certain that she in many ways overawes, not to say domineers, over

your sister-in-law, strict and domineering as she otherwise has the reputation of being. And, therefore, she must also resort to flattery in many things when she finds that it won't do to play the game so open for Inger-Johanna, as now according to my best convictions has been the case with regard to the captain. He certainly came here this time from his trip to Paris with the full intent of completing his courting, after, like a wise and prudent general, having first surveyed the ground with his own eyes. Simply the manner in which he always addressed and paid his respects to her would have convinced a blind person of that.

"The only person, however, who does not understand it, notwithstanding she is besieged in a thousand ways, is the object of his attentions herself. She sits there in the midst of the incense, truly protected against the shrewdness of the whole world by her natural innocence, which is doubly surprising, and, old Aunt Alette says, to be admired in her who is so remarkably clever.

I will not, indeed, absolve her from being a little giddy at all the incense, which he and your sister-in-law incessantly burn before her (and what elderly, experienced person would not tolerate and forgive this in a young girl)! But the giddiness does not go to the desired result, namely, the falling in love, but only makes her a little puffed up in her feelings of being a perfect lady, and is limited to her doing homage to him as the knightly cavalier and her father's highly honored friend.

It is this, which he, so to speak, is for the present beaten back by, so he is going to travel again, and this evidently after consultation with your sister-in-law. Inger-Johanna, if my old eyes do not deceive me,—and something have we two seen and experienced, both separately and together, in this world, dear Gitta—is not found ready for the matrimonial question, although her vanity and pride have hitherto appeared as a feeling entirely isolated from this.

There was a snore from the leather-covered chair, and ma continued more softly:

She may, indeed, and that tolerably earnestly, wish to rule over a fine salon; but she has not yet been brought clearly to comprehend that she must take the man who owns it with it. There is something in her open nature which always keeps the distance between these two questions too wide for even a captain of cavalry to leap over it. God bless her!

Love is like an awakening, without which we neither know nor understand anything of its holy language; and unhappy are they who learn to know it too late, when they have just imprisoned themselves in the so-called bonds of duty. I am almost absolutely sure that love has not yet been awakened in Inger-Johanna—may a good angel protect her!

"Ouf!—such old maids," said the captain, waking up. "Go on, go on—is there any more?"

How far the young student who has a position in the office is in any degree a hindrance to these plans, I don't dare to say, either pro or con. But the governor's lady thinks or fears something, I am firmly convinced, from her whole manner of treating him lately, although she is far too bright to let Inger-Johanna get even the slightest suspicion of her real reason.

I heard it plainly when I took coffee there on Sunday, before they went away to Tilderoed, and she had the maid tell him that she could not see him. There was not a very gracious allusion to his "Sunday professorship of pettifoggy ideas" as she called it.

I suppose these must be something of the same sort of ideas that I was enthusiastic about when I was young and read Rousseau's "*Emile*," which absorbed me very much, nay, which can yet occupy some of my thoughts. For she stated, as one of his leading ideas, that he, in his headlong blindness, thought that he could simplify the world, and thereby first and foremost the education, to a very few single, natural propositions of so-

called principles. And you know, we—still, that is going to be quite too long. To be brief, when Inger-Johanna with impetuosity rushed to the defence of Grip, she saw in him only the son of the idiotic "cadet of Lurleiken," as he is called, one of the well-known, amusing figures of the country; but this one, in addition to his father's distracted ideas, was also equipped with a faculty of using that fearful weapon: satire—*voila* the phantom Grip!

Youthful student ideas could perhaps be used gracefully enough as piquant topics of conversation; but instead of that, to set them in motion in a headlong and sensational manner, without regard to the opinion of older people, was a great step, was pretentious, and showed something immature, something boyish, which by no means ought to be relished.

I have reported this so much at length in order to show you by the very expressions that there may be here a "good deal of cotton in the linen," as the saying is.

And since I am going to bring my innermost heart to light, I shall have to tell you that he appears to me to be a trustworthy, truthful young man, whose natural disposition is as he speaks and not otherwise, and he carries a beautiful stamp on his countenance and in his whole bearing. If possibly he is a little forgetful of "My son, if you want to get on in the world, then bow," that is worse for him and not to his dishonor, we know.

It was also a truly refreshing enjoyment for me, as if looking into the kingdom of youth, awakening many thoughts, to talk with him, the two evenings this winter when he accompanied me, an old woman, home, from the governor's (for him, I have no doubt, a very small pleasure) all the way out to the old town, when otherwise I should have been obliged to go anxiously, with my servant-girl and a lantern.

"Bah! nobody will attack her," growled the captain, tired.

## THE GROWLER.

*By Clarence Henry Pearson.*

“ Wal, I ’ll be burned,” said old Lige Burke,  
“ If ever I see sich shifless work ;  
    There’s my two darters, Faith an’ Hope,  
    That orter be a-bilin’ soap  
Or weedin’ out the onion patch,  
A-makin’ up a wuthless batch  
    Of bricky-brac an’ folderol  
    Ter trim the parlor an’ the hall.

“ Sich high-flown notions an’ sich airs !  
They want a carpet for the stairs,  
    A boughten carpet, too, at that,  
    But they won’t git it, now that’s flat.  
If I ’d ha’ known them gals would learned  
Sich stuff at school—wal, I ’ll be burned  
    ‘F I would n’t kep’ ‘em here ter hum  
    A-piecin’ quilts till kingdom come.

“ An’ there’s their mother, strange ter say,  
She’s gittin’ ‘most as bad as they :  
    Time was, when night or morn you’d see  
    Her workin’ busy as a bee :  
But now, ‘bout half-past two o’clock  
She jest puts on a fancy frock,  
    An’ sets an’ reads or sews a bit  
    Till time the supper fire was lit.

“ You’ll hardly b’lieve me when I say  
That them ere women folks to-day  
    Asked me, right out, ter waste my time  
    A-settin’ out some vines to climb  
Upon the porch—yes, sir, that’s so ;  
But I just riz an’ let ‘em know  
    That warn’t the way my dimes was earned.  
    Sich tarnal cheek—wal, I ’ll be burned.”

So all his life old ’Lijah Burke  
Just growled and grumbled like a Turk ;  
    His school tax was “ too pesky high,”  
    The village church was “ mighty nigh  
Too fine for common folks ” like him,  
And nothing satisfied his whim,  
    And every hour with nose upturned  
    He’d hoarsely croak, “ Wal, I ’ll be burned ! ”

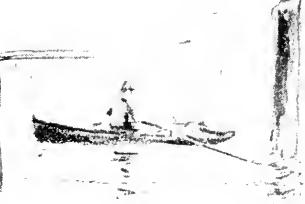
When years three score and ten had passed,  
Death claimed the old man’s soul at last ;  
    His kinfolks stood around the room  
    And watched amid the gathering gloom—  
The pale lips moved—he strove to speak,  
To catch the sound so faint and weak  
    His faithful wife sprang to his side,  
    “ Wal,—I ’ll—be—burned ! ” he gasped, and died.

SONNET TO SUNAPEE.

Granite-throned Queen, deep-bosomed Sunapee!  
Thou Isis of our Northland, rive thy veil  
And ope thy beauty. Eye of bair nor bale  
Profane the charms that ravish those who see  
Thou hast my heart; thou mayst not have my knee,  
The day for that is past Sing me the tale  
My heart would hear, of summer stream and swale  
With orchids pink and blossom-freighted tree.  
Oh! who can feel the wiletry of thy smile,  
Where thy thrush-henut sweetly heaves his loves  
In bursts of rapturous song, beneath the sough  
Of sunny pines — and not resent the while  
All thoughts that smirch? A mystic presence moves  
To holy nursing, there doth bless enough.  
*John D. Blackinton*

"ISIS OF OUR NORTHLAND." A PICTURE OF LAKE SUNAPEE.<sup>1</sup>

*By H. C. Pearson.*



T is one of the glories of this great land of ours, that within its borders homesick wanderers, no matter from how far distant climes, can all find the scenes and surroundings of their fatherlands paralleled and reproduced. Even the Bedouin or the Ethiopian from Sahara's sands can view once more, in Arizona or New Mexico, the

familiar, fictitious beauty of the mirage, and a Russian political exile from Siberian steppes would feel entirely at home if placed in the midst of a North Dakota prairie in dead of winter.

And so I can imagine a young Scotchman, fresh from the highlands of the old country, shouting with delight at sight of Sunapee lake in earliest June, and recognizing here among New Hampshire hills his own Loch Lomond or Loch Katrine. It is well to specify the

<sup>1</sup> NOTE. The illustrations accompanying this article are from photographs by George H. Colby, to whose artistic taste and technical skill is largely due their success.



Sunapee Mountain.

*From a drawing by H. B. Colby.*

season of the year, for just a little later, when the foliage and the verdure are in the richest, ripest beauty of their abundance, the scenery of our lakeland possesses an added charm that the heather-clad shores of the lochs can never claim.

Comparisons are odious, however, and the lustre of Sunapee's renown needs no verbal polishing. Else it would be but the truth to say that not a jewel in New Hampshire's glittering girdle of lacustrine gems shines with a clearer, purer, more entrancing loveliness than does Sunapee in its granite setting.

Ten miles in length, and from one to three in width, with a winding, ragged shore-line of 33 miles' extent, Lake Sunapee, itself 1,103 feet above the tide level, lies embosomed in typical New England hills. At its very head rises

Mount Sunapee (2,683 feet); in the west are seen Austin Corbin's Blue Mountain, Ascutney, and Killington Peak; and to the east, historic old Kearsarge, Ragged Mountain, and Mount Cardigan. The ice-cold waters of the lake, fed by hidden springs, now find their outlet in the dashing, foamy course of Sugar river to the west, where they prove useful as well as ornamental, and turn many wheels of industry. Once upon a time, and that not so very long ago as geologists reckon, the outlet was at Newbury, at the southeastern end of the lake, where the railroad, when it forced its entrance and kissed a sleeping princess into new life, had to cut its way through 60 feet of solid granite.

Marvellous changes nature here has wrought, and scientists love to tell of

the great diversity of glacial phenomena here exhibited; of the erosion that hollowed out the lake basin; of the moraines that formed the hills; and of the striations, the grotesque caverns, the rocking-stones and the pot holes, that are all but ear-marks of that vast primeval ice mass that changed the face of the continent when yet the complete world was not. When first the veil is lifted upon the human history of the lake it lay within the territory of the Algonquin nation, and many tribes of that great family frequented its shores for hunting and fishing.

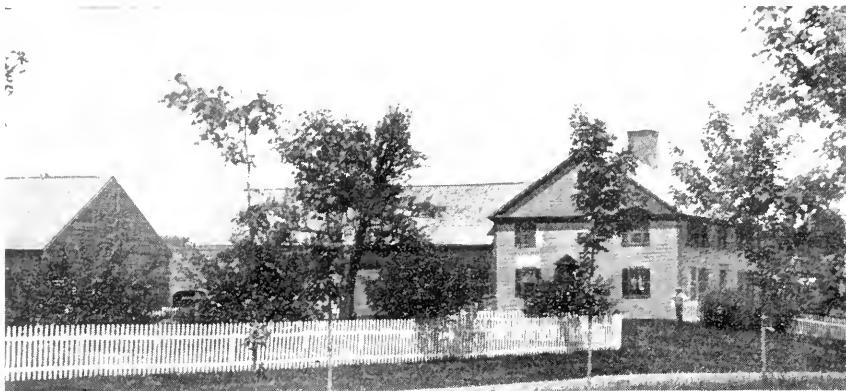
They gave it a melodious title—which we have not unsuccessfully modernized into Sunapee—signifying “the water of the wild fowl.” A curious instance of the survival of this nomenclature in a vulgar form exists, perhaps, in the name, “Goose Hole,” applied to a small body of water near the lake.

It was 1630 when the first white man

set his foot upon the lake shore. He was a scout in advance of a Boston exploring party, who halted on the Warner river through fear of Indians. Now and then, in the years that came after, individuals and smaller parties followed in his footsteps; but it was not until 1772 that a permanent settlement was made in the vicinity. Four years previous, in 1768, that portion of old Cheshire county now included in the town of Sunapee had been granted, under the name of Saville, to John Sprague and others. Settlers came from Rhode Island, and a little later from Portsmouth, but though scarcely more than a century has passed, the only trace of these pioneers that remains is “Granny Howard’s Rock” at the outlet. From this ledge, so tradition says, an eccentric and far from Puritanical member of these first families was wont to fish day in and day out in all sorts of weathers and seasons.



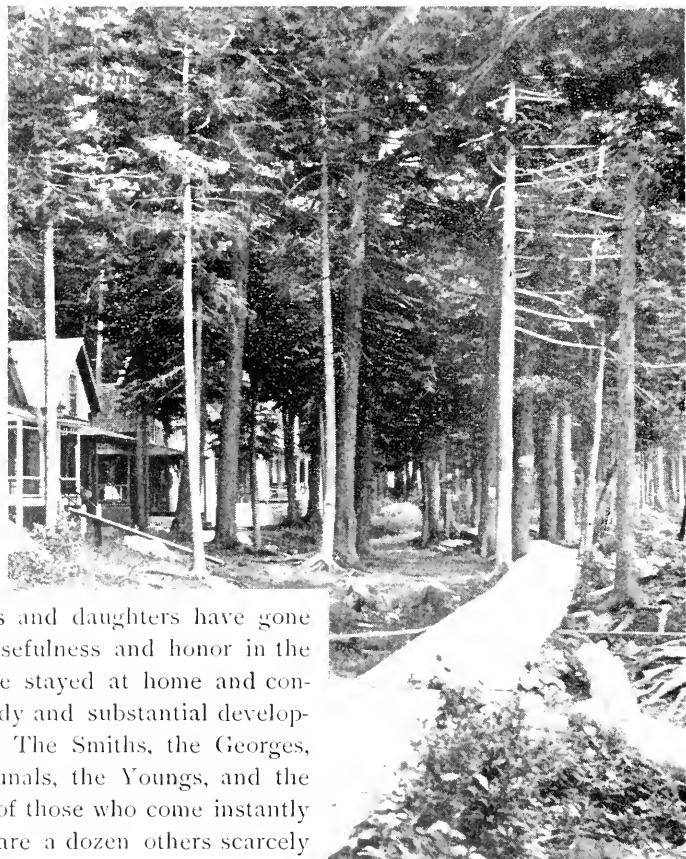
At Blodgett's.



Residence of Hon. W. C. Sturoc.

In 1781 the name of the town was changed to Wendell, in honor of one of its Portsmouth proprietors, and in 1850, by act of the state legislature, it became the same as that of the lake. The history of Saville-Wendell-Sunapee has been as honorable as that of any New Hampshire town, though more uneventful than most. It furnished its quotas of soldiers at all times of national need; religion and education were carefully cherished and cared for alike by its earlier and later inhabitants; sturdy families grew up within its borders, whose sons and daughters have gone forth to posts of usefulness and honor in the outer world, or have stayed at home and contributed to the steady and substantial development of the lake. The Smiths, the Georges, the Chases, the Runals, the Youngs, and the Bartletts are a few of those who come instantly to mind, and there are a dozen others scarcely less worthy of mention.

Sunapee lake is not by any means entirely within the borders of Sunapee town. Nearly one half of its eastern shore, including Dr. Quackenbos's beautiful park, owes allegiance to the good



Blodgett's Landing.

old hill town of New London. And an even larger portion of the lake, with Blodgett's, Colonel Hay's, Pine Cliff, and Lake Sunapee station as notable

points, largely helps to increase the valuation of the town of Newbury. It is not, however, to the chronicles of these latter towns that we must look for information regarding days of old upon and about the

lake, but to the diligent antiquarian researches and vivid personal memory of that venerable historian, as well as bard, of Sunapee, Hon. William C. Sturoc.

An especially interesting reminiscence is the account of the hurricane of September 9, 1821, which he gives as follows :

During the day of that memorable Sunday it was unusually hot and sultry, clearly indicating electrical forces, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon the black clouds began to roll, soon followed by the roaring of the bronzy, ashen-colored bugle of the whirlwind, as it sped on to the southeast, on its

errand of destruction. It was noticed to start, apparently, from the south side of Grantham mountain, striking and partly demolishing one habitation in Croydon; thence onward through the northeast part of Sunapee, doing damage only to the forests and fences, until it reached the house and barn of J. Harvey Huntoon, near the west shore of the lake. It lifted the barn from its foundations and threw it in fragments down hill toward the shore. It whirled the roof from the house and shattered to pieces all above the cellar, while a bed on which the youngest child was laid was snatched up and carried in the air to the centre of the lake and there dropped.

A few days after, as Dr. Alexander Boyd, of Newport, with Moses Muzzey, the blacksmith of Wendell, and others were looking over the path of the destroyer, they noticed an object near the entrance of the creek, and, on reaching it, they found the body of the child, its little dress torn to shreds, and its head bruised and battered almost beyond recognition. Mr. Huntoon and his wife, Naoma, removed soon after to Concord, Ohio, where they died not long ago, and where they had been visited several times by persons now living in Sunapee. They retained, as a sad memento of that dreadful and fatal day, a small piece of the baby's dress, which they had encased in a frame, under glass, with its brief but sorrowful legend.



The old Edmund Burke House.



Hon. Edmund Burke.

When Charles Dickens, the English novelist, visited the United States, some one related to him the above-named facts, and on them he built his story of "The Fisherman of Sunapee," which had the run of the magazines and newspapers of that time.

Very few, however, are the tragic or unpleasant associations connected with the shores of Sunapee. And so many are the beauties and charms that cluster around them, that it is difficult to understand its comparatively slow development as a place of summer resort.

View House, now incorporated into the Burkehaven. It was a good-sized hotel for those days, and it had many guests, but the profits were not sufficient to pay the 20 per cent. interest, and, through mortgage foreclosure, it became the property of the late Hon. Edmund Burke, one of the most stalwart, honorable, useful, and respected personalities in the history of western New Hampshire. To his efforts and to those of his son-in-law, Col. George H. Dana, is largely due the development of the west shore of the lake.



Sunapee Harbor.

Almost a half century ago, N. P. Rogers, the poet, christened Lake Sunapee as "the Loch Lomond of America." Later came Prof. Samuel Longfellow, brother to our unquestioned laureate of song, and said to Lafayette Colby, who owned much land upon the west shore of the lake: "There is no more beautiful spot for a summer hotel in America than this." Mr. Colby was an enterprising man, ahead of his times, indeed, and he acted upon his guest's suggestion. Borrowing a sum of money at usurious interest, he built, in 1875, the Lake

At Sunapee harbor, where now there are two first-class hotels, the Ben Mere and the Sunapee Harbor House, the first important venture of this kind was the Runals House, built in 1877, by Albert Runals and John Y. Gardner. A little later annual camp-meetings were established by the Spiritualists at Blodgett's Landing, where the Messrs. Blodgett built the Forrest House and numbers of cottages clustered around. At various sightly points about the lake cottager colonies settled like swarms of bees, and here and there one who desired seclu-

sion from all save his friends withdrew far from the madding crowd and built a more or less elaborate and beautiful villa.

Meanwhile this steadily increasing summer population demanded means of transportation over and about the lake. The first craft more pretentious than a sail or row boat of which we have record was a "horse boat," built in 1854, by Timothy Hoskins and William Cutler. It carried 100 passengers, and ran eight years. July 4, 1859, Austin Goings, of New London, launched *The Surprise*, a side-wheel steamer of 65 feet keel, and with a carrying capacity of 300. Captain and crew enlisted when the war broke out, their boat was dismantled, and for fifteen years the shriek of a steamboat whistle was unheard on the waters of Sunapee.

In 1876, N. S. Gardner placed upon the lake the little steamer *Penacook*, later purchased by Captain Nathan Young, remodelled, improved, and named the *Mountain Maid*. In the same year the Woodsum brothers, Frank and Daniel, came to Sunapee from Maine and built the *Lady Wood-*

*sum*, still a substantial and honored member of the lake flotilla.

In 1885 the *Edmund Burke*, built by a stock company, and named in honor of one of the lake's most ardent advocates, was launched; and two years later there came from Chester, Pa., the iron steamer, *Armenia White*, fast, speedy, and safe, the handsome queen of Sunapee shipping. A dozen steam launches and hundreds of sail and row-boats of every description may also now be seen skimming the wind-ruffled waters, anchored for the benefit of the patient angler, or slowly moving to suit the liking of a typical summer girl and her favorite of the day.

After all, a present so prosperous and promising as Sunapee's is more attractive than a past, however honorable and interesting. In many respects Lake Sunapee is without a parallel among New Hampshire's varied resorts for summer outing. Its situation is at once beautiful, healthful, and inspiring; upon its waters and along its shores the artist, the scientist, the sportsman, the seeker for rest and the seeker for



The Sunapee Harbor House.



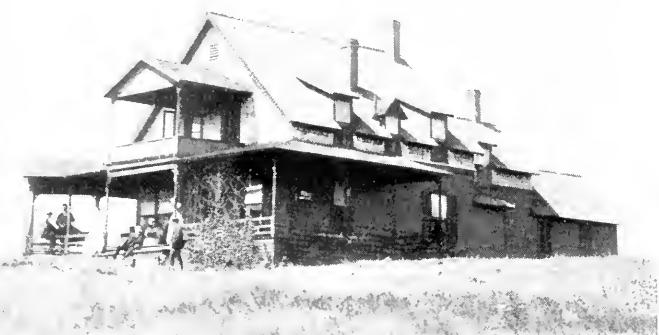
Bay Point.

pleasure may alike attain their several ends with unalloyed enjoyment; convenient of access, and with admirable hotel accommodations, it is still thus far unspoiled by the artificial modes and manners of life of more famous and pretentious watering-places; yet the character of those who frequent it year after year is one of its strongest recommendations to the cultured and truly refined, who desire a home for the summer season, where their environment and their associates will be as congenial as during the months of their city life; every season that passes sees an even higher social tone at the lake, and makes it more worthy to rank with Dublin, Newcastle, and North Conway. An intending Sunapee sojourner coming from New York or points beyond, has his choice of two routes. He may come up the no-

ble Connecticut valley to Claremont Junction, and thence, by a short flight through the busy manufacturing villages of Claremont and Newport, reach his destination. Or he may take the Sound steamers, connecting at their termini with through trains for Sunapee. If he chooses the latter route, the tourist will hear the whirr of the thousands of spindles that the busy Merrimack turns at Lowell, Nashua,

and Manchester; will admire the beautiful passenger station at Concord; and then will be whirled along over the Concord & Claremont road through forests of pine and maple, by daisy-starred meadows and lily-decked ponds, up the steep grade at Newbury, and deposited bag and baggage at the very edge of the lake.

There is a train I wot of on this road that rarely carries the regulation summer visitor, and which has yet a peculiar charm of its own. Made up of a dozen freight and a couple of passenger



The Tappanbeck Cottage.

cars, it loiters lazily along from station to station, its various pauses punctuated by a fusillade of discharging milk cans. It stops at Mast Yard, Bagley's, Roby's, Melvin's, and anywhere else that a good-sized barn appears in view. No one connected with the train is in a hurry, and its schedule is apparently so arranged, that if the engineer or fireman feels inclined, he can stop the train long enough to gather wild flowers or berries without any appreciable delay. The result is a railroad trip exactly suited to the country through which one passes. The various aspects of nature can be almost as carefully noted and appreciated as on a carriage ride, and the most nervous passenger can conjure up no harrowing dreams of disaster.

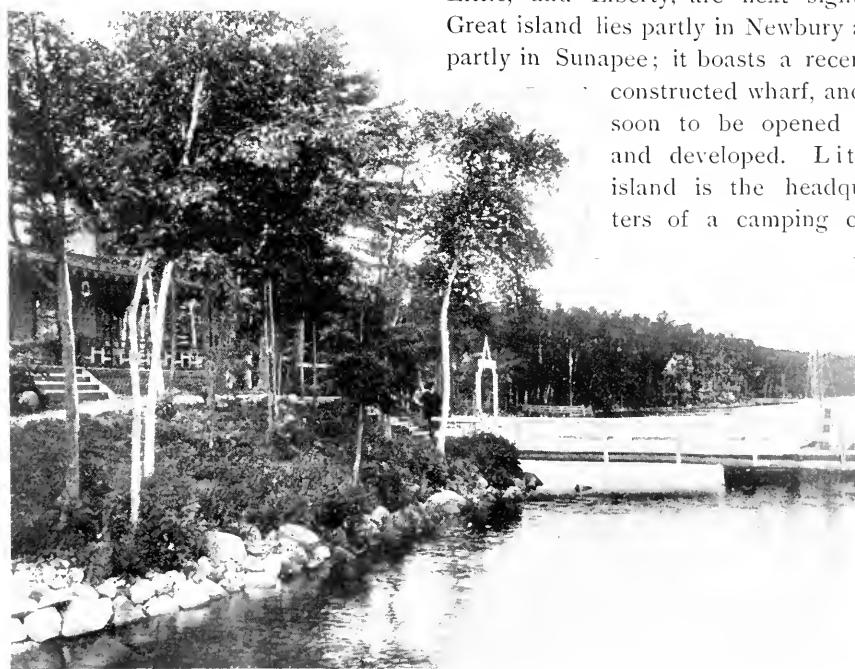
Lake Sunapee station, where passengers for all points on the lake alight, is tucked away at the very foot of grand

old Mount Sunapee, a symmetrical height of almost 3,000 feet. Just a step down to the steamer wharf, and we find all three boats, the *White*, the *Burke*, and the *Woodsum*, waiting for us. Out on the lake the stiff breeze that is almost always present proves a delightful change from the close heat of city and cars.

Following the west shore of the lake, the first cottage we spy is George Wright's pretty summer home at Breezy Point. Then the dainty little settlements of Bay Point, Brightwood, and Montclair are reached, passed, and admired. These are peculiarly Bellows Falls and Claremont colonies. Hon. A. N. Swain and Norman Brockway of the former town were the pioneers of the locality, and C. W. Black, whose Idlewood is one of the handsomest cottages of the group, is their townsman.

The main islands of the lake, Great, Little, and Liberty, are next sighted. Great island lies partly in Newbury and partly in Sunapee; it boasts a recently

constructed wharf, and is soon to be opened up and developed. Little island is the headquarters of a camping club



Brightwood.



Burkehaven Hotel.

of congenial spirits, while Liberty island is the property of E. B. Craddock, who has largely improved it.

Now we enter sheltered Burkehaven and see before and above us the long white front of the Burkehaven Hotel, known until very recently as the Lake View House. It is a peculiarity of Sunapee that its every visitor selects some spot from which he determines that the most beautiful view of the lake can be obtained; and when once his choice has been made he will admit of no contradiction, but blazons forth its particular advantages at every opportunity. I confess to have myself found

that spot upon the piazzas of the Burkehaven. The somewhat romantic history of this house has already been referred to. It is this summer under the efficient management of Joseph G. Chandler, whose season is so successful that a new and larger hotel upon the same site is already assured. The capacity of the present house is 100 and it is built 1,214 feet above the sea level.

A most distinguished band of cottagers are comfortably ensconced in the



Burkehaven.

vicinity, and add their society to the pleasures of the hotel clientele. Here are Judge William J. Forsaith of the Boston municipal court; General James J. Dana, U. S. A.; Rev. George A. Hall of Peabody, Mass.; Madame Lillian Blauvelt, the concert prima donna of world-wide reputation; William Young, the playwright; F. W. Tappenbeck, Richard B. Grinnell, and Arthur C. Bradley, of New York; Charles B. Yardley of Orange, New Jersey; Charles Y. Swan of Morristown, N. Y.; Mrs. L. T. Chapman of Brooklyn; and others.

Here, too, is Col. George H. Dana, feudal proprietor of the estates and patron saint of the west shore, whose devotion to the lake and labors for its

Just around Birch Point, at "Cold Spring" is located Camp Sunapee, where C. K. Mellen of De Veaux college, Suspension Bridge, New York, and Dr. William S. Hubbard have charge each year of a band of youngsters, who are getting all the wholesome fun possible out of their vacation and at the same time learning much that will be useful to them in after life.



Col. George H. Dana.



Col. G. H. Dana's Cottage.

best growth and upbuilding never flag. Edmund Burke could not possibly have chosen more wisely, than did his daughter for him, a fit successor in his love for Sunapee and faith in its future. A veteran of East Indian seas and Western plains, Colonel Dana is now content to rest on his beautiful lakeside and bestow the charms of his genial and many sided personality upon his friends.

Sunapee Harbor, where the lake has its outlet and where is also the largest settlement about its shores, is the next point touched on the steamer routes. Just opposite the wharf rises the Ben Mere Inn, new in 1890, the largest and handsomest house upon the lake, and a model in all respects. It is four stories in height and 150 feet long. Its present proprietor, M. P. Courser, is



The Ben Mere.

a veteran landlord, whose experience ranges from New England to Florida, a large and well-kept hotel, possessing a commanding location and a large and



Granite Home Shop, Sunapee Harbor.

and who knows and anticipates every wish of his patrons.

The Sunapee Harbor House is also

constant patronage. Its management is enterprising and up to date, and bound to retain its present reputation



Emerson Paper Mill, Sunapee Harbor.



Hon. J. E. Robertson's Cottage.

as one of the most popular houses at the lake. Here at the Harbor are manufacturing enterprises, chief among them the mills of the Emerson Paper com-

pany and the factory of the Granite Hame company. Here, too, is the century-old residence of Hon. William C. Sturoc, made widely famous by mention in William Black's novel, "Stand Fast, Craig Royston," as the bard of Sunapee. Though somewhat past the three score and ten limit,



A. Perley Fitch.



Col. W. S. Hopkins's Cottage.

Mr. Sturoc retains the vigorous and undimmed use of mental and physical faculties that any younger man might well envy. Possessing a vast store of historical knowledge and traditional lore, he is at the same time a true poet of vigorous imagination and facile expression, as the following frequently quoted verse from a tribute he has paid to Sunapee will prove:

Sweet Granite "Katrine" of this mountain land!

O jewel set amid a scene so fair!

Kearsarge, Ascutney, rise on either hand,

While Grantham watches with a lover's care,  
And our dark "Ben" to Croydon sends in glee  
A greeting o'er thy silvery breast, Lake Sunapee!

Among the handsome cottages at the Harbor is The Boulders, where A. Perley Fitch, the prominent Concord business man and president of the Woodsum Steamboat company, has made



Dr. J. R. Nilsen's House.

his summer home. Near by are the villas of Hon. John E. Robertson, ex-mayor of Concord, and Colonel W. S. Hopkins, the great Massachusetts criminal lawyer; and probably no three men about the lake deserve greater credit for its recent development and new life than they.

Upon this same side of the lake are Hill Crest, where Dr. J. R. Nilsen of the New York Postgraduate Medical college has built beautiful Breidablik,



Nilsen's Landing.

and Dreamland, the property of Professor Dunning of Columbia.

At the little country village of George's Mills, where are good boarding-houses galore, the steamer turns, and we begin our study of the shore on the east side. The estate of Edward C.



Dr. J. D. Quackenbos.

And now for two miles along shore stretches Soo-Nipi-Side Park, where Dr. John D. Quackenbos, of New York, professor emeritus of rhetoric in Columbia college, has planned and consummated the nearest approach to an ideal summer resort that



Soo-Nipi-Side Lodge.

Woodruff, Esq., of Elizabeth, New Jersey, is first passed, and then The Ledges, Lakeside, and Hastings's.

exists to-day in America. The grounds, 400 acres in extent, being under one ownership and management, are secure against invasion from abroad or rebellion from within. They abound in fragrant thickets, cool shaded groves, and purling brooks; and along almost their entire extent stretches by far the best bathing beach upon the lake; clear and shallow water over a hard, white sandy bottom.

The Lodge, accommodating 70 guests, is a "reference hotel," and its summer life is the most refined and high-



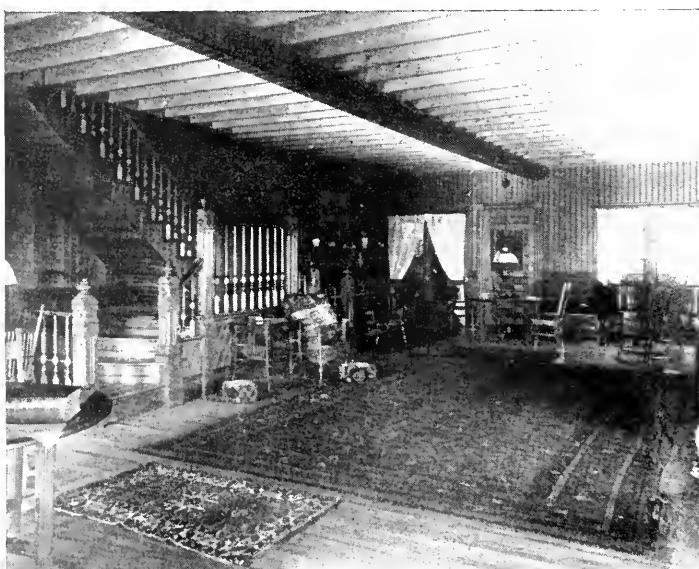
Grace Place.



Nirvana Cottage.

bred, yet restful and informal, imaginable. The house embodies every modern requisite of a perfect hotel, and is

sumptuously furnished throughout. The doctor's own private place, poetically named Nirvana Cottage, is equally a



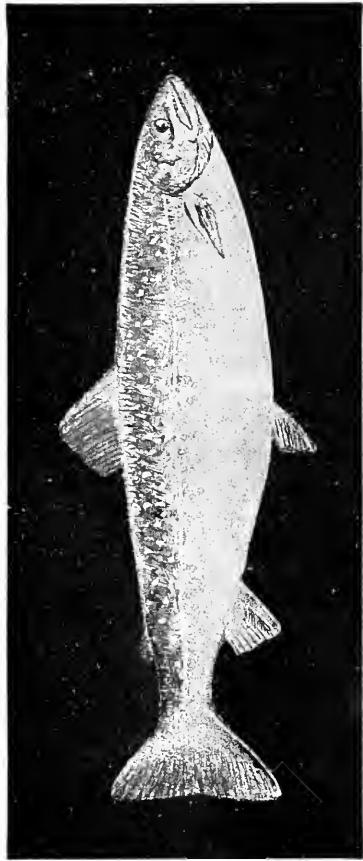
Parlor in Soo-Nipi-Side Lodge

gem in its way, and reflects in every room the potent and interesting personality of its owner.

Grace Place, the property of Prof. B. H. Campbell of Columbia Grammar School, adjoins the park, occupying a most picturesque location. "Where the deep pine forest opens toward the lake, and cold Pike Brook, fed by perennial springs, breaks from the protecting shadows into a sun-lit glade, then skirting a hemlock-grown ridge, ripples on through dense alders to its

spot for the silvery ouananiche and the 'sparkid-sided trout.'"

Here, largely through the constant generosity and helpful aid of Dr.



The Sunapee Saibling.

dark estuary—there, in a fragrant fern-shaw, sung over by wild birds the summer-day through, stands the Sunapee Lake Hatching House—romantic birth-



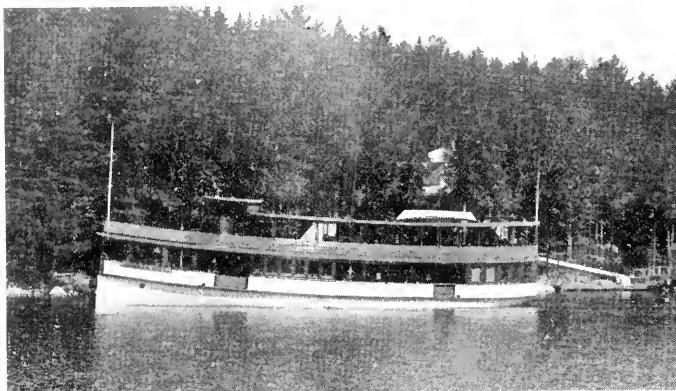
A Sunapee Salmon.

Quackenbos, the state fish commission does some of its most valuable work. A completely equipped station, with a peculiarly favorable situation, has a capacity of a million young fish per annum, and under the competent immediate charge of A. J. Cheney has already made Sunapee known the country over as one of the finest fishing grounds in any degree easy of access.

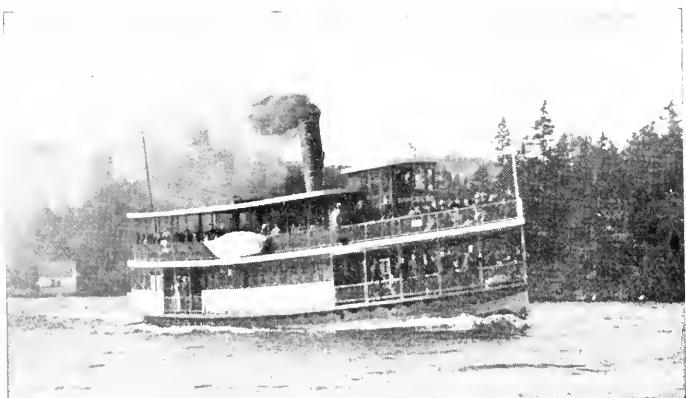
Six species of Salmonidae inhabit the Sunapee system: the brook trout, the land-locked salmon, the Loch Leven



Steamer "Lady Woodsum."



Steamer "Edmund Burke."



Steamer "Armenia White."

trout, the rainbow trout, the blue-black, and the Sunapee saibling or white trout. The small-mouthed black bass also affords fine fun for fly fishers from June 15 to August 15, and in the

three feet beneath the surface, in all the glory of their nuptial tints, flash schools of these dazzling beauties, circling in proud sweeps about the rocks they would select as the scenes of their loves,



The Woodsums, "Dan" and "Frank."

autumn days fair sport may be had with the gun on the mainland.

"It is a unique experience," says Dr. Quackenbos, "to watch the American saibling spawning on their midlake beds—the grandest sight ever viewed by angler, and one which nowhere else can be enjoyed. On shallows two to

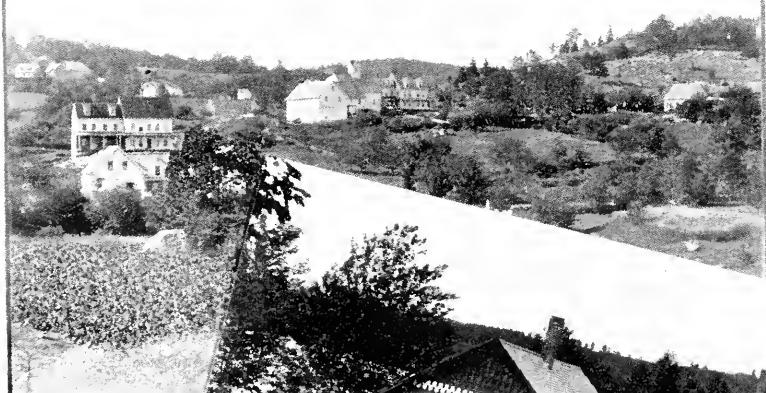
the poetry of an epithalamium in every motion—here, offering to the sunbeams in graceful leaps their golden sides, dashed with vermillion and clouded in amethyst; there suddenly darting in little companies, the pencilled margins of their fins seeming to trail behind them like white ribbons under the ripples.

There are conspicuous differences in intensity of general coloration, and the gaudy hues of the male are tempered in the spawner to a dead-lustre cream tint or delicate olive, with pearl spots. The wedding garment nature has given to this charr is unparagoned."

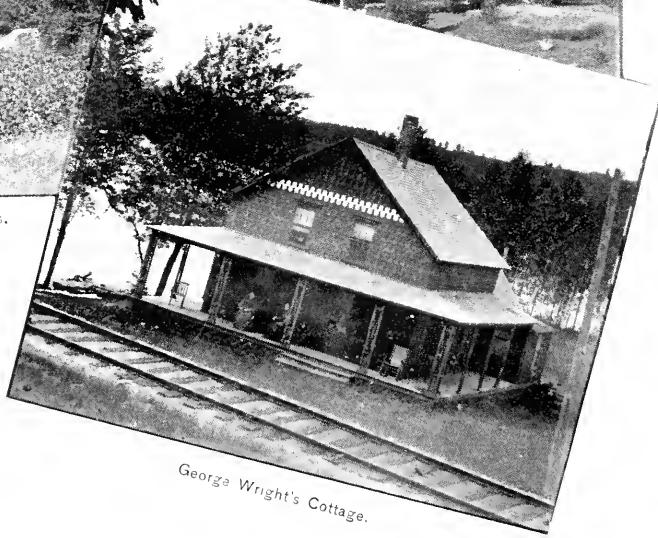
Over the town line, in Newbury, lies Blodgett's Landing, where every August the leaders of American Spiritualism gather for their annual camp-meeting, lasting for several



A. Perley Fitch's Cottage.



George's Mills.



George Wright's Cottage.

weeks, and invariably drawing large crowds. The Forrest House, owned by the Blodgetts, is the principal hotel here, and scores of small cottages surround it and swarm upon the lake shore.

"Labrador" and "Camp Comfort" intervene before we reach "The Fells," where Col. John Hay, the biographer of Lincoln, has become an extensive landed proprietor and has built a beautiful sum-



Col. John Hay's Cottage.

Like a 'witching maid, it is difficult to say in which of Sunapee's varied aspects she is most beautiful. At earliest morning earth and water are instinct with new life; the purest, freshest air man ever breathed stirs the veins, steadies the nerves, and strengthens the muscles of one rising from quiet, restful sleep. As the day waxes, the sun pours down



A Bit of the Lake.

mer residence. Pine Cliff, the lovely abiding-place of Concord people,—the Whites and others—is next passed; and then—unless we take a short sail down to Newbury—we are back at our starting-point, Lake Sunapee station.



The Beach at Hastings s.

the torrid radiance that in sweltering cities makes noisome myriads weary of existence: but here the west breeze stirs

sunset glories are reflected from the calm surface of the waters below.

But after all, the choicest memory I would carry away from Sunapee is that of a moon-lit evening on the water. Overhead fast-scudding clouds now clasp pale Luna in all-envelop-



the lake into cool ripples, and kind nature herself fans the siesta of her children. At eventide great bands of fading light and violet shadow lie across Mount Sunapee, and in the west are fleecy clouds and a sky of Italian blue, fast changing into gray, whose gorgeous



Pine Cliff.



ing embrace, and then, once more, release her clear light to silver-crest the dark waves below. Against the black background of the forest-clad shore the lights and lanterns of the cottages glimmer cheerfully, and now and then a bonfire blazes up or the glittering illumination of a hotel strikes the eye. Over the water come faint laughter, and the echoes of rattling banjo, jolly song, or tender ballad. Silently the steamer's prow cleaves the lake's ebon surface, and leaves a wake on either side of cold, clear crystals, glittering gem-like in the pale light. As cool, as clear, as beautiful as these glinting drops from midnight waves, is Sunapee.

## EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

*Conducted by Fred Gowin, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.*

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### THE ELEMENTARY BALANCE IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

*By J. W. Kelley.*

A short time ago, in a leading British magazine, I read an educational article by an author of greater or less repute on the other side of the ocean, and from that article I quote the following paragraph :

Nearly every school-teacher is didactic, he is so accustomed to be constantly laying down the law to very small people; so engrossed in impressing on the minds of his young disciples the doctrine of his personal infallibility, that he gradually becomes a convert to his own creed, and by imperceptible stages grows wedded to the idea that he really and truly is infallible. To a man whose vocation is to teach, and who is fortified, furthermore, with the pleasing conviction that whatever he says himself is right, and that whatever another man says is probably wrong, the prospect of a conference is most attractive. He regards it as a golden opportunity, which may never recur again, for instructing his brothers in arms, and for convincing them that his own system of education alone is perfect.

Now whatever may be the conditions surrounding the public educational system in England that such a denunciation of instructors should be called forth, and whatever may be the criticisms upon the shortcomings and the narrowness and unprogressiveness of English conferences of teachers, will interest us personally here in New Hampshire very little; nevertheless there are suggested to every thoughtful teacher who is desirous

of his own advancement and of the future well-being of his pupils, certain questions : Am I too self-centred in my opinions ? Am I teaching subjects simply because all my predecessors have taught them ? Am I teaching certain subjects so many hours per week, year after year, because that course was mapped out twenty years ago, and has been unhesitatingly followed ever since ? Am I fully alert to the ever-changing conditions of social life, and the constantly increasing demands made by society and business upon those under my care who are soon to take their places in the world ? Am I "impervious to the gentle showers of the new education ?" Do I attend the teachers' conference simply as a respite of one day from routine school work, or is my mind open, and ready and willing to take in and assimilate new ideas and new methods, appropriating that which seems certainly good, giving an impartial trial to that the expediency of which seems doubtful, and discarding that which personal environment renders impossible ?

These, I repeat, are questions we must ask ourselves, and the longer we teach, the more thorough should be our self-examinations.

If we could answer them all satisfactorily to ourselves, and then find our schools ill-prepared our children for life, we should conclude that the march of civilization, the multiplicity of inven-

tions, the wider range of knowledge, and other nineteenth century advancements, had partially overwhelmed us; and we could only hope to plod on in a vain attempt to catch up.

But how many of us are there who can answer these questions satisfactorily? How many can say, "We have tried, independently of prescribed work, to broaden permanently our field of vision and to give to all our pupils, according to their capacities, as much of as many things as they should have!" And this consideration leads me directly to my subject proper—"The Educational Balance in our Elementary Schools."

For the purposes of this paper, let us take a circular piece of cardboard with a radius of six inches, and let it represent a child's existence for six years, the last of which has been spent in school.

The first five inches in all directions from the centre will be unmarked, for up to that point schools have done nothing for him, but the outer inch ought to and does show us something. We find a space taken up with discipline, another with number work, another with phonics and reading, another with busy work, and we find two very small spaces taken up with singing and drawing. These studies are very, very necessary, nothing can be said to their disadvantage: they appeal to the memory mostly, and at a good time, but there are several spaces at the top and bottom of that circle unmarked.

Let us imagine now that our card has a radius an inch longer: we have completed the second year of school life and another circular inch of the card is marked. Do we find a greater number of divisions on the card? No, we find the same markings as in the first year, with a space for writing taken up.

We find here, as in the first year, that

the memory is exercised greatly, and here also are the spaces at the top and bottom unmarked.

Remember, I do not say that any time of the pupil is unused, I simply say that in the ever-broadening circle of a child's school life, there should be something to show on every radiating line of that circle, and yet there is not.

Let us go now to the third grade, and our card has an eight-inch radius. One of our unmarked spaces finds a happy utilization here in the subject of geography, and another portion of unused space—though small—is occupied by spelling. These additions at this stage also appeal largely to the memory. Number work is the special feature of this grade, and pupils will say the different tables with so much precision and glibness, and with a rapidity so marvellous, you are almost tempted to believe they really understand what they are saying: they will repeat them backward as well as forward; but if you are a questioner, do not skip about in your questions, the system fails to take into account questions of that character, and besides, that precision, as exemplified in two times two are four, three times two are six, or two threes make six, three threes make nine, and so on, would be in a measure sacrificed. What wonder, then, that in this grade we find number-work overleaping its limits and taking up some of the unmarked space at the top and bottom of our eighth circular inch; but I remark here, that while this increase may mean more instruction, it does not indicate more education. Coming to the fourth grade of school life, we find busy work thrown out, and clay modelling, if once tried, soon abandoned, because, even if the children are very enthusiastic over it, too much work devolves upon the teacher. As much

time as possible is given to reading and number; all else is made of secondary importance. In considering double promotions or advancement, proficiency in both these hides a multitude of shortcomings in other studies.

Geography is carried along as it was started, the book is the main support; it is put into the hands of the pupils at the earliest possible moment, and kept there until the last; there is not enough thought upon local surroundings; the connection between the high hill or mountain seen in the distance from the school window, and the slope of land upon which the school-house is situated, is not brought into proper prominence. But the pupils here, as in all else, must memorize, and nothing more is asked. Dr. William T. Harris, speaking upon memory study, as now generally understood in the educational system, says, "Memory is moribund, and in province after province it is losing its importance."

Professor Patrick, of Iowa, says, "This is an age of books and of printed and written records. With our indexes and our book-keepers and our typewriters and our newspapers, we no longer find it necessary to depend upon our memories for the preservation of the myriad events of our private and public life. Our reading habits, furthermore, are utterly destructive to memory, and the mind becomes the recipient of an incessant stream of weak impressions: the mind is becoming less like a storehouse and more like a clearing-house!" Now neither of these men undervalues the need of memory, and both argue well for its cultivation, but they say, "Let us abolish paragraph recitations, veto learning and dry memorizing of useless stuff, and reinstate memory study and training upon a higher plane."

In the fifth grade in the better schools

a portion of the unmarked space of the tenth circular inch is taken up by language—called here reproduction work—and it is high time a beginning was made; here, too, we find the memory is the chief factor. It is in this fifth year, however, that geography as a time and energy consumer leaps into prominence. In some schools it is used by the page, in others by topics; when a visitor enters the child is called on, and at once plunges. If the visitor has any regard for teacher or pupil, he keeps perfectly still; if, however, he does not know his place, he may interrupt the child by a simple question, which, had the pupil been at all drilled in self-reliance or thought, he could easily answer. Does the child reply? No, he is even incapable of making the attempt. That question was not among his topics. He looks blankly at you, then at his teacher; the other pupils in the room look at each other wonderingly, and fear that they in turn must suffer a like trying ordeal. Perchance the visitor now says, "Never mind, go on with your answer." Does the child go on? No, but back he goes to the very beginning, takes a fresh start, and in the very same words as before makes his answer, and finishes this time without interruption. If the visitor has the book open at the proper place he will notice that not even an article is left out.

Evidently there is not much thought in the work. Arithmetic stands next in this grade, and as much time and labor is expended on the table of jeweler's measure as on the table of United States money. We, therefore, find the studies started in the lowest grade are still the studies toward which the teaching force is directed; we still find the pupils expending the bulk of their energies upon the same routine, and we find the unmarked space upon our tenth circular

inch a very large factor of the whole. This blank space, which represents the untrained and undeveloped faculties of the child, has constantly grown from the first to the end of the fifth school year.

In the sixth grade, represented by the eleventh circular inch, the work of the fifth year is carried on, but more broadly; we are emerging in this year somewhat from that blind dependence upon the memory, which has been and still is the chief aim. The work in English, if the school is a good one, leaves out and ramifies, it takes up some of the unmarked space, it encroaches, too, upon the time hitherto devoted to reading and phonics. It takes none of the time devoted to arithmetic, not at all; we find teachers and pupils alike intent on problems in decimal fractions of from five to nine places in all of the four processes, and in common fractions we find denominators of three figures, and one half of them prime numbers at that. What wonder then that no time can be taken from arithmetic—why, there is not time even for mental work, not time for written work in easy practical problems, with speed as the main object. Geography occupies relatively the same place as in the year before. If the school is well graded, drawing will come in for wider recognition.

What do we gain in this year for what we lose in memory work—for all agree that from the sixth year on memory plays a less prominent part than in the preceding years? Do the children gain in powers of deduction? They surely ought, for all arithmetic is deductive; but I fear they do not, for having abandoned a given class of examples for two weeks, on a resumption of that work, the class as a whole will be in doubt as to how to go to work to do these self-same examples. They will try—not to reason out

the why and wherefore—but to remember how they did the example before. If they succeed, very well; if they do not, we give them the rule or we show them how the first one is done; all is then easy sailing—once stimulate the memory by a single example done, and the class will go through the rest of the problems—provided they are exactly similar—with ease, precision, and accuracy. Does such work as this do much for pupils? Can nine tenths of the work done in this year in that study of arithmetic—loudly heralded everywhere as *the* practical and hence sacred study—be called useful? The public never use mixed numbers, they never do and never will use decimals, they rarely use tables of weights and measures, and now going ahead of my subject, for the moment, into the mathematics of the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades, the common people never use ratio; they never use proportion; they never use square root; they could not do cube root if they knew the rule; they never need mensuration; they rarely have work in interest to do; and when they do they go to some friend in school or in a bank; and so I might go on until nothing was left but plain addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division of very easily handled numbers, and very simple common fractions; and still we devote the best hours, the best teaching energy, and the longest term of years to this so-called practical study—which in reality—with the exceptions last noted, and which could be obtained in two years at the most—is not as practical as dozen of studies which could be substituted for it.

You need no citation of authorities to convince you of the truth of this statement, but here is a quotation from that Mecca of the New England teacher—the Cook County Normal School—that aptly

expresses the idea. "Arithmetic—and form, also, to a less degree—more strongly than any other subject, stands entrenched in the dogmas and traditions of the past. So long has it been enthroned in every school-house and in the heart of every teacher, as the great subject to be taught, that it now stands aloof and apart in a state of almost complete isolation. When one looks back over his school-days, no other subject looms up in such proportions as arithmetic. It is the one thing which consumed his time and absorbed his energy. Goaded on by the promise of future reward, we unceasingly and unlovingly toiled. But now, when in later years we stretch out our hands to seize the promised reward, we find it turns to ashes."

In the seventh school year, covered by the twelfth circular inch, we find geography still holding its space and with a more comprehensive text-book. Arithmetic covers plain measurements, compound numbers, and percentage, while there is a constant effort to prevent the pupils losing all knowledge of decimals; the other studies are continuations of the work of previous years and along the same lines; but we find little that is new and little that is inspiring, our unmarked spaces are still very constantly with us.

Going on into the eighth and ninth and last school years, the thirteenth and fourteenth inches on our card, we find history introduced, and the eagerness, the avidity with which pupils seize upon this new field, shows with what a thirst they have been consumed. Many a teacher new to these grades has allowed the enthusiasm of his classes to displace his better judgment, and the field of history has been run through at a break-neck pace. We gain here by the introduction of this one study many things

apart from mere knowledge: we get to know our children, we see the individual intellects rise into view, the pupils bring themselves into closer touch with teachers, because, without urging, they wish to know.

But what becomes of geography at this time? Our boys and girls have had geography forced upon them in more or less drastic doses four days a week for six or seven years. What wonder then that teachers find it difficult to hold the attention of pupils on this oft-covered ground! What wonder that pupils are restive here and refuse to be interested!

Woe to the teacher who does not in these later years make a judicious union of this subject with the newly introduced study of history, for history will become its mainstay and prop.

Arithmetic, however, is still held to the mouths of the pupils, and they are forced to drink, even to the last day of the last year.

The pupils, too, impressed with the vim, eloquence, earnestness, and anxiety of the teacher, persevere in the set tasks, plod on up the mathematical incline, and while there is a lack of enthusiasm, there is a perseverance developed which almost makes one say that the study is best adapted for the development of dogged determination. To be sure, throughout every course in the elementary schools there is a certain amount of physiology prescribed by law to be taught, but I fear it is very desultory and unproductive.

In this cursory review I have touched only the main points. I recognize that here and there in the course certain elements in education and instruction which I have not touched upon have received a good share of attention, but not consistently throughout the course. I further admit and hope that certain centers

have maintained a steady pressure throughout the course on some studies which I shall advocate. But the question I now ask is : Is not the teaching force in our elementary schools in this state devoting the bulk of its time, its energy, its best thought, its most persistent efforts, to the development of the pupils along a certain group of associated and closely correlated radiating lines? Is it not building a wheel and putting in but eight spokes, very strong ones to be sure, but irregularly arranged, when symmetry and strength and beauty demand twelve, evenly distributed?

If you answer these questions in the affirmative, then surely the educational balance in our elementary schools is n't a balance at all, all the weight is put upon too few studies. The question is, how shall we restore the equilibrium? and here allow me to quote an extract from an educational article read some time ago :

"To nearly every teacher in a public school the question must at some time or other have presented itself, whether the work in which he is engaged is in the long run really calculated to benefit the rising generation—whether in fact the young people of 1900, who will have passed through the curriculum of modern elementary schools, will be as efficient representatives of their class as were those of the earlier part of the present century."

Efficient representatives of their class !

Is the efficiency of our pupils keeping pace with the marvellous social, industrial, and mechanical progress of the times?

Beginning, then, with the first grade, I advocate a cultivation of the observational powers of the pupils. I would do this, because their observational sense is rapidly unleaving and they are especially

susceptible to sense impressions. I would use natural history or geology, localizing the study to the nearby surroundings of the school. I would abolish the text-book in the school-room, in these new departures : let the teacher study it at home.

One writer cites the text-book as "the prop of indolence," another says, "Devotion to text-books is and has been the curse of all educational systems," while still another says, "when the text-book comes in at the door, nature flies out of the window."

Let the pupils talk, handle, touch, see, teach them to observe successive stages of development, encourage them to ask questions. Of course the child's vocabulary in this grade is limited, and his ability to inquire restricted accordingly, but do the best you can, and you will observe an amazing increase in the number of new words owned by the grade, for by localizing the study and allowing a handling and an inquiry, a picking to pieces so to speak, each new word given them acquires a living force and is therefore the more readily understood and retained.

You are not expected in the lowest grade to cover a great deal of ground, you should not expect to be able to proceed regularly from the particular to the general, your little ones will be purblind in the beginning, will comprehend only the salient points : you must guide them by skilful questioning to see still others ; nature herself will instruct if the teacher will gently direct. In order that your field in the lower grades may not be too broad, I would suggest that you confine yourselves to studying observationally plants, minerals, and rocks, local surroundings which make the beginnings for geography, and in the second, third, and fourth grades a limited number of the simplest

and most easily grasped experiments in physics. If you care to use but one of these studies, perhaps botany would be preferable to either of the others, but the question depends on the teacher's taste. Observation being the foundation of all science work, the pupil must be led to observe with an ever growing accuracy, and a teacher can measure her success in this respect, help fix the newly acquired knowledge of the child, and make an important contribution to language study by having the pupils give alternating oral and written accounts of what they have seen. In all observational work remember you are cultivating not only the sense of sight, but the sense of hearing, the sense of smell, the sense of taste, and the sense of touch, you are adding to the vocabulary, you are helping the language, and you are, lastly, not only opening wide fields of useful information, but you are giving them the ability to gain knowledge, and the power and disposition in later life to be still a learner.

Now I seem to hear the voice of many a teacher saying, "I cannot do this work, I do not know enough about botany or geology to conduct recitations in either of them, especially in lower grades. If a text-book were allowed me in class I might be able, but to lead offhand a recitation on such an unfamiliar subject is impossible."

A somewhat thorough previous acquaintance with these sciences is of course desirable, yet it is not at all impossible that an earnest and progressive teacher, thoroughly alive to this kind of training and disposed to do the work, may fit himself by personal and private observation and study to teach the highest studies demanded by elementary schools. The publishing houses issue series of books for just such science

work, and at a nominal cost they can be obtained. Again, I have asked young teachers, those who have been members of the profession but two or three or four years, why they did not enter upon this science work with more force, and invariably they answer that they have no system to go by, they have no one to advise them, they have no one to map out a course for them. No one of these reasons is valid.

System! Have schools not suffered enough from a cut and dried system? System in Natural Science! I am not decrying the system mapped out by the teacher for his own class in natural science, but would condemn any arbitrary and minute routine—at the present development of these studies—prescribed by any one in authority, designed to be followed to the letter by all teachers of each grade in a city, or by all teachers in a given county or district. No! each of you design your own plan, read all the books you can obtain, talk it over as much as you please with each other and with those in authority, watch others do the work when possible: then, I repeat, make your own plan, design your own system—one that will fit you and your pupils and your and their environment, then persevere, persevere with one half the energy you persevere in number work, and you will succeed. So much for the four lower grades. For the five or four (as the case may be) upper grades, continue this work, if it has been begun lower down; if not, make a beginning. Also make a plan for work in some of the mechanical sciences, notably physics first and chemistry later; again I say no text-books in the classroom, and no absolute system mapped out by others than yourselves. Publishers have recognized the needs of these departments, and handbooks like Cool-

ey's and Faraday's are very helpful and easily obtained. The work must be completely experimental, and the experiment must not fail to work as advertised. If you try the experiments just before school your chance of failure in class is small indeed. Everything of educational advantage that has been said in favor of the natural sciences can be said concerning these experimentally applied mechanical sciences, and two things more, analysis and deduction, may be developed to good advantage. I call to mind eight easy experiments with a tallow candle and a common lamp chimney, each showing a principle easily understood and applicable to the common experiences of life.

I remember five experiments with splinters of wood, three with kerosene, five with paper, five with a common flame, and so on.

I have tried these and many more on a fifth grade, average age ten years, with ample success, and as one example of what a lesson will lead to I have put on the blackboard during a single exercise no less than twenty words hitherto unfamiliar to most—not suggested by me but groped after by them to describe some stage or some fact in the course of the experiment—such words as kerosene, gaseous, lamplighter, alcohol, liquid, spirit, charcoal, ignite.

I simply mention these to show the simplicity of the work, and what utter absurdity it is to fear to start, even when the work is not prescribed and there is no one in authority to direct.

I lay so much stress and devote so much space to this elementary science work because it is considered especially adapted to the purposes for which it was introduced, and because teachers outside the centers and many in the centers fail to take hold of the work with promptness

and vigor. Furthermore, since, as one writer puts it, "it is the business of the school to cultivate, not some particular faculties of the pupil, but so far as possible every one of his faculties, to liberate all the powers of mind and heart latent within him," and since science properly conducted cultivates all the senses which in the present scheme of education are left untrained, let that be a further reason, if any is needed. If language is not now begun as early as the third grade, it should be gradually moved down so that it can be taught there regularly and systematically. The development of a literary taste, cry it down who will, is essential to a popular liberal education, and no less important is the cultivation of an artistic taste as developed in music and drawing. Since the best professional singers are not the best masters, so it is not at all necessary that the good public school teacher must be able to sing, in order to properly train a class in music. Our own observation shows that the very opposite holds good, and the teacher who cannot sing a single true note often has the most proficient class.

Could we not also introduce United States history a year earlier, making it possible to finish this work in the eighth grade instead of the ninth, leaving us the last year in school for a brief but thorough study into so much of English history as will show the origin of the race, its characteristics, and the relation between the English speaking people the world over and the early dwellers in Britain.

In my own city by concluding arithmetic in the eighth grade we are able to take algebra in the ninth, and I have found only this danger in it,—the pupils unless closely looked after will devote too much of their time and energy to it, to the exclusion often of proper atten-

tion to other subjects. The study does not need that expenditure of vitality on the part of the teacher required by arithmetic. The pupils are interested and the results seem to have demonstrated beyond a doubt that a wise advance has been made. We have also concluded geography as an independent study in the eighth grade, and we have put in its place in the ninth grade physical geography, and we use in connection with it as many experiments as possible, thus carrying on the experimental science work begun in the fifth grade.

The pupils take very kindly to it, and although at times there is difficulty in comprehending the fulness of certain topics, we surmount it as far as possible by simple illustrations. We think we develop in the pupils more in this study than we have ever been able to do in the work which formerly had its place. We have gained some time for geometry by doing away entirely with double entry book-keeping, and also single entry book-keeping by name, devoting our attention in this branch to methods of keeping simple personal accounts.

We do not tell the grade we are giving them geometry; the teaching is objective, and made to fit in as closely as possible with the work in constructive

drawing. This is begun now in the seventh grade.

I will only say in conclusion that the benefits resulting from this work will depend entirely upon the individual teacher. Do not set about it unwillingly, or wait for someone to force you to it, or complain because someone does not plan the detail of the work; do not distrust your own abilities—no one of us, thoroughly in earnest, knows his or her capabilities in untried directions. So hope on and work on. Having once entered on the prosecution, carry it forward with vigor; the temptation will be in the experimental work, for all concerned to regard it as a time for inschool recreation—a time for amusement. Correct at the outset any tendency in that direction.

Finally, bear in mind that an “elementary education must be a liberal education, that no opportunity can be lost to give to the multitude which passes from the portals of the elementary schools the very best they may be able to receive.”

Nature will not allow us to unduly force the mental any more than the physical development of our pupils, but nature is ever ready to help balance that development when reasonably aided.

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#### ECHOES FROM BETHLEHEM.

##### SIXTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF INSTRUCTION.

The educational movement in which we are now especially concerned, is set toward economy in the use of time. Many of the old methods of teaching were dilatory and wasteful to the last degree. They were repetitious. They were to some extent indiscriminating in subject-matter. They did not receive perfect adaptation of material to the

mind of the pupil; and they failed to develop that kind of progress which lies in a true continuity of studies. I believe that no effort of more significance has been made in the interest of sound education than that embodied in the Report of the Committee of Ten, the great nature of which is economy.



A degree cannot guarantee one's personality, but the process through which one reaches the teacher's degree ought to ensure stability of mind, maturity of judgment, breadth of view, certainty of mental action — qualities which go very far toward the make-up of a successful teacher. I believe that there is no profession which can so ill afford haste in preparation as the teaching profession, certainly when it essays the higher education.

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In education, in distinction from instruction, the element of time is of supreme value. The child has not begun to be educated until he has been awakened. A certain discipline of a negative kind may precede, but positive work begins with the real awakening of the mind. And when the whole disciplinary period has been passed, a sufficient time must be given to liberalizing the mind before the individual can afford to take the intellectual risks of specialization.

Second. Education, so far as it is expressed by the terms instruction, information, learning, must be proportionate to the age. A disciplined and liberalized mind is a constant quantity, but the contents of such a mind will vary from age to age. Intelligence and ignorance are relative terms. The man of to-day who ignores the new subject-matter of education is to that degree an ignorant man. The "new education" demands all the time which can be saved by the most rigid economy in method.

Third. The time of the student is best economized by increasing the teaching power of the teacher. No system can accomplish the desired result without a constant advance in the skill and equipment of the teaching force. The teacher must know how to manage the system, how to keep the true proportion and perspective in his work.

Fourth. In estimating the time requisite for an education, regard must be had to the responsibility of an educated man to the Republic. A distinguished literary man said recently, that, on the whole, the universities

were a greater safeguard to the liberties of the country than the common school system. The remark had this element of truth in it, that the common school system is chiefly protective in its results. It prevents the masses from being imposed upon. Ignorance always carries the burdens of society. But it does not reach to leadership. Leadership belongs to those who know how to form an opinion, and who have the data for their task in distinction from those who simply reflect public sentiment. The power to interpret public sentiment, rather than merely to express it, is a part of the capacity of an educated man.

The working period of life is being so far extended that we can afford to take time for the period of education. Society capitalizes the whole life time of a man if he has sufficient resources to last.—*President W. J. Tucker of Dartmouth College.*

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In these days of falling markets, surplus products, industrial commotion, and social unrest, it is refreshing to consider the value of an old fashioned coin stamped Character. It is not coined by an act of Congress; speculators cannot corner it; and strikes do not raise the price. Its value does not depreciate; the supply does not exceed the demand; it always commands a premium, and passes current in the world's markets and the celestial exchange.

That is the best education which produces, not physical brutes, intellectual prodigies, or religious pietists, but well-balanced, symmetrical men and women.—*H. S. Cowell, principal of Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.*

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The better and larger ground of confidence in the college is positive and concerns the ends and aims of student endeavor. These are at least four. The first is method.

The difference between efficiency and inefficiency is largely a matter of method. The man who knows himself and his task directs every movement straight to the mark. This means saving of time, saving of energy, saving of material. The possibility of good in

this is simply incalculable. The second is power. Method is nothing except as an instrument of power. There is something in man that lives and moves. That, whatever the name given to it, is power. Its attainment is a distinct educational aim. It involves development. Man is to be turned from a possibility into a fact. It involves capacity. Man is to grow from scant to full. It involves inspiration. Man as spirit is to be open to spirit without lifting him to larger life. It involves persistence. It involves intensity. The third is culture.

Culture, or the development of the spiritual life, saves from the narrowness that waits inevitably upon the different trades and professions. In it man rises from the individual to the universal, and for the first time gets possession of himself. In the discovery of himself he finds that important as practical interests are for daily life, their chief value lies in their use as instruments and incidents in the development of the soul. The fourth is character. This is the main thing. The colleges at their best seek not scholarship but scholarly men. There are two sides to the student, a man side and a book side. The man side is infinitely the more important. In the developed side man is the realization of the thought of God as a temple for his own indwelling.—*President B. L. Whitman of Colby University.*

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I firmly believe that the public schools, as a whole, exert an influence of positive moral good upon the individual, the home, the state, and the nation. The aim of the teacher is to *educate* the pupil, not merely to increase his learning but to fit him to fill his own little place in the world in the best possible manner for his own good and that of his neighbor; in short, the formation of character. For the accomplishment of this purpose each teacher has his own method.

Character is greater than intellect. When the eye no longer detects the truths of science, and the hand loses its geometric cunning, when memory fails and the words of great writers can no longer be recalled, when for-

eign languages are sleeping in the dim chambers of the past and historic deeds lie buried beneath the waters of oblivion, *the character still lives.*—*Miss Carrie E. Small, principal of Woodward Institute, Quincy, Mass.*

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Society having gradually differentiated itself, demands a multiplicity of studies to meet this differentiation, which the leaders of thought everywhere are trying to meet by eliminating non-essential studies and coördinating the various branches taught. To prepare the pupil for complete living, then, makes it of the first importance that the school should aid him sympathetically to interpret the meaning of his social relations and with vigorous, manly courage to act towards others according to his enlightened mind and heart. . . .

It is not extravagant to say the schools are doing more for this all round training of the social man and woman than any other modern institution, and is therefore more closely in touch with modern life. More and more as the years go by are discipline and instruction in the grammar school made to minister to character building.—*H. F. Gordy, Hartford, Conn.*

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Scientific and technical colleges appeal to those who are in earnest, who are ready to work hard. They make it their chief business to search for or enforce the truth—especially the truth as found in nature. In doing a chemical analysis, in making a physical measurement, truth, and not sophistry, alone avails. They also insist on industry; on fidelity; on perseverance; on honesty. They do not enforce moral precepts but moral practices. They inculcate, both by their subject-matter and their methods, habitual morality.

The American college, of whatever kind and however imperfect, whether it be university, college, technical, or scientific school, or law, medicine, or theological, stands on the whole for the truth and makes powerfully for righteousness in the community. It is an ideal moral force because it not only offers

precepts, but commends plain living and sound and high thinking, and enforces the practice of truth and morality.—*Dr. Wm. T. Sedgwick of Mass. Institute of Technology.*

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The objects of nature study are threefold. First. To cultivate the tastes and higher nature of the child and lead him through nature to that which is above nature. Second. To develop his powers of seeing, telling, and thinking; observation, expression, and reasoning. Third. To give him a knowledge of his environment, of nature, as well as of man. In nature study the child must be the center. What he learns about nature is very secondary. What he gets from nature is all important. Plants have been found to be the best for beginning the study of nature, while older pupils may study animals—birds in spring, insects in the fall. The pupil, in order to attain the best result, must study nature out of doors, and under natural conditions, the result of the study being to bring both teacher and pupil not only nearer to nature, but to each other.

Nature study misses the highest purpose, the great purpose of all education, unless it leads the child from nature to man; if beyond man to the Author of nature; unless from the seen the child reaches the unseen, from care and protection looks up to a Protector; through Function and purpose and plan, sees a Planner.—*Dr. C. B. Scott, St. Paul, Minn.*

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There are six essential constituents of all worthy education, which make part of the educational process from first to last in every year and at every stage. We should all learn to see straight and clear, to compare and infer, to make an accurate record, to remember to express our thought with precision, and to assimilate high ideals. These six constituents are simultaneously and continuously developed from earliest childhood to maturity. None of them apply in school but not in college, or in college but not in school. The aims and the fundamental

methods at all stages of education should therefore be essentially the same; because the essential constituents of education are the same at all stages. From first to last it is the teacher's most important function to make the pupil think accurately, and express his thought with precision and force, and in this respect the function of the primary school-teacher is not different in essence from that of the teacher of law, medicine, theology, or engineering.

The main object of education now-a-days is to give the pupil the power of doing himself an endless variety of things which uneducated he could not do. To give personal power in action under responsibility is the prime object of all education. This principle obviously applies just as well in the primary school as in the professional school. Education should be power-giving all the time, from the beginning to the end of its course.

The judicious teacher, like the judicious parent, will not rely in childhood, if he can help it, on a set of motives which he knows must of necessity cease to operate long before the period of education is ended—as for instance on a highly stimulated emulation and the fear of penalty. A method of discipline which must be inevitably abandoned as the child grows up was not the most expedient method at the earlier age, for the reason that in education the development and training of motives should be consecutive and progressive, not broken and disjointed. There comes an age when methods which rely on the fear of pain, or on artificial penalties or deprivations, are no longer applicable. By preference, permanent motives should be relied on from beginning to end of education. Among the permanent motives which act all through life are prudence, caution, emulation, love of approbation, particularly the approbation of persons respected or beloved, shame, pride, self-respect, pleasure in discovery, activity or achievement, delight in beauty, strength, grace, and grandeur, and the love of power and of possessions as giving power. Any of these motives may be over-developed;

but in moderation they are all good, and they are available from infancy to old age. From the primary school through the university the same motives should always be in play for the determination of the will and the regulation of conduct. All teachers

who deserve the name now recognize that self-control independent of temporary artificial restraints, exclusions, or pressures, and also of the physical presence of a dominating person.—*President C. W. Eliot of Harvard University.*

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

### DR. THOMAS B. SANBORN.

Thomas B. Sanborn, M. D., was born in Newport, July 19, 1852, and died in that town June 30. He was the son of Dr. Thomas Sanborn, an eminent physician and surgeon, and was educated at Colby academy and Bellevue medical college, New York. He enjoyed an extensive practice in Newport and surrounding towns; had represented his town in the legislature; was a member and secretary of the United States board of pension examining surgeons; was a director of the Citizens' national bank, and prominent in Masonic circles.

### REV. WILLIAM H. WALDRON.

Rev. William H. Waldron was born in Farmington, July 16, 1817, and died in that town July 6. As a highly respected clergyman of the Free Baptist denomination he had filled pastorates in Rhode Island and New York and in Farmington and Milton. He had been retired from the active ministry for several years. Rev. Mr. Waldron was a descendant of Col. John Waldron of the revolution.

### MRS. JANE ANTHONY EAMES.

Mrs. Jane Anthony Eames was born in Wellington, Mass., January 21, 1816, and died in Concord July 8. She married Rev. J. H. Eames, and moved to Concord in 1858 when her husband became rector of St. Paul's Episcopal church. She was a writer of much versatility, her published works including books for children and letters of travel in Europe and of sojourn in Bermuda, while her newspaper articles are numbered by hundreds. Mrs. Eames was a generous and unostentatious giver for church and charitable purposes, her larger contributions being for the rebuilding of Trinity church in Bermuda, to the fund for the support of the Episcopate in New Hampshire, for a free bed in the Margaret Pillsbury General Hospital, and for the rebuilding of the cathedral in St. Johns, Newfoundland.

### JOSIAH B. SANBORN.

Col. Josiah Butler Sanborn was born in Deerfield, January 22, 1827, the youngest son of Benning Wentworth Sanborn and Polly Jenness Sanborn, and died in Concord July 6. After receiving an academic education at Pembroke and Gilman-ton, he taught school for a time, later becoming a clerk in the Concord book store

of his brother, Benning, of which he became proprietor in 1874, continuing until his death. In connection with his store he published numerous law works, including the New Hampshire Reports, and his acquaintance in the legal fraternity was extensive. He received the title of colonel from service on the staff of Governor Berry, and was untiring in his efforts in behalf of the New Hampshire troops at the front. Colonel Sanborn was for many years a director in the Concord Gas-Light Company and the First National bank.

#### LEONARD RICHARDSON CUTTER.

Leonard Richardson Cutter was born in Jaffrey, July 1, 1825, and died in Boston, July 13. At the age of 20 he went to Boston and engaged in the grocery business, later devoting himself to real estate. Mr. Cutter was an assessor of Boston, 1859-'61; alderman, 1871-'4, being chairman of the board one year and acting mayor for one month, the mayor having resigned; member of the Boston water board six years; water commissioner eight years, and four years board chairman. He married Mercy, daughter of Phineas Taylor, of Brighton, and is survived by two daughters.

#### HON. JOHN C. MOULTON.

John C. Moulton was born in Centre Harbor, December 24, 1810, and died in Laconia, July 23. He was educated in the district schools of his native town and at Holmes academy, Plymouth. While a young man he entered upon an active business career, covering more than a half century, and attended by distinguished success. He had resided in Laconia since 1841, in which year he opened a hotel. From 1861 to 1889 he was one of the principal owners in the Ranlet (afterwards Laconia) Car Company. In 1888 he purchased the Gilford hosiery mill, and was for many years proprietor of the Laconia grist mill. Mr. Moulton was identified, as stockholder and president, with the Laconia National Bank, Laconia & Lakeport Water-works Company, Winnipesaukee Lake Company, Laconia Gas-Light Company, and the Nashua, Acton & Boston railroad. He was postmaster of Laconia sixteen years; member of the state senate in 1871 and 1872; member of Governor Weston's council in 1874; delegate to the Democratic national convention in 1876, and candidate for Presidential elector on the Tilden ticket. In religious belief Mr. Moulton was a Unitarian, and had been president of the local society since 1868. He married July 15, 1833, Nellie B. Senter, of Centre Harbor, who died July 14, 1853; he married for his second wife, August 18, 1869, Mrs. Sarah A. McDougall, of Laconia, whom he survived only a few months. Mr. Moulton is survived by a son, Horatio Frank, and a daughter, Ida Lettice, wife of Joshua B. Holden of Boston.





CHARLES H. HOYT.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

No. 3.

CHARLES H. HOYT.

*By H. C. Pearson.*



BILITY to entertain a nation with clean, wholesome, hearty fun, dashed with satire without malice and with pathos that is real, is a power to be honored and admired. Its preëminent possessor is Hon. Charles H. Hoyt, New Hampshire's play-wright.

Fifty years ago the state counted within its borders few more widely known or more universally respected citizens than George W. Hoyt. For many years the keeper of good hotels in different New Hampshire cities and towns, and later connected for a period with the railway mail service, he numbered friends and acquaintances by the thousand, who were ever ready to declare his sterling qualities of mind and heart.

These invaluable possessions he bequeathed in full measure to the son, Charles H., who was born to him and his wife at Concord July 26, 1860. The career of that child, from the hour of birth to this hour of writing, has of late years been enveloped by the

ubiquitous and invaluable press agent, with so glittering a web of humorous and striking incident that one hesitates to tear it aside in order to discover the facts within.

It is safe, however, to state that the younger Hoyt's education was gained at a private school in Charlestown, N. H., where his family residence has been since 1868, and at the Boston Latin school. He first inclined towards the legal profession, and read law for some time with Chief-Judge Cushing of New Hampshire. But he learned more of the judge's good stories than he did of Blackstone's wise definitions, and soon sought the more congenial walks of newspaper work.

The St. Albans (Vt.) *Advertiser* was the lucky paper to obtain his maiden services, but the work he did there soon drew him into a wider field. For five years he made the "All Sorts" paragraph column of the Boston *Post* the brightest of its kind in the country, and took upon his shoulders as well the duties of musical, dramatic, and sporting editor. The experience there gained has been invaluable to Mr. Hoyt in his later work, and there will always be in his heart a very soft spot for newspaper men of whatever sort or condition.

Some day, perhaps, he will write a play and show the American reporter as he is, not as he has been maligned.

The story of Mr. Hoyt's first step upon the ladder of dramatic glory and success is of interest. One day, in the year 1881, he met upon the street in Boston the veteran theatrical manager, William Harris, then in control of the old Howard Athenaeum.

"I'm in a fix, Charley," said he. "The company I had booked for next week have gone back on me, and I can't find anything good to fill. But I've got some good stock people. Now, I want you to write a play for them. We'll put in some good variety acts and make a go of it."

"What do you mean?" replied Hoyt. "Write a play, stage it, rehearse it, and produce it within a week? It can't be done." But it could, and Hoyt and Harris did it. This first stage piece of the present prince of comedy was a three-act melodrama, occupying an hour and a half in presentation, and having in its leading roles those sterling players, Frank Wright, Leonora Bradley, and Ben Gilfoil.

Its success was so immediate and considerable that, as Mr. Hoyt says, he at once concluded that he was the leading candidate for the position of American Shakespeare. He worked hard upon his next production, a four-act comedy, "Cezalia," given at the Globe Theatre, Boston, in May, 1882, by W. J. Ferguson, R. J. Dillon, Frank Losee, Emmie Wilmot, Clara Ellison, and others.

To his utter disappointment and chagrin, the piece proved very nearly a failure. It read well, but on the stage it lacked that indefinable, indispensable element of "go" which is so conspicuously present in all its author's

other work. It was not sent on tour after its Boston run, and the majority of those now interested in theatrical matters are not even aware of its existence.

Mr. Hoyt now determined to desert the stage and stick to his newspaper desk; but another little incident diverted him from his purpose, and started him straight towards the goal of financial and professional success.

Nath. Childs had written for Willie Edouin and his wife (Alice Atherton) a piece called "Dreams," which, upon its first appearance in Boston, was vigorously and unanimously "jumped on" by the critics. Among the number was Hoyt, and to him Childs and Edouin went for aid. At their request he revised the piece in accordance with his own ideas, writing in one or two original scenes. The result was a complete change in the public verdict and great success for the play.

Naturally enough, Edouin was now very anxious that Hoyt should write him a piece. The latter finally consented, and at Newark, N. J., on Dec. 13, 1883, was produced "A Bunch of Keys," really the first of the famous Hoyt farces. The cast included, besides Mr. and Mrs. Edouin, James T. Powers and others. The success of this then unique laugh-producer was immediate and wonderful. In the first season of its production Edouin and his manager cleared \$56,000.

When Hoyt learned of the money this child of his brain was earning for some one else he grew thoughtful. The result of his meditations was the formation of a partnership between him and a fellow-worker on the *Post*, Charles W. Thomas; the writing of a new play, "A Rag Baby;" and its production under the author's own management at New

Bedford, Mass., March 17, 1883, with Frank Daniels, Harry Conor, and Jennie Yeaman in leading roles. There was no doubt from the rising of the curtain that first night as to the fate of "A

pair of fun makers, Evans and Hoey, produced at Asbury Park, New Jersey, "A Parlor Match." For 10 years their names and that of the farce have been associated in the public mind and

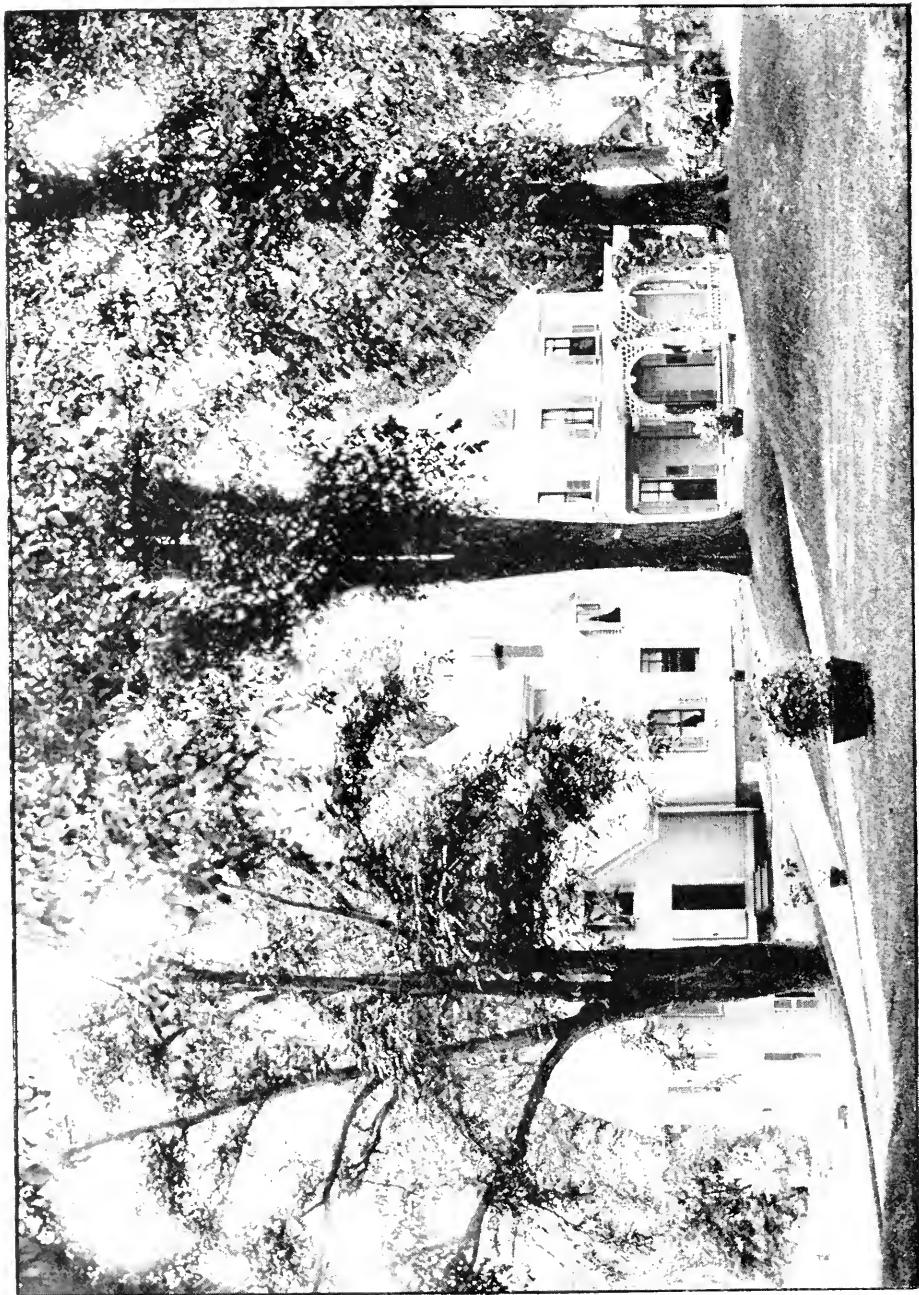


Caroline Miskel (Mrs. Charles H. Hoyt).

Rag Baby," "Old Sport" jumped into immediate and lasting prominence as the character creation of a stage Dickens, and Hoyt and Thomas resigned their places on the *Post*.

In September, 1883, that inimitable

the houses they had on their last season's tour proved conclusively that the match is by no means burned to its end. But the "book agent" and the "collector" have decided to wend separate ways and will no longer take part



Residence of Charles H. Hoyt.

together in the gambols of "Innocent Kidd."

"A Tin Soldier," written upon the same general lines, was produced at New Bedford April 28, 1885, with James T. Powers, Amy Ames, and Isabelle Coe in the cast, and proved another immediate success.

In March, 1887, came "A Hole in the Ground," given at Columbus, Ohio, by Flora Walsh with Charles A. Bigelow, W. C. Crosbie, and others in the support. The actors named were soon replaced by George Richards and Frank Lawton, who formed, with Miss Walsh, a rarely equalled comedy trio.

Clear across the continent, at the Alcazar Theatre, San Francisco, April 4, 1888, Mr. Hoyt's next production first saw the light. "A Midnight Bell" had in its cast such people as L. R. Stockwell, James R. Grismer, Phebe Davies, and Ethel Brandon, and proved an altogether new departure for the concoctor of comedy farce. It is a drama of New England village life, to the writer's mind strong, interesting, and inspiring. It is the favorite play of Mr. Hoyt himself and of many of his friends, but the general public has not received it quite as cordially as his less serious work.

In "A Brass Monkey," given at New Bedford in April, 1889, by Flora Walsh, Charlie Reed, Tim Murphy, Otis Harlan, and Rosa France, this venturesome voyager upon unexplored dramatic seas took still another tack. The heedless hilarity of his earlier productions was here tempered with a satire that never stung yet was effective and softened by pathetic effects, sparingly used, but skilfully and truthfully introduced.

Again at New Bedford, one year later, pranced forth "A Texas Steer," the keenest satire upon American political

life ever written. Its tremendous and never flagging success has been in a large degree due to the skill of that fine young character actor, Tim Murphy, as the Honorable Maverick Brander. He was assisted in the first production by Flora Walsh, Alice Evans, George Marion, Julian Mitchell, and others.

That record breaker of all comedies, "A Trip to Chinatown," began together its own life and that of the new opera house at Decatur, Illinois, in September, 1890, Harry Conor, George A. Beane, Jr., Harry Gilfoil, and Lena Merville heading the cast. It was played 639 nights in New York city, by far the longest run in history, and at one time was being presented in two theatres in that city simultaneously.

Of greatest interest to New Englanders, yet arousing storms of comment from ocean to ocean, is "A Temperance Town," first produced at Buffalo, New York, in February, 1891, with the leading roles entrusted to George Richards, R. J. Dillon, Eugene Canfield, W. H. Currie, and Elsie Lombard. It is a scathing attack upon certain temperance reform methods and the prohibitory system, comparable in its boldness of outline and deftness of touch only to the work of Sardou. Whatever may be thought of its motive and its morale, no one can deny that it furnishes some of the best sketching of New England character types ever put upon the stage.

"A Milk White Flag," born at Wilkesbarre, Pa., last December, is a return to the old days of unrestrained hilarity. Very bright fun is poked, to be sure, at the militia but it is not serious satire and the citizen soldier is very thin skinned who would be offended at it. Much good music makes the piece almost a comic opera. The original company included Charles Stanley,

Isabelle Coe, J. C. Miron, Mamie Gilroy, Frank Lawton, and others.

September 10th of this year Buffalo, New York, will have an opportunity to hear the first bleat of "A Black Sheep" with Otis Harlan, Jos. Frankau, Belle Black, Agnes Lane, and William Devere concerned. A new play in which the present Mrs. Hoyt (Caroline Misikel) will star is another possibility of the not far distant future.

The verdict of the New York press and public upon American plays is almost as conclusive as that of London in England, and of Paris in France. In this connection it is interesting to note the runs of the Hoyt pieces in that city. "A Tin Soldier" was given 136 nights; "A Midnight Bell," 137; "A Brass Monkey," 102; "A Texas Steer," 102; "A Temperance Town," 112; and "A Trip to Chinatown," 639. "A Milk White Flag," which will be given its first New York production this fall, ran 102 nights in Chicago and 76 in Boston, and "A Temperance Town" stayed at the Hub for 179 performances.

The partnership existing between Mr. Hoyt and Charles W. Thomas was unbroken until the latter's death, November 17, 1893. It was the happiest of combinations, alike from a business and a personal standpoint, and the friendship of the parties was as great as their united success. The sad death of Mr. Thomas, just as he was in a position to enjoy the best of life, brought greater grief to no heart than to that of Mr. Hoyt, who can now find no words warm enough to voice his affection and esteem for his late associate.

That bright young son of old Kentucky, Frank McKee, now looks after the business end of the Hoyt enterprises, the firm name being Hoyt & McKee. Their success may be judged

from the fact that during the phenomenally hard times of last season their profits amounted to considerably more than \$100,000. In October, 1890, Hoyt & Thomas became lessees and managers of the Madison-square Theatre, New York, and when their lease expired this spring the shrewdness and tact of Mr. McKee secured a long-time renewal. The house is now being entirely rebuilt, and will hereafter be known as Hoyt's Theatre.

The secret of Mr. Hoyt's success as a playwright is not difficult of discovery. In the first place he always amuses his audience. A man in the deepest depths of the blues can go to see a Hoyt play with the certainty that for two hours, at least, he will forget his woes and heartily enjoy clean, honest, irresistible fun. Mr. Hoyt does not perpetrate double entendres; he is never vulgar, and seldom coarse; but in all his works are situations so overwhelmingly ludicrous that the gravest, staidest, saddest, auditor is defied to withstand their infection. The tread-mill scene in "A Temperance Town," the armory in "A Milk White Flag," the entrance and exit of the investigating committee in "A Texas Steer," are cases in point; and every reader will readily recall others.

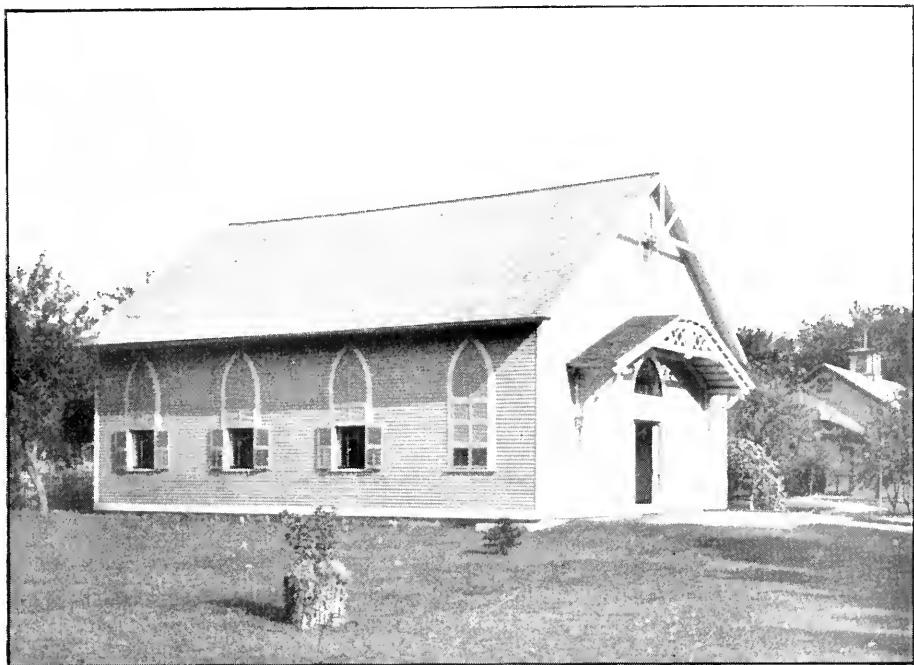
Again, in the truthful portrayal of eccentric character-types, Mr. Hoyt has no rival—unless it be Mr. Harrigan—in the ranks of the world's playwrights. In every New England village Mink Jones sits on the store steps until his scolding, loving wife takes him home, and every resident of Washington has often seen Christopher Columbus Fishback, "minister to Dahomey."

Mr. Hoyt's satire is most effective when it is incidental, as in "A Texas Steer," "A Brass Monkey," and "A Trip to Chinatown." "Pa's election was

honest, anyhow," says Bossy Brander. "Every man got his pay for his vote." The earnest and sincere but somewhat biased and bitter key-note of "*A Temperance Town*" is much less suited to the general taste.

I never see a Hoyt play but that I think of a Dickens novel, and the suggestion usually comes at the introduction of a pathetic incident. The grotesque

present his pieces are always in every way competent. There is never a "stick" in the cast, and every character is played to the full extent of the author's conception. To accomplish this result, Mr. Hoyt never hesitates to employ at good salaries people with previously acquired reputations; but perhaps his greatest successes have been made through men and women whose capabil-



'The Den.'

love of old Jonah for his daughter Baggage, "a useless little girl, always in the way," stays in the mind longer than any other feature of "*A Brass Monkey*," and there is no more effective scene in "*A Temperance Town*" than the village drunkard's rescue of the clergyman's daughter, whom her father had driven forth into the winter's cold.

Another important element in Mr. Hoyt's remarkable career, is his judgment of mankind. The companies which

ities he himself was the first to discern. Just one example. Some years ago, Mr. Hoyt happened to drop in at Tony Pastor's New York variety theatre, one night, and saw there a clever young fellow drawing crayon portraits and giving imitations. He sent for the boy, hired him, and wrote parts for him: to-day, Tim Murphy is acknowledged to be in the front rank of American comedians.

But having secured good people to act good plays, Mr. Hoyt is still not content.

Like Henry Irving, he insists upon the nearest possible approach to perfection in every detail of stage management, and he gets it. Even the costumes for his pieces he designs himself, and no part of the ensemble is too trivial to be brought to his personal attention. He is constantly studying, revising, and improving his plays, and ever welcomes criticism and suggestion.

Mr. Hoyt thoroughly believes that the

and hies him to the beautiful country village of Charlestown. Here in his family homestead, beneath wide-spreading elms a century old, he works and plays and rests, and proves himself an ideal host to far-gathered friends.

Mr. Hoyt's home life has always been most happy. He first married, in 1887, Miss Flora Walsh, of San Francisco, the star in several of his earlier plays, whose ability and success as an actress were only equalled by her sweetness and charm as a woman. Her death, occurring at almost the same time with that of his father, in January, 1893, came as a heavy blow to Mr. Hoyt, who has erected at Charlestown a massive granite mausoleum to their memory.

His present wife, Mrs. Caroline Miskel Scales Hoyt, came from the blue-grass region of Kentucky, far famed for its good horses, good whiskey, and beautiful women. As Ruth in "A Temperance Town," her praises were heralded from ocean to ocean, and her return to the stage, from which she temporarily retired upon becoming Mrs. Hoyt, is anxiously awaited.

Before her bewildering beauty pen of man falters in conscious inefficiency, but this is what another woman, Miss Kate Jordan, says: "Her Titian hued hair and large, flashing eyes make a study in color that is fascinating and haunting. Her type of beauty might be called 'ruddy-blonde,' for there is a great deal of red in the gold of her bewildering hair. The face is arch, and a little irregular—indeed the nose is saucily retrousse. This, while in its way very charming, robs Miss Miskel of a distinctly Grecian profile. It is a slight affliction, and can well be borne when one is given eyes that are bound to conquer, hair that drives colorists wild, a brow and mouth like Venus's, and a figure that in its pliant grace, while



Isabelle Coe (Mrs. Frank McKee) as The Widow in  
"A Milk White Flag."

secret of all success is hard work, and, indeed, when to talents so unique and useful as his is added so remarkable a capacity for industry and application, failure is well-nigh impossible.

There is another side of Mr. Hoyt's life, quite as interesting, perhaps, to New Hampshire people as his stage career. For three months in every twelve he turns his back upon cities and theatres,

draped in the short-waisted empire gown, suggests the immortal Recamier's. Miss Miskel is much sought after by artists. How could it be otherwise, with dark-lashed eyes of electric brightness, white skin having a blush of spring-like delicacy, and hair waving above a low, broad forehead that can be compared to nothing more fitting than flames whose gold is touched with red."

Mr. Hoyt has at Charlestown a fit nest

by no means limited to this house and grounds or to his other property in the village, of which he has considerable. He sincerely loves the fine old town, and is ever ready to contribute in any way, personally and pecuniarily, to its prosperity and upbuilding. Evidences of his generosity and public spirit are seen on every hand, though he is the last to call the visitor's attention to them.

Mr. Hoyt is repaid for his efforts by



W. H. Currie and Mrs. Hoyt in "A Temperance Town."

for this beautiful bird. The large, roomy house is luxuriously and tastefully furnished, and the grounds surrounding it are as lovely as any in the state. Within them is also situated "the casino," or "the den," which contains a dance-hall, gymnasium, study, cook-room, bathroom, and cold storage refrigerator. Here "A Black Sheep" has been written this summer, while genial Bert Dasher, just back from Europe, has played the *Aeolian*, and sturdy Will Currie has punched the bag like a professional. It is its owner's special province, and his particular pet.

Mr. Hoyt's outlay at Charlestown is

the universal esteem and affection with which he is regarded by the people of the town. Here a prophet is certainly not without honor in his own country, for every man, woman, and child in Charlestown honors Mr. Hoyt, considers him a friend, and can tell you all about his work and its success.

A striking evidence of his personal popularity was given by his election to the state legislature, as a Democrat, in 1890, although Charlestown had always been considered a bed-rock Republican constituency. He was the candidate of his party for the speakership of the

house, and did yeoman's service in securing a legislative appropriation for New Hampshire's creditable representation at the World's Columbian Exposition. During this brief term of service Mr. Hoyt made many friends who would like to see him continue more ambitiously in this field; and while his own inclination is rather averse to political life, it is not at all improbable that a few more years may see him his party's choice for

a seat in congress or the governor's chair. Personally "Charley" Hoyt is a prince of good fellows. Simple in tastes, and unaffected in manner, his heart is as large as his brain is active. His friends are thousands, and his admirers legion.

The most successful playwright of his day, happily married to the most beautiful woman of her time, with an honorable past and an unclouded future, what more could man desire?

### THE STORY OF RED MOUNTAIN.

*Translated from the German of C. A. Kähler, by Marie A. Molineux.*

Afar from the palaces and warehouses and wharves of the great commercial city, lonely and hidden by thickly branching trees, in a side valley that is surrounded by heavily wooded mountains, not far from Lake Winnipiseogee with its countless inlets and hundreds of green islets offering a lovely prospect, stands a little cottage, in the midst of green meadows and fruitful fields.

Over this little spot of earth that lies far from the peopled dwelling-places and great highroads, broods the magic of a quiet peace. Never through the blooming fields sounds the shrill whistle of the iron horse, only here and there one hears the melodious sound of the bells of pasturing herds or the proud cackling of the house-hens.

In the cottage dwelt an industrious widow with her three children. The family sustained itself plainly and well from the produce of the little farm. They passed their days in content and troubled themselves little about what happened in the outside world; always gayly and successfully they finished their daily labors, and sweet sleep strength-

ened them at night after their work was done. Not for much treasure would they have exchanged their lot. Since such contentment is but seldom met, in this case there must be some special cause at work; and this was even so, as you shall soon hear.

The cottage in which these contented people dwelt lay near the foot of a mountain. This was so thickly grown with trees and bushes that it was impenetrable to human foot. When the rough winds of autumn changed the fresh green to brighter colors, then the trees glowed in scarlet dress, and it seemed as if a great red coverlet was spread on the rocks. Hence the mountain drew its name of "Red." High aloft, on the top, the mountain spirits had built a castle out of massive granite blocks, and in order not to be disturbed by any intruders they had surrounded it with a thick wall of creepers and nettles. Woe to the man who lost his way here! No path would lead him from the enchanted wood. In the castle the spirits had dwelt now many hundred years, and very seldom had a mortal

seen them; for they stayed generally in the great halls decorated with gold and jewels and adorned with shields and armor, or else they wandered in the wide courtyards and the splendid gardens that surrounded the fortress. There they tried all sorts of pastimes with lances and spears; they threw giant boulders, or contended with each other in friendly combats; and, too, they often sat together at great golden tables and agile servants poured for them the drink of the gods. Sometimes they had mock battles; then it thundered from mount to valley, fiery lightnings pierced the heavens, and men, fearful, hastened into their huts and whispered, "The old men of the mountain are quarrelling."

But the mountain spirits held prisoner a maiden with charming face and wonderful figure and graceful bearing. Strictly watched, she seldom was allowed to leave the castle, and, within a charmed circle that magic drew about her, to mingle with mortals. To them she was mild and friendly: the good she heaped with blessings, and joy spread itself wherever she appeared. An unspeakable sadness pervaded her features, as if deep sorrow and inner longing filled her heart, so that all that ever saw her had pity and sympathy for her and her fate that must be right sorry.

When, on moonlight nights, it sounded from the woods, low and stirring like distant Eolian harp notes, then the people said: "The fairy of the mountain sings to her harp a lament." Many wonderful tales the peaceful valley-dwellers told of the spirits' castle and the unfortunate maid that pined yonder and wept in secret sorrow, and they gazed shyly at the enchanted red mountain.

Now one fine day a young fellow

turned his steps to the quiet valley. He bore a light knapsack, that indeed was capable of holding his entire property. While he wandered along and sang a gay song, he looked bravely and brightly about, as if the whole world belonged to him.

He was quite surprised at the beauty of the country, and thought to himself: "Here I should be well pleased; it is to be hoped I can find rest, refreshment, and a night's lodgment in that cottage that peeps so friendly from the protecting trees." A hearty welcome he received, indeed, as he modestly knocked, and he soon found himself at home as one of the little family circle. After refreshment began the story-telling. The wanderer told of the distant countries through which he had travelled, of the strange people he had seen. The simple cottagers in return related all wonderful things they knew about the "Red Mountain." The housemother took the lead and told the following: "Many years ago came my ancestor to this spot of earth that then was a thick wilderness. Counsellless and helpless he looked across the many hindrances that opposed a settlement, and thought to withdraw in despondency, when the imprisoned maid of Red Mountain appeared and spoke to him. 'Build on this spot thy hut. I will bless thy industry so that thou and thy descendants to latest life shall have a modest but care-free and contented subsistence. Yet a condition I add to my gift; namely, that this dwelling-place stand hospitably with doors open to strangers and wanderers. Perhaps among them will be one to whom it is permitted to free me from the imprisonment in which I have languished now these many, many years. Know I was snatched by force from the arms of my beloved and enchain'd here

by the might of sorcery. Only a pure, enthusiastic youth can free me and unite me again with my beloved. No wanderer may be turned from thy door, for at last my rescuer must and will come. When once seven ravens fly thither from the mountain and circle round that high oak, then the favorable moment for my deliverance has come.' With these words the maiden vanished. My ancestor did as she bade. And wonderfully, almost without his assistance, the wilderness changed to smiling fields. Loyally he kept his promise to receive any wanderer hospitably. So have we, too, done, until to-day and—as the maiden promised—never have peace and contentment deserted our cottage."

The youth had listened with bated breath to the story of the house-mother, and—touched by the sad tale of the maiden—had but the one wish that it might be permitted him to free her. At that same moment he heard—oh, miracle!—the croaking cry of seven coal-black ravens that flew from Red Mountain to a high oak and encircled it seven times. Then he knew he was called to be the rescuer. Without knowing what was the deed of prowess, he quickly grasped his staff and hastened up the mountain. Soon he reached the wood, that was so thickly surrounded by nettles that it was a sheer impossibility to penetrate it. Helpless he stood, and knew not what to do. Then a couplet came to mind that he had dreamed the previous night:

"Thornhedge, fear thou me,  
Quickly open thee."

As he spoke these words the thicket opened and showed a small footway that led up over fragments of rock and trunks of trees. Everywhere appeared obstacles that demanded great effort to

overcome; right and left hissed snakes, ravens and daws with their hateful cries swarmed above his head, nasty frogs and various monsters glowered with uncanny eyes; it seemed as if all would prevent his progress. Courageously he pressed forward, not heeding the wounds that the thorns tore, nor the boulders that barred his way, nor the cries of the ugly creatures that sputtered fire and poison. After much effort and difficulty he reached a dusky rock-grotto, out of which a huge black serpent stretched its poison-swollen tongue. Seized with fear and terror, he thought to flee—then an inner voice spoke to him: "The brave man wins." As if filled with new zeal, he raised his staff and strode towards the serpent. With three mighty blows he conquered the horrible monster. As he turned from the dead creature he saw a glistening golden ring. He picked it up and put it on his finger; on the instant he saw before him a heavenly white-enshrouded vision: it was the maiden, that with friendly sympathy smiled on him and spoke. "Brave youth, thou hast stood the test of courage and given me hope that thou canst release me from my bondage; much hast thou striven, yet this remains for thee to do. Know, my beloved waits before the castle in order to take me thence, yet he lacks the magic word that opens to him an entrance, and only to a mortal of heart and courage is it permitted to wring this word from the Old Man of the Mountain that dwells deep within this rock. The ring on thy finger will lead thee through the grotto to his palace. Hold it towards him, and as soon as he has spoken the word turn back and tell me. No sound must, in the meanwhile, escape thy lips. Royal gratitude shall reward thy deed."

The youth, indeed, felt a secret trembling, but the earnest pleading of the maid, and the pity he felt, forced him to bring to an end the hardest task. He held the ring towards the rocky wall of the grotto—it opened of itself and became a magnificent entrance to a long colonnade, that glittered with gold and gems and led to a spacious hall. Blinded by the brilliancy and splendor with which every portion of the walls and the high cupola glowed, the youth scarcely could perceive a high throne of costly white stone on which an ancient greybeard with long flowing locks sat. He and his surrounding attendants were sunk in deepest slumber. Swiftly the youth drew near the old man and held the ring towards him. Then the greybeard showed fear and cried out “Ossipee!” That means, “Open!” But scarcely was the word uttered than he broke into a terrible rage, his hair flew wildly about his head, his eyes shot lightnings, and a mighty thunder peal shook the apartment as if the mountain would burst, and the old man threw himself threateningly upon the youth. He fled, holding high the ring, and reached fortunately the exit, although dreadful monsters pressed upon him from all sides, hissed at him, and threatened to tear the ring from his grasp. Thundering closed the rock door behind him, and scarcely could he whisper the word “Ossipee,” before he fell to the ground stunned. When he came again to consciousness the blackest of clouds had covered the mountain, hollow thunder struck unceasingly upon his ear, sharp lightnings traversed the firmament, and high over the peak he saw the mountain spirits closed in a raging battle. Hither and thither surged the grim fight, wild war-cries and shoutings of rage filled the air, shields and swords clashed and

showered sparks of light. At last quiet was restored, the raging hordes vanished, and stillness again ruled.

A heavenly fair pair, the maid holding her harp in her hand and her lover grasping his sword, floated down from the peak of the mountain that again the golden sun bathed with light. The maiden approached the youth and said: “Heartiest thanks are thine for the service thou hast done us. The magic word that thou gainedst opened to my beloved and his hosts the entrance to the wood and to the fortress. In strong battle has he conquered my jailors, so that they freed me. Now we hasten toward Elfland, where joy and mirth ever rule. Ask a boon of me, thy wish shall be granted.” “Kind fairy,” replied the youth, “nothing for myself do I desire. The fairest reward is my share in that I was chosen the instrument of your freedom. But if you will bethink yourself of the people from whom I received hospitality, and who now must fear that when you depart the blessing and luck will vanish from their threshold, then I pray you regard this as my wish.” “Be it so,” responded the fairy maid, and immediately a swan-drawn golden chariot carried the happy pair from the sight of the astonished youth. But at the same time three fairies approached the cottage, and one after the other announced to the startled occupants the message of the maiden.

The first said: “I assure to you, in the name of my mistress, possession of this plot of earth forever, fruitfulness to the soil, increase to the cattle and winged creatures.”

Then the second took the word: “I give health, strength, and power for work.” The third added: “I promise as the most precious gift, contentment and an always serene spirit.”

Joyously touched, the good people desired to acknowledge their thankfulness to the fairies,—but they vanished in a cloud of rose-perfume. The house-mother and her children could scarcely control their astonishment, and hardly knew what had happened to them. The youth, however, related his adventures,

and with hearty words of thanks he departed from the hospitable house, promising them he would return the next year and share their good fortune.

To those that travelled thereafter through the lovely valley, the people gladly told the wonderful tale of "Red Mountain."

### PASTORAL NOTES.

*By Adelaide Cilley Waldron.*

In 1830 a young man just beyond his majority was teaching school near the homestead of his father and several of his uncles, all of whom were men of note in the vicinity, and possessed of large estates.

Sons of farmers, when fonder of books than their brothers, used, in those days, to take a school between their terms of study, and even after they had received their diplomas, and so remarkable a young gentleman as he of whom I write was sure to find his position as pedagogue a centre of admiration, and to be made much of.

To be sure, young Dan did not dance at social gatherings, for he had been converted, and felt a call to preach, to the intense displeasure of nearly all his cocked-hatted and silk-stockinged kinsmen, to say nothing of the aversion felt for the denomination which he proposed joining, by more youthful members of his large family connection.

But fixedness of conviction, and the strain of obstinate combativeness which had made his forbears famous on many battle-fields, were his by inheritance; to become a preacher of the gospel as he understood it, he was ready to give up even brotherly association.

Over six feet in height, of a classic cast of feature, with blue eyes that blackened with emotion, an enviable fairness of complexion, and extreme elegance of carriage,—"To think," said the tribe, "that Dan will persist in turning parson. You see, his father wished him to be the landholder in his place, bearing the name he does, and it was all he could endure when, finding Dan had not the least faculty for farming like a gentleman, he gave in for the boy to study medicine. And then he must fall in with that new set, and 'get converted,' as they call it. Now, if he visits a body, that heavenly voice of his rolls out a horrible hymn of death and damnation, and then he prays us off to bed, and never a prayer-book thought of."

"Well," some gentler cousin would reply, "a heavenly voice is appropriate for hymns; but I would ask him to sing of God's love and tenderness. Coaxing is a mighty sight better for some folks than scaring them to death."

Parson Dan was not given to tasting the hot flip prepared on cold nights, nor could he bear the odor or taste of tobacco. For a youth bred in the follies of families of wealth, then customary, he was a blackbird very nearly white.

Old Colonel Royale, his father, had many good horses, in affectionate training of which the son found lively pleasure, when at home, and, of course, all the boys had colts of their own. When Dan's was old enough his young master would ride him to the meetings he wished to attend, and in the winter there was no girl for miles around who was not delighted to go to a singing-school, in the snug cutter behind the thoroughbred that had known neither check-rein nor "winkers," with Colonel Royale's favorite son beside her.

But, of all whom he saw, the pretty schoolmistress at Epping pleased him the most. She had no fortune beyond her bright wit and scholarship and her dignified beautiful self, but that was far from being a fault, for the lordly fellow preferred being the head of his family, in all respects, and were he to become a poor parson it would be against his innate pride to marry a rich woman. So he courted Eleanor Newmarch with all his might, after the manner of his day, and station in life, with steadfast purpose, to say naught of the longing his blue eyes held, and the carelessness he showed to other maidens. His letters to her were full of simple and straightforward affection, but giving items of interest, concerning all sorts of affairs of state and of individuals, of church and school, of earth and heaven, as seen at a delightful distance through unsoiled and youthful eyes.

The replies of these journalized epistles were written in the elegant copperplate hand once in vogue among gentlewomen, and were models of propriety. The demoiselle was in fact a born old maid with a passion for teaching, and the height of her ambition was reached when at the age of nineteen she became "preceptress" of a well known old

academy. Her friends, and his, too, were anxious for a marriage between these young people who were among the finest flowers of their families, in everybody's opinion, and the young woman was inclined to write her name Royale if she ever should change her estate as spinster to that of spouse, but she did wish folks would let her alone.

It is likely that, had there been any symptoms apparent of a transfer of affection from her shrine to that of some more eager girl, Miss Eleanor's angry passions would have arisen to surprise her: but Daniel's was the most loyal of hearts.

From among his long letters (postage was high and one felt it a duty to write the money's worth) may be quoted enough to amuse some reader:

"My brother Hampton moved from Exeter to N. Sept. 9, 1830, to the Chace farm given him by our uncle Hampton for whom he was named.

"Uncle Roger Royale of N. died Jan. 29, 1831, aged fifty-seven. A very great loss; he was much respected and lamented, a friend to the poor and afflicted. My uncle Col. Hampton Royale died Dec. 17, 1831, on Saturday night at eleven o'clock. A solemn scene, at which I was present. His will is disputed: my father and two of their brothers are in favor of its standing, but cousin Jack, Aunt Prescott's family, and the Langdons are against it. Cousin John (a congressman who later met a tragic death) is appointed a special administrator, and Daniel Webster and Jeremiah Mason are his legal counsel.

"Uncle Hampton's great fortune was not of much good to him. Childless and the prey of a strange fear that he would come to want, he came to his end by his own hand leaving the largest

estate in his county. Such is life.  
‘Neither poverty nor riches,’ that is best.

“Feb. 6, 1832. I fainted, falling to the floor in my school, and was ill one week.

“On the 28th, Elder Osborne died, aged sixty-three.

“(P. S.) Elder Osborne was of the Christian order. He was universally beloved and admired both as a preacher and a citizen, and two thousand people were present at his funeral which was in Masonick order, the first I have attended, very solemn.

“Oh, my Eleanor, I could find it sweet to die amid such affection as his wife’s and children’s for him; but how much happier I would be to live, *with my love!*

“March 21, my honored father and I attended the Probate Court, on business connected with Uncle Hampton’s will.

“I heard the great Jeremiah Mason for the first time, but Daniel Webster has been often at our house, and I have heard him make pleas. He has the Bachelor eye, and a young man in Massachusetts, named John Greenleaf Whittier, inherits a similar eye. You will remember that we have several Greenleafs in our family, but I do not know that this young man is any kin to us. He is a little given to writing poetry and edits a paper in Boston, I think. He is an abolitionist.

“I do not approve of slavery but do not see a way clear to abolish it according to the Constitution, at present. Should a proper method be brought before our people I would vote for it. Still our old Pompey and Caesar, and Chlee and Phyllis, have always seemed happy, and when they became free would not leave my grandfather’s house except to come to my father’s or to his brothers’ homes. I think I have told

you how Pomp went with my uncle Jock when he was young, to carry supplies and money to my grandfather who was with his regiment at Valley Forge. When grandfather first marched his men before General Washington (after some troops or their officers had not been behaving well) the general inquired who they were. Grandfather heard him, and said—you have heard that he was a quick man and hasty of tongue—‘It’s a regiment of Yankees, by God, Sir, from Rockingham County, and they never yet turned their backs to a foe.’

Uncle Jock (he was but seventeen when he died) went with two horses safely across to the Hudson and down to Valley Forge, with many dollars hidden about his luggage, which money was a great help to the troops. It was his father’s money, and the latter paid his men often from his own purse.

“April 30. I took a deed from brother Hampton, of the farm and buildings formerly owned by Mark French, near my father’s, for five hundred dollars. But I do not mean to carry you there to live, dearest Eleanor. Oh, if you could be as anxious to teach one pupil in good ways as you are to instruct those children at the Corners in A B C and algebra!

“On Monday, June 11, 1832, I left home, in company with cousin Roger, for Saratoga Springs, New York. We went on his account; stopped at Concord for that night; had a very pleasant journey up, passed through a number of pleasant towns and villages, crossed the Connecticut, Green mountains, and the Hudson, reaching Saratoga Springs Saturday, June 16, in the morning, having ridden about one hundred and eighty miles. Saratoga is quite a pleasant village, with several good houses,

and is in the vicinity of eighteen or twenty springs, which are the making of the place. We found, perhaps, two hundred visitors this season; not so many as usual, on account of the coldness of the weather, and of that alarming disease, the cholera, existing at New York, Albany, and Montreal. We boarded at Montgomery Hall, kept by Augustus McKinney, paying \$2.50 a week. We liked the landlady well; we saw many curiosities and strangers, and formed many acquaintances. We had a ride on the railway from Saratoga to Ballston Spa, about six miles in thirty-five minutes, the first railroad we have ever seen.

"July 17. We have been at the Springs four weeks and three days, and leave here to-day, Tuesday. Slow riding, but pleasant, in spite of the heat. On Saturday we enter Lowell, Mass., a fair, growing place, where we stay three days, seeing the few sights and attending meetings. Leaving there Tuesday, the 24th, we ride to N., finding our friends well, that night.

"On Thursday I go home, and find that I have come two hundred and twenty-five miles from Saratoga to E. We think our health much improved by our six and a half weeks of absence, mine being very good and Roger looking better. He will be married soon to General Stark's grand-daughter, a delicate and lovely girl; too good for him, as you, my beloved, are too good for me. But I do love you so much.

"August 8. I attended a dinner given to Hon. Isaac Hill, United States senator. A quite respectable party, and many very good sentiments were expressed. Hon. Matthew Harvey presided, and Mr. Hill gave an excellent address.

"A large number of requests having

been handed in to the general conference for me to be set apart to the work of the ministry, a day of ordination was appointed, and the services took place Feb. 6, 1833—a very solemn day to me. Oh, how sweet is the service of God! Lord, keep me humble, and prepare me for the work."

Without doubt the young man felt the "high-headedness" of his family to be in danger of over-riding at times the state of humility which beseemed his cloth. That the natural Adam was alive, one may be sure from this:

"On Monday I went to my father's at E. finding him in some trouble. The previous Sabbath at midnight his buildings were set on fire by some malicious person. The fire was discovered by Aunt Jane who was awakened by her dog. Three large barns were burned, one large stable, and two sheds. There is no doubt that they were set on fire by some very bad, depraved and unfeeling person or persons. *Oh, may they be brought to justice and have their just dues.*"

Miss Eleanor after six years of faithful court, consented to be married on Jan. 13, 1836, when she should be twenty-three years old.

On the 4th of that month Parson Royal, who had built a house at N., where he was preaching for three hundred dollars a year—a high salary for those days and people—and making out his living by his property, wrote in a diary,—

"Breakfast at Mrs. Newmarch's; pray, and have some good talk. Dine at Dr. Joe's, do some business, leave with him No. 59 certificate of B. C. stock, and go to Concord where I pay for gloves .83, for cravat 1.00, frock coat and trousers made (5.50 per yd.) 30.50; for horse and carriage and toll 2.75, postage .12½; total \$35.20½."

On the 23d he writes in his pocket diary,—

“An interesting day to me. I am no longer single, but in a different state, the happiest of married men. O Lord, help me to be useful and faithful; may I have wisdom from above. We have prayers, and I leave with my wife, *my wife!*”

This single-hearted love was never a shade the less during the fifty-three years of this union.

“He was so devoted to me,” said his widow. “He loved me just as much when I was in agonies from neuralgia, and my head all tied up in red flannel, as when I was in fullest feather of health and dress. And he was a most manly person, too.”

An officer of many societies, a builder of churches which sprang to life under his magnetic energy, his little fortune went, faster than his salaries grew, for means of living, the educating of his

children, and the thronging calls for benevolence, and he was always obliged to deny his natural tastes, but no privation nor personal suffering was ever allowed to weigh down the fervent desire to do God’s work, which at last was crowned by a beautiful passing to the eternal city.

His patriotism gave his son and himself to the fates of war, helping to augment the force which made us a nation, beyond question. His health, like that of thousands of his comrades, was totally ruined by long army service: and years of idleness which depressed and impoverished him, forced from his patient lips the words, “It is so sweet to do the will of God; so hard to *suffer* it.”

Many servants of the church have been more notable, but none more loyal, than he in all whose life the extreme desire was “Help me, O Father, to win souls to thee, and to do my duty faithfully.”

### RESTING IN HOPE.

*By Frank Walcott Hutt.*

Like to an island coral-formed, ‘mid seas,  
My hope from sheer abysses doth arise  
'Neath the blue glamour of pacific skies;  
And, borne upon the morning ministries  
Of warm, in-setting tide and gentle breeze,  
Rich soil and seed have come: and magic-wise,  
Brave-limbed palmetto groves in martial guise  
Raise to the sun their fronded pageantries.

And to mine island in the middle sea  
Fair ships of blessed promise come, full fraught  
With songsters from another isle, more blest,  
That, breaking forth in sudden psalmistry,  
Have all my groves their wondrous sweetness taught,  
And made my hope, indeed, an isle of rest.

## MY WAR WITH THE SWALLOWS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

*By Milo Benedict.*

### I.

I was lying on the grass in the shade of a large barn, and was looking up, when a swallow flew out of the barn and disappeared. I was much surprised, for I could see no opening through which the bird could have made his escape. There was a small knot-hole above the big door, but the big door was closed, and the knot-hole did not appear large enough to admit a bird. I had a pair of field-glasses in my hand, and for the purpose of closer inspection I raised the glasses.

While I was looking at the knot-hole and studying the grain of the wood around it, a swallow with outspread wings alighted and held himself firmly against the hole by his claws. He did not try to enter the hole, but turned his head and looked suspiciously at me, first over one shoulder, then over the other. He evidently was much alarmed at my appearance, and must have thought I possessed a formidable pair of great glassy eyes. He seemed an uncommonly beautiful bird. His wings, tail, and back were a deep Prussian blue, and shone with a fine lustre, and when he twisted his neck I could see a little of his white throat. Indeed, he looked nearly as large as an eagle, and filled completely the field of vision offered by my glass. In a moment he flew away in a very troubled state of mind, I am sure, and soon he returned with his mate.

The two birds flew to the ridge-pole,

and creeping close to the very end of it, they sat mute, and looked at me anxiously, and then I heard a conversation, soft and mysterious. If they said anything, it must have been this:—

“I do n’t know what he is exactly, or what his treacherous plot may be; but the little ones must be fed, and I’ll stay right here and keep my eye on him while you skip off and grab that bug I left on the apple-tree, with one wing off; and if he stirs, or anything happens before you get back, I’ll holler to you, and then you go quick and call the other birds.”

Away flew one of the birds, let us say No. 1, while No. 2 kept its post at the end of the ridge-pole—and a very exposed and dangerous position it must have seemed to it. Its little head was continuously moving, while trying to keep an eye on me and to look out for the return of its mate at the same time. Considering its serious anxiety of mind, its movements appeared ridiculously coquettish. No. 1 returned with the bug in less than a quarter of a minute, and alighted on the ridge-pole to hear first what had happened during its absence.

“Well, he has n’t stirred yet,” said No. 2. “You go quick with the bug and feed the children, and I’ll call you if he moves a finger. I guess he must be asleep.”

Down came the bird fluttering to the hole, clinging to the edge as before, and spreading out its wings. But like

anybody in a state of nervous anxiety, it lost its self-possession, and let the bug fall out of its beak plumb to the ground. Back it flew to the side of its mate nonplussed and much excited.

"What *did* you let it fall for? That was silly!"

"I couldn't help it. I thought I saw him move."

"Well, go back and catch another, and do hurry."

While No. 1 was off in search of another morsel, No. 2 flew down to the hole and back to the ridge-pole several times in quick succession, probably just to see what I would do. The little birds in the nest (which consisted of a box inside nailed against the hole) now came to their little round door and ventured to look out. They had become hungry and noisy, and were bound to stick their heads out, in spite of warnings, as a more demonstrative protest against their neglect.

When No. 1 returned with a mouthful of insects, it flew around many times before it could screw up courage enough to approach the nest. At last, when it did, the little birds celebrated the feast with a great noise, much, however, to the dismay of the parent, for these words I heard delivered with great earnestness,—

"Be still! Be still! You little dunces, all of you! We shall all be killed here in a minute if you keep up that noise. I'm feeding you now at the risk of my life. Here, Jimmy, take this quick, and don't you make a sound. There's a great monster lying on the grass outside with great big eyes. Your father is up on the house watching him. Now be good children, or you never will get out of here with breath in your bodies."

As I did not move, the bird became

more satisfied that I intended no harm to them, and it was not a great while before they were circulating to and from the nest, feeding the little birds with their accustomed regularity.

## II.

The next day I pushed open the huge barn door, just back of which hung a stout swing, rather inviting to one in pursuit of light exercise and recreation. I began to swing. One direction of the swing carried me out over the grass, where I had reclined the day before, and the opposite carried me up into the airy region of the barn. It was a delightful sensation thus to shoot out into the open sky and then back into the barn, and I was thinking of this, when suddenly I became aware of a loud demonstration above my head. "Have I upset a hornets' nest, or what?" I muttered to myself. I looked up and saw the birds looking down at me with fear and trembling. My reappearance seemed to them a crisis.

"He's coming for us!" one shouted. "I knew he would! He planned it yesterday. Go for him!" Down came a swallow at my head, with something of the violence of an arrow. It was a direct shot at my eyes, and I unconsciously jerked back my head in self-defence. Next, the two came together, with increased force. Every time I ascended skyward I met the swallows, and they made a harsh noise, like the grating of teeth. The excitement became greater and greater. The birds called to their aid a third swallow, then a fourth, then a fifth, then a sixth, and so on; and before I knew it the air was swarming with swallows, all bent on driving me off.

I began to feel in doubt of my safety. I had had no experience with the meth-

ods of defence which an army of birds might employ. I used my hands to protect my head, and made violent motions with my feet, with intent to frighten the birds, but without effect. They assembled in the air above the barn in a dense cloud, and, as if with preconcerted uniformity of action, they dashed at my head, one following another in close succession. They all moved in one direction, notably from left to right, in order to avoid collision. It was like being under a cataract of birds. The rapid motion of the swing, however, together with my desperate movements, no doubt saved me from losing an eye or two, or a lock of hair.

There were no other birds engaged in the combat, though a number of king birds, robins, sparrows, and gold-finches collected along the fences and in the apple-trees to witness the scene. I think the robins would have fought in my interest if they had fought at all. But this may be a flattering assumption of my own. I enjoyed it all, as a novel spectacle and sensation, and when I walked out leisurely into the field every bird disappeared.

It was surely no plan of mine to

bring myself into enmity with these little feathered friends. The very thought of being despised by them was painful, and when I saw what I had done I recognized that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to restore the friendly relations I had just upset so unintentionally. I knew not, in fact, how to improve the situation, and could not help feeling provoked at their stupid suspicion and misunderstanding.

The next day, while I was lying under some bushes far out in the field, with a book in my hand, a company of a dozen or more swallows swept down at me with great violence, making as loud a noise as they could. They remembered me, although I was far from their habitation, and wore an entire change of garment. The day following I was similarly attacked while walking in the road, a few minutes' pace from the barn. In the afternoon of that day the little birds for whose lives so much anxiety had been expressed, became strong enough to fly, and off they went, taking their good will with them, and not a member of the family has since been seen to pay a visit to the old home and birth-place.

## CHAMBER MUSIC.

*By H. G. Blaisdell.*

The importance of a better knowledge of that class of music known as chamber music, is most painfully realized by teachers of advanced pupils at the present time, and those who have the most earnest wishes and interests of the cause at heart should make an effort to open the way to a more perfect appreciation and understanding of this

most charming of music. It is a deplorable fact that not one quarter of the so-called or self-styled music teachers of to-day know what class of music comes under the head of chamber music.

This existing fact precludes all just attempts at criticism, either with students or public, and without any fur-

ther attempts at an exposure of ignorance and lack of ambition on the part of our teachers and leaders, we will attempt to analyze this branch of the art and show in a moderate way the great importance of its serious and extended study.

"Chamber music is the name applied to all that class of music which is especially fitted for performance in a room, as distinguished from such concert, dramatic, or ecclesiastical music, as require many performers and spaces for large volumes of sound."

It was recognized as a special department of the art as early as the beginning of the seventeenth century, comprising generally pieces for a single voice with accompaniment for a single instrument. By degrees the character of this music changed, becoming more extensive and better fitted for a larger number of performers, until now the name is generally applied to instrumental music for single instruments or solo instruments in combinations.

Passing by the earliest forms of chamber music, which consisted mainly of dance tunes arranged in suites, we will begin with the sonata form, which was first developed by Haydn, perfected by Mozart, and enriched and altered by Beethoven, which is the pith and substance of all chamber music.

The sonata in its first form was written for the piano alone, although a few of the earliest writers produced sonatas for the piano-forte and violin, which are still performed by virtuosi.

The great value, as a study for students as well as masters of these instruments, of the sonata for a sure and true method for the development of a broad musical character and perfect ensemble playing, can never be estimated, and if the home circle was graced by a more

frequent performance of this music, the musical intelligence of the country would show a marked improvement and the appreciation of the symphony would be enhanced and made more clear and less confusing and laborious.

The next step upward and onward is the trio. The most common and effective is that written for piano, violin, and cello. This usually is a composition with three or more movements, and the rich contrasts and colors of the cello tone to that of the other instruments afford the student a rare opportunity for study, and are a delight to the more proficient.

Our next move onward opens up a most delightful study and pastime: The quartette, either for violin, piano, cello, and viola, or of various other combinations including the piano, or that most perfect of combinations known as the string quartette. Of the latter there is no end to the works of the masters, both ancient and modern, and there is no perfection obtainable so pure and delightful as that of a string quartette. From a pianissimo which is so transparent and like a whisper from the lips of angels, one can be carried to a crescendo, which lifts the emotions like a flame fanned by a sudden breeze. The story of life, from childhood's laughing heart to the door of the beautiful beyond, may be told with no uncertain meaning, and yet how little the world realizes all this, as opportunities are so limited and teachers so indifferent.

Graves says that Beethoven in his later years regarded the string quartette as one of the most perfect means of expressing his deepest musical thoughts, and he left some of the greatest treasures of all music in that form.

We might go on and mention the quintettes, septettes, and octettes, of the

masters, but their performance is of rare occurrence, and while they may come under the head of chamber music, yet they occupy a position almost between the proper forms of chamber music and the grand orchestra.

It will be a source of great delight to the musical world when we may find more of this class of music on the pro-

grammes of recitals by pupils of teachers throughout the country; when the true value of attending a performance of sonatas, trios, and quartettes is appreciated, and when the public can with pleasure realize the beauties of pure tone, beautiful harmonies, and demand such, rather than cheap variations on popular melodies.



A Bird's-Eye View of Littleton.

#### ON THE AMMONOOSUC: A SKETCH OF LITTLETON.

*By George H. Moses.*

The ubiquitous Abenaki first overran the territory where the town of Littleton now stands, but he early gave way before the advance of civilization is represented by the adventurous Glines brothers, General John Stark, and the Rogers Rangers, though he was still in

abundant and more or less hostile evidence through the whole stretch of Ammonoosuc and Connecticut country when the local speculation of the Seventeen-Sixties seized upon Governor Benning Wentworth and his little circle of official, clerical, and personal friends at



Concord &amp; Montreal Railroad Station.

Portsmouth. The history of that marvellous operation in real estate has never yet been fully told; but during its run it involved the manipulation of the terri-

were abated only by the interference of the federal government and the interposition of the strong arm of our first president himself. But the Vermont Controversy, as this difficulty has now come to be known, has no extended place in my narrative—which concerns only one of the sixteen townships involved in the controversy and that a town which took but small part, if any, in the attempts to set up the state of New Connecticut.

The free use of the vice-regal power with which Benning Wentworth called so many towns into existence was attended, naturally enough, by some error, and in granting Chiswick (now become Littleton) the new town was laid down upon the large part of Concord (now Lisbon). The governor was honest, however, if speculative, and he compensated for his error by giving the grantees another tract a little farther up the river. The name of Chiswick was retained, but the charter itself fell by rea-



Moses A. Dow.

tory of two states, and out of it grew difficulties which at one time assumed the measures of civil strife and which

son of non-compliance with its provisions, and in 1770 the town was regranted under the name of Apthorp. The personnel of the grantees differed in the two charters. Chiswick was granted to inhabitants of Groton, Connecticut, for the most part. Among them was James Avery, who had joined with him twelve of the same name and a considerable number of uncles and cousins, and thus controlled the franchise which he disposed of to Colonel Moses Little of Newbury, Massachusetts, and his associates, and they secured the rechartering of the town, giving to Colonel John Hurd of Haverhill 10,000 acres of their new property for his "influence" in their behalf. Colonel Hurd, it is evident, was the first member of the "third house" from Grafton county.

The proprietors of Apthorp were more energetic than the grantees of Chiswick had been, and in April, 1770, they persuaded Nathan Caswell, the first settler, to make the hazard of new fortunes in the Ammonoosuc wilderness. This venturesome spirit was well suited for his task, and with his wife and four

children he quit his home in Orford, carrying all his worldly goods upon the back of one horse. He occupied two days on the journey, and passed a night



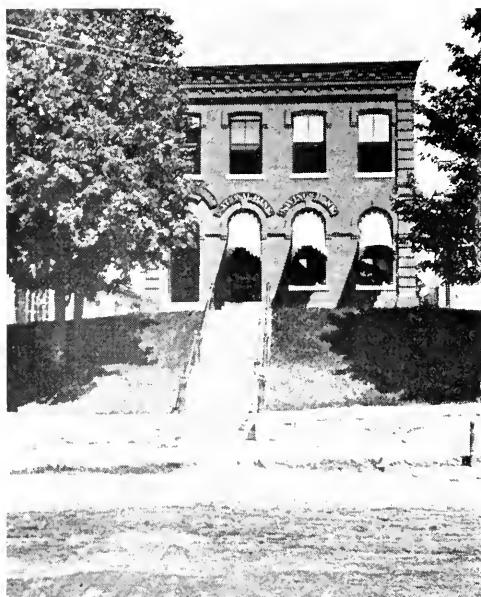
Francis A. Eastman.

at Bath where he left the horse. At nightfall on the second day, the eleventh of April, he reached his new home where he found a barn which was as much as the Chiswick promoters had done toward founding their city. Here were unmistakable signs of the recent



Main Street.



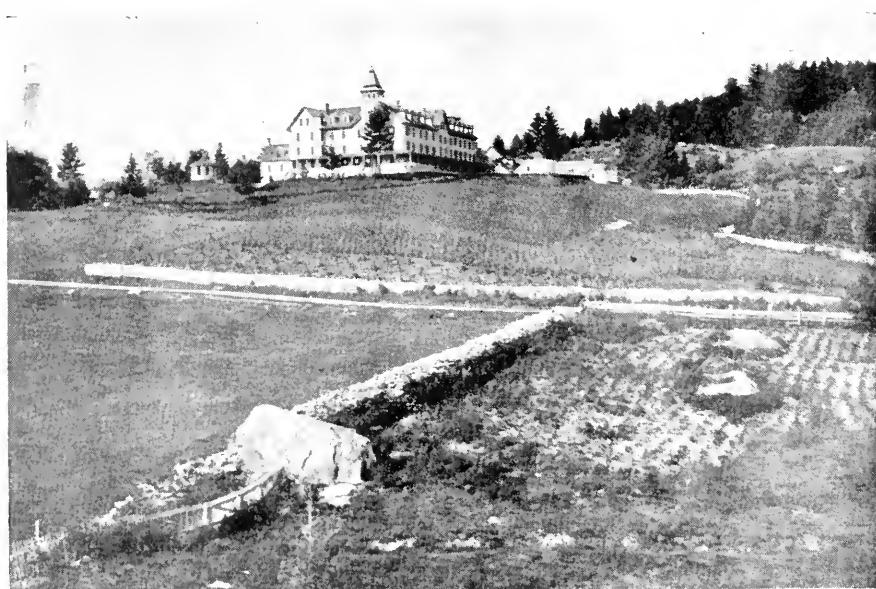


Bank Block.

presence of Indians, but there was no alternative to spending the night there.

"Few scenes have transpired in border life," writes Mr. James R. Jackson, the historian of the town, now consul of

the United States at Sherbrooke, Canada, and lately secretary of the New Hampshire Democratic state committee, "few scenes have transpired in border life of more thrilling interest than that which took place during the first night of the settlement of Apthorp. The barn stood in the midst of a magnificent grove of stately pines; a little further up, on rising ground, the birch, oak, and maple mingled their leafless branches. The solemn stillness of the night was broken only by nature's voice; no axe was struck, no fire kindled: quietly the mother arranged the bed for her young boys, and then sought repose, but it came not; anxiously she watched the restful slumber of her children, fearing they might make an outcry that would reach the ears of the enemy. The husband, gun in hand, guarded the open door. When morning dawned another son had been added to the family of this brave couple. In honor of the town the first white child born within its limits was



Oak Hill House.



Thayer's Hotel.

given the name of Apthorp." Morning revealed increased evidence of the recent presence of Indians, and it was decided to join the settlers within the fort at Lisbon. Accordingly a tree was felled, a dug-out was hastily fash-

Indians. The savages had evidently left the neighborhood, so Caswell replaced the barn with a cabin and the family made their home in it until the threatening attitude of the St. Francis Indians during the Revolution drove them to the fort at Northumberland for a time.

Other settlers came slowly; the War for Independence doubtless retarding the growth of the town, though it had a compensatory effect in nullifying whatever conditions of settlement were attached to the charter of 1770.

At the close of the war the community was a mere handful, and in 1784 there were but eight families and twelve voters in the town. There were enough, however, for another operation in real estate, and for the third and last time the town underwent territorial change.

In 1783 Tristram Dalton and Nathaniel Tracy purchased from John Hurd the 10,000 acres of Apthorp soil which measured the value of his "influence," and with the 6,000 acres which they had before obtained from the Messrs. Little,



Henry L. Thayer. "Dad."

ioned, and the family took passage for Salmon Hole. A few days later Caswell returned to Apthorp and found the hut burned to the ground by the



Residence of O. C. Hatch.

they desired the erection of a new town. town had been settled eighteen years. Their desires were fulfilled, and in and that the owners of the land had

November, 1784, the towns of Dalton and Littleton, named in honor of their principal proprietors, succeeded to Chiswick and Aptthorp. The actual separa-

tion was some months in advance of its legislative sanction, and the town's birthday is celebrated earlier than the records justify.

Littleton was much more prosperous than either of its predecessors. The close of the Revolution brought settlers in considerable numbers, though the cry of "cheap land" which led them hither was later attractive enough to carry many of them still further along and even into Canada. Littleton was prosperous, but there

was no boom; and indeed the condition of the settlers was not altogether one of unalloyed bliss, their fertile lands making up almost the sum total of their blessings. Their own account of their situation was anything but blithesome, and the condition of affairs in 1788, as viewed from the standpoint of Captain Peleg Williams, was set forth in that worthy's petition to the legislature in which he averred that the

promised "that they wood make a good Rode throw said Town erect and keep in good repair a crest mill and saw mill in said Town and that they wood Soon



Residence of B. W. Kilburn.

have the Town settled with such a number of Setelers as to make it Convenient



Residence of Col. Cyrus Eastman.

for your petitioners." The knowledge of his wrongs here seized upon the captain and he warmed to his subject. "All of which thay have neglected and thare is now in Town but nine families and the Country road



Benj. W. Kilburn.

through the same is twelve miles and is verey wet hilly and Stony, your Petitioners Cannot git at any mill Short of twelve or fifteen milder and if a Scarce time of grinden must wait for the Inhabniet of the Town to which the mill



Hon. Cyrus Eastman



Oscar C. Hatch.

belongs to have thare grist ground first besides we have the aforesaid road to travel through without our horses being Shod as thare is no Blacksmith neighter than a mill your Petitioners are not only few in number but poor and



Judge B. W. Bonney.

must remain so except the aforesaid Difficulties Can be removed."

This petition was signed by seven other settlers besides Captain Williams, and was but little more lugubrious than a former communication to the general



Chiswick Inn.

court in which he alone petitioned for assistance, and informed the legislators that their petitioners had fallen upon such grievous lines that they "cannot live in said town nor move out of the same, except your honors will Interpose in our behalf."

Their honors interposed and enabled the settlers to bring about the fulfillment of the proprietors' first promise—to build a road,—and the next year the proprietors themselves kept faith in the second agreement and induced a miller to move into town. This first road was followed by many more and to the first mill were added others, so that when the new century opened Littleton presented the beginnings of the flourishing town which it soon became. The development of Littleton was materially aided in a commercial sense by reason of the relations which the town sustained to other localities in New Hamp-

shire and its relations to contiguous and neighboring communities in Vermont.

"Situated as Littleton is on the borders of Vermont," wrote a former resident<sup>1</sup> of the town in discussing one phase of this subject, "possessing a thoroughfare from its boundaries, east and west, over which the thrift of a large section of that state was transported every recurring winter in long lines of pack teams to Portland and



Residence of Hon. George A. Bingham.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. F. J. Eastman of Northfield.

Portsmouth, its fame as a stopping place, its boundless resources of pine and water-power, became themes of conversation in many a Vermont farm-house. Staging and mail routes naturally followed the track of this, developing commerce and communication between St. Johnsbury, Danville, and Montpelier, and the prosperity of which all this gave promise became an accomplished fact."

In those days the industries of country villages were less pretentious than now and were much more diversified.

When the budding manufacturing of Littleton was but scarcely begun it embraced as many industries as the town does now, though the output of a week now will put to shame a year's product then. The early industries were kept close to nature, and the first enterprise of the settlers found vent in the establishing of potasheries, by means of which the necessary destruction of the forest was made to yield another result



Residence of Chas. F. Eastman.

than that afforded by the seizure of the cleared and burned land for cultivation. Later, improved roads afforded a market, and by means of the saw-mill yet another item of profit was taken from the wooded intervals and uplands. Following these came a tannery, and thus industry and enterprise branched out, so that from a summary of the town's manufactures compiled by Mr. D. C. Remich on the occasion of the centennial celebration in 1884, it appears that no less than twenty-five dis-



Residence of Hon. Edgar Aldrich.

tinct branches of industry have had a foothold here.

"Littleton is not, strictly speaking," says Mr. Remich, "and never was a manufacturing town; that is to say, the business and prosperity of the town do not depend, and never have, upon its manufacturing interests alone. Because of its situation it has been a commercial center of importance, and it has large and valuable agricultural resources. For these reasons it has not been materially affected by depressions in any particular branch of industry. Owing to the division of capital and business the progress of the town has been much more rapid and continuous than it otherwise would have been,



Kilburn Stereoscopic View Factory.

and there has been no long and serious depression in its manufacturing interests such as have affected other communities, because if one man failed there were others arising from its commercial, professional, or

agricultural classes ready to step into his shoes and prosecute the business, or start something else in its place equally beneficial to the community."

And, Mr. Remich might have added, the town has been fully as keen in fol-



Lizzie (Kilburn) Remich.



Daniel C. Remich

lowing the development of its moral nature as its commercial or industrial advantages. Littleton was incorporated with none of the old-time, royal-charter requirements looking toward the establishment of schools and the settling of a



Henry F. Green.

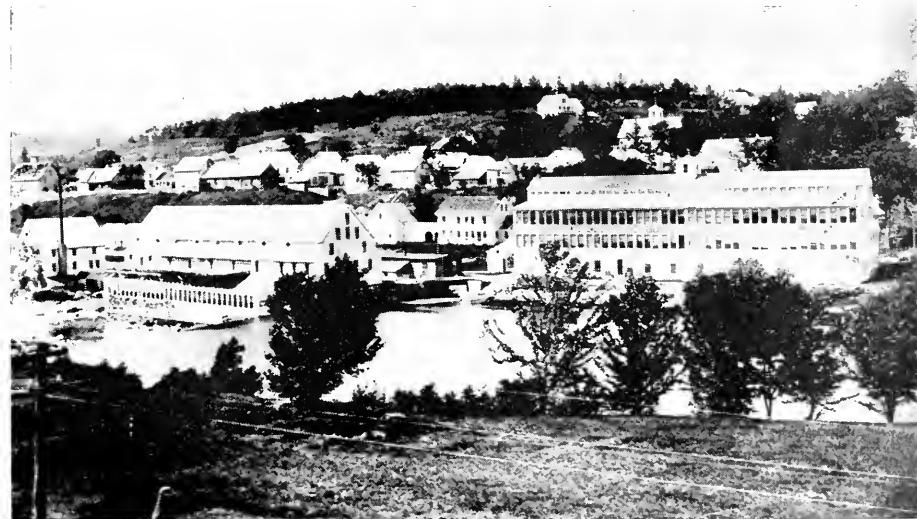
minister; and, as we have already seen, the first settlers were in no condition to lend any considerable financial favor to either proposition, yet they began to pay appropriate attention to both as soon as their means allowed, and in 1791 the town voted to hire preaching for two months and also to raise sixteen bushels of wheat toward the support of schools, three districts being formed the next year. This was a small beginning,

but it was faithfully followed up, and in 1811, Moses Little, one of the original proprietors, gave two acres of land in the centre of the town for a meeting-house site, and the town voted \$200 toward the enterprise. In the same year in which the town voted to pay



Ira Parker.

\$200 toward building the church, another vote was taken under that head which was much more important and significant, September 11, 1811; it was



Ira Parker Glove Works.

*"Voted,* That each denomination of Christians shall have a right to occupy the meeting-house in proportion to the money they pay for building and repair-

of New Hampshire was in a turmoil over the issues of religious toleration, and the Toleration Act was not finally made law until 1819. Its principles



Judge Edgar Aldrich.



Hon. James W. Remick.

ing the same, so far that in that proportion each denomination have a right to put what preacher they please into the pulpit, and each person shall have a

were put in force at Littleton eight years earlier, and in the struggle to give to the state what she had voted herself the town was instrumental in that in



Hon. A. S. Batchellor.



Hon. William H. Mitchell.

right to choose to which denomination he will be considered as belonging."

At the time when the town of Littleton took this significant action the state

five successive elections the Rev. Dan Young, a Methodist preacher at Lisbon, was sent from this district to the state senate, and in that body he used his

powers solely to secure the passage of the Toleration Act. Had every town been as wise as this one the standing order would have met with fewer reproaches, political strife would have been lessened, and the judiciary of the time would have received and doubtless

a noted one. One of the earliest teachers in Littleton was Miss Melinda Rankin<sup>1</sup> who began here her consecrated life-work at the age of fourteen; later carrying the humanizing influences of religion and education into Mexico, being the first missionary to visit that



Hon. Harry Bingham. Hon. Edward F. Bingham. Hon. George A. Bingham.

merited less censure than it was their lot to undergo.

The sixteen bushels of wheat which were voted in aid of the first schools in Littleton proved wonderfully productive seed and have brought forth much more than an hundred fold. To the educational interests of the town have been devoted the energies of many of the foremost citizens, and among the officers and teachers have been numbered many

country. Mrs. L. M. Wilson, at one time superintendent of schools of the city of Des Moines, Ia., and now at the head of an important school for young ladies in Chicago, was also a teacher in the public schools of this, her native place, and here doubtless it was that she received the inspiration of the career which her profession afforded her. Mrs. E. M. Walton, a distinguished educator of the Pacific Coast, and a writer of no

<sup>1</sup> See GRANITE MONTHLY for April, 1894.



Residence of Ira Parker.

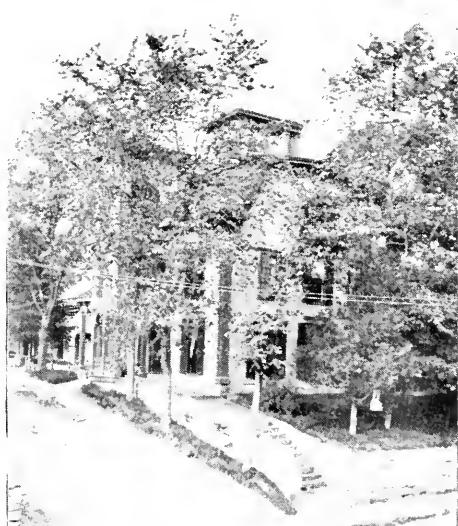
mean gifts, a native of Littleton, also saw service as a teacher here; and so did the Hon. William Heyward and Samuel B. Page, Esq., both destined later to rise to eminence in the law, a kindred profession. A high school was organized here in 1868, two years after a union school district was formed. The Rev. Charles E. Harrington, D. D., was the first principal, and his successors have been men of consecrated zeal and ability. The higher schools of the town are contained in the high school building which was built in 1868, a handsome and commodious structure, its tower containing a clock, the gift of Moses A. Dow, a Littleton boy.

Moses A. Dow was one of a notable group of natives of Littleton who achieved high success in journalistic ranks. He was born here in 1810 and learned the printer's trade. Before he was thirty he had established nine periodicals, all of which were failures; but when he was forty he founded the *Waverly Magazine*, which was at first a failure, but which later proved to be a stupendous success, netting Mr. Dow a fortune, a portion of his wealth going to the foundation of Dow Academy

in the neighboring town of Franconia.

Another editorial son of Littleton is Colonel Francis A. Eastman, who published the first paper in town, the *Ammonoosuc Reporter*, from that graduating to metropolitan editorial rooms and finally appearing in Chicago as an editor of the *Chicago Times* and as projector of the precursor of the present *Inter-Ocean*. In politics, as well, he was prominent and served in both branches of the Illinois legislature. President Grant's first appointment was that of Francis A. Eastman to be postmaster of Chicago. After these diversions in politics he returned to journalism, and prosperous sheets at Utica, N. Y., and at Los Angeles, Cal., attest that he has not lost his enthusiasm or ability.

In religious journalism the Rev. Nelson E. Cobleigh, D. D., LL. D., won great successes. He was born in Little-



Residence of Henry L. Tilton.

ton November 24, 1814, and prepared for the ministry of the Methodist church. From the pulpit he went to the professor's chair and thence to the presidency of a college. From here he went to the editorial desk of *Zion's Herald* and for three years was a brilliant and effective newspaper worker. He then was called to a college presidency in Tennessee and after five years of teaching he returned to journalism as editor of the *Methodist Advocate* at Atlanta, Georgia, and here he died in harness. In his denomination Dr. Cobleigh was held in the highest esteem, and in the General Conference of 1872 he received the vote of the southern delegates on every ballot for a bishop.

Rev. Enoch Merrill Pingree is another member of this group, he rising to the editorial function through the pulpit, having been a Universalist preacher of power and promise before turning his attention to the denominational press to which he was a decided ornament. His last work was on the *Star in the West*, published at Cincinnati, where he had



Residence of Hon. Harry Bingham.

also engaged in the ministerial profession earlier in life. A brother of his, George E. Pingree, was also at one time engaged in editorial work in Illinois.

To make an even half dozen, as a hustling huckster would put it, we will mention Edwin Azro Charlton, author of a more or less famous volume, "New Hampshire As It Is," and now editor of the *Brookhead* (Wisconsin) *Independent*.

The readers of this magazine will be interested to note that Mr. Henry H. Metcalf, the founder of THE GRANITE MONTHLY, began his newspaper work in Littleton, forsaking the law to engage in the work of establishing the *White Mountain Republic*, a sheet which gained for its editor the most favorable consideration, the excellence of his work leading him into fields of wider usefulness and greater favor, his editorial positions including the managing editorship of the *Manchester Union* and the *People and Patriot*. Mr. Metcalf's journalistic service has been long, important, and influential, and the people of Littleton have not lost memory of his early and creditable



Residence of Wm. J. Bellows.



Daniel J. Strain in his Studio.

ble endeavors among them. Nor has he forgotten the town where he was first encouraged in the career which has been so nobly pursued by him, the town, be it added, from among whose daughters he chose his wife.



James R. Jackson.

The *Republic-Journal* is the present successor of the *Republic*, and with the Littleton *Courier* it amply sustains the

high record of journalism in Littleton. The world of letters also recognizes another native of Littleton who has had an exceptional career. Frye W. Giles, after beginning a prosperous mercantile and business life here, early in the fifties removed to Kansas. He was one of a party who "pitched" on the present site of Topeka, and assisted in the construction of the first building in that city. It was a rude cabin, but the founders were building better than they knew. A picture of this served for the frontispiece of the history of the city, and Frye W. Giles, who rocked the cradle of the capital of Kansas, became the historian of the place.

Two recent contributions to religious literature have been made by natives of Littleton. "The Wonderful Counselor," published in 1892, is a compilation of and commentary on all the recorded sayings of the Lord Jesus by Rev. Henry B. Mead, M. A., and "Royal Help for Loyal Living" is a compilation by Martha Wallace Richardson, brought

out in 1893. Mrs. Richardson is a graduate of the female college at Tilton, residing at Lisbon, and Mr. Mead is a clergyman of the Congregational order residing in Connecticut and prominent in the work of the Society of Christian Endeavor.

Here, too, we should mention David Goodall, whose letters and historical reminiscences were published since his death, revealing a refined scholarship and rare descriptive powers.

Nor is this the only group of notables which this town affords, and what is noticeable here is that both sexes share in the honors which have come to Littleton natives. Miss Rankin, Mrs. Wilson, and Mrs. Walton have been named, and to them should be joined Mrs. Royal M. Cole, who with her husband found congenial work in the missionary field in Eastern Turkey, where their labors for

a score of years or more have been most efficient.

Mrs. Adaline Wallace Chadbourne is



Col. Benjamin H. Corning.

a native of Littleton who won repute as one of the foremost workers among



Ira Parker's Cucumber Ranch.

the ranks of army nurses during the late unpleasantness, her ardor for the cause drawing her into the work early in the war and continuing her in laborious and responsible positions until after the close of hostilities. The government, it is satisfactory to note, recognized Mrs. Chadbourne's worth, before her decease, by a substantial pension.

This is but a beginning. In every

profession, in all mercantile pursuits, the sons of the town or those who studied or began their work here overrun the high places. In the law is found Benjamin West Bonney, a member of the supreme court of New York, who was born here and who add-

ed to his other honors a position among the trustees of Dartmouth College. Judge Bonney was in the height of his career when he died in 1868.

The first lawyer in town was Joseph E. Dow, who was the father of Moses A. Dow, already recalled as a publisher and philanthropist. Mr. Dow was followed soon by others, and among them may be named the late Chief-Judge Henry A. Bellows, who began practice in Littleton and afterward removed to Concord whence he went upon the bench; the Hon. William Burns, who began here that brilliant legal career which lasted so many years; and the Rands, Edward D. and Charles W., who had an office here as well as at Lisbon until the partnership was broken by the elevation of the first-named to the bench.

Here that famous family of brothers, the Binghams, Harry, George, and Edward, began their legal work. Here the first of them rose to the head of his profession in the state and yet holds the position; here the second went



High School.



School—South Side.



Mills of the Littleton Lumber Company

twice to the highest bench in the state, and here he now is associated in active practice with his son; and from here the third went west where awaited him a seat on the circuit bench of Ohio,

also that Clinton Rowell, a prominent member of the St. Louis bar, first delved for legal honors. From the same stock is sprung the Hon. Jonathan Rowell, a member of congress from an Illinois district, though the latter's connection with the town is but a family affair.

From old Priest Goodall, a retired clergyman, who was one of the first settlers here, and was for a long period one



Charles C. Smith, President Board of Trade.

whence he was called to be chief-justice of the supreme court of the District of Columbia.

It was here that Judge E. P. Green of Akron, Ohio, a member of the circuit court of that state, studied; it was here



Henry H. Metcalf.



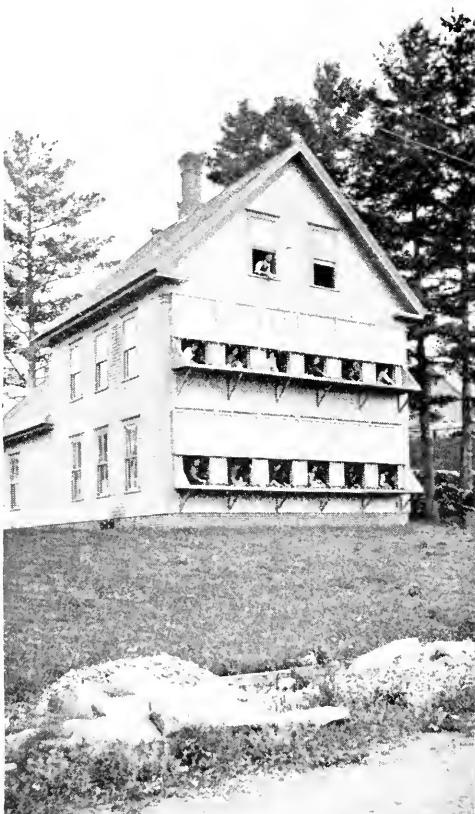
Littleton Public Library.

of the most prominent men in the politics and business affairs of the town, and the organizer of the first church,—from him were descended several able members of the legal profession, notably Ira Goodall of the old Bath firm of Woods & Goodall, and that latter-day saint, General Philip Carpenter, of New York city.

From a flourishing practice in Littleton it was that the Hon. Edgar Aldrich was called to preside over the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1885, and less than six years later he was commissioned to sit upon the United States bench for this district where he has won the golden opinions of his associates and the bar.

These men have had worthy successors, and among the present active practitioners of the town may be named the Hon. Albert S. Batcheller, who adds to the engrossing duties laid upon him by a numerous clientage the fascinating labor of editing the state papers, a task for which his fine, discriminating historical scholarship, his rare tact, his unriv-

aled patience, and his unfailing good sense have given him unusual qualifications. He is associated with that Nestor of the bar, the Hon. Harry Bingham, whose is by far the ablest legal mind now at the bar of New Hampshire, whose great powers have been felt in all the *causes célèbres* of a half century, whose political leadership has been the admiration of a series of campaigns, and whose mark is found upon the statute books for a half century. Added to these in the same firm is the Hon. William H. Mitchell, now solicitor of the county and a former member of the state senate, who supplements the attainments of his colleagues with knowledge no less accurate and valuable.



Bellows &amp; Sons Stereoscopic View Factory.

The Hon. James W. Remick, a member of the local bar, is likewise to be noted as having recently served a term as United States attorney for this district, an office in which he made an



Charles M. Tuttle, A. M., M. D.

honorable record and won the favor of the public.

The Littleton physicians of the last generation have nearly all completed their life work. Dr. Adams Moore, the most scholarly of them all, was a leading physician of his day and was well known in literature. He was the first town historian, and at his decease left good work on that subject only partially developed. Dr. Charles M. Tuttle was one of the boldest and most skilful all-round practitioners in northern New Hampshire. Dr. Bugbee had a wide reputation in conservative surgery, and Dr. Watson was an authority in many difficult lines of practice. Dr. William Burns, in the harness more than sixty years, the founder of a library intended to bear his name, and the principal patron and promoter of Burns Lodge of Free Masons, genial, benevolent, and progressive, was the worthy patriarch of the profession.

Dr. Sanger, lately president of the Homeopathic State association, is now the senior in years and practice. Of the regular school Dr. Moffett, a veteran of the war, lately surgeon of the Third Regiment of the New Hampshire National Guard, is the dean, and Dr. Page, Dr. McGregor, Dr. Beattie, Dr. Abbott, and Dr. Page, Jr., all are men who do honor to their calling.

The old church, too, has had its share in the notable array which a study of Littleton check-lists would evolve and the gospel has been of quite equal glory, honor, and immortality with the law. Drury Fairbank was the first settled pastor in the town. Priest Fairbank was a character. His theology was of the most pronounced type, and it was doubtless owing to his influence that the church for some years was styled by the irreverent "the ironworks." Priest Fairbank is reported to have been a noisy preacher. At any rate an old worthy of



Col. Henry L. Tilton.

the town one day met the parson and gravely informed him that his (the parishioner's) wife thought Priest Fairbank one of the best men in the world. "And so do I," he added, "but I'd



Grange Hall.

rather hear a new saw mill than listen to you preach."

Priest Fairbank ministered to this people for sixteen years and was followed by two brothers, Evarts G. and Isaac R. Worcester, the first dying soon after his installation and the latter filling the pulpit for three years. After resigning his charge here Dr. Isaac R. Worcester became engaged in the work of the American Board and was a district secretary of the organization for two years; and was then for thirty years editor of the *Missionary Herald*.

Among other preachers of the Congregational order here was the Rev. George A. Gates, D. D., now president of Iowa State University, a somewhat peculiar feature of his ministry here being that he was refused installation because of his advanced theological views.

The Methodist church was early in evidence here, though its organ-

ization was not perfected earlier than a half century ago. Yet in that time its pulpit has been filled with many very able men, among them being Rev. Sullivan Holman, the first pastor; Rev. S. E. Quimby, afterward president of the seminary at Tilton; Rev. Dudley P. Leavitt, D. D., one of the most distinguished pulpiteers in his denomination; Rev. John Currier, that valiant old warrior of the church who served the house of representatives as chaplain during the memorable session of 1874; and Rev. M. V. B. Knox, D. D., now president of Wahpetan College, Dakota; Rev. J. E. Robins, a native of Littleton, was for some years presiding elder of his district, and is reckoned as among the most worthy divines in New Hampshire.

Since the establishment of a Free Baptist church here prosperity has attended it. Its ministers have all been faithful and respected men. The Rev. Granville C. Waterman, once a Littleton pastor, now of Providence, R. I., is a leader in the denomination. He has

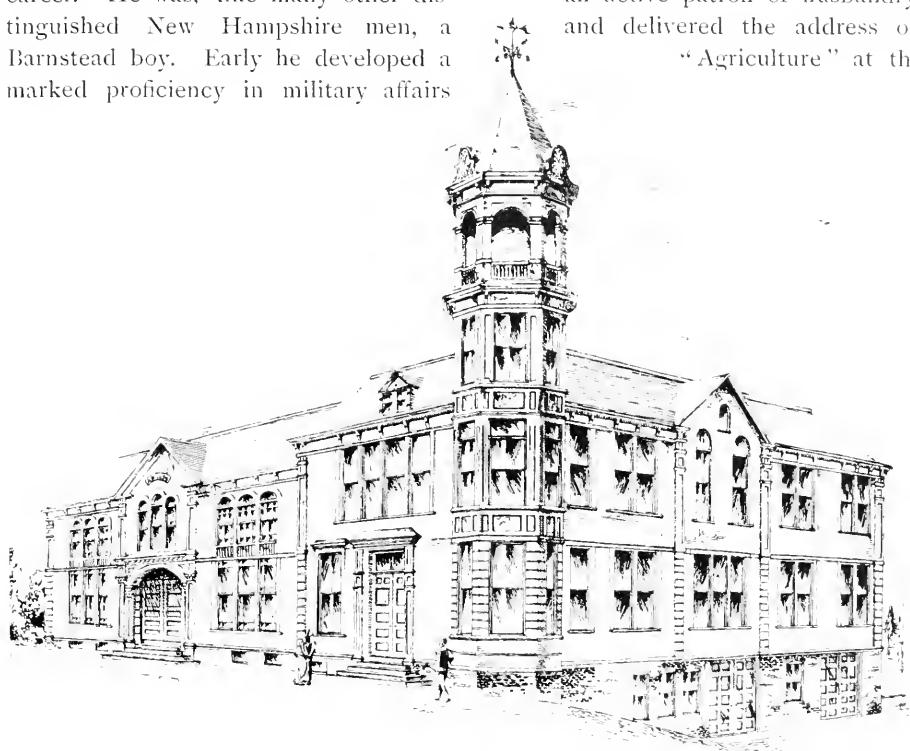


Granite Block.

been a delegate to the General Conference and is prominent in educational and missionary undertakings of the denomination.

The Rev. Francis H. Lyford, who died recently, passed through a checkered career. He was, like many other distinguished New Hampshire men, a Barnstead boy. Early he developed a marked proficiency in military affairs

Nothingism he returned to Democratic allegiance, became a Free Baptist minister, and forever eschewed politics. He was interested in agriculture, and was a specialist in horticulture. He wrote much on agricultural matters, was an active patron of husbandry, and delivered the address on "Agriculture" at the



The New Town Hall.

*Howard & Austin, Architects, Brockton, Mass.*

and was an authority on matters of discipline and tactics in the old militia establishment. He went west and was a lieutenant of Missouri volunteers in the army operating under Sterling Price against the Mormons. Returning to New Hampshire, he participated in the uprising of the American party, and was one of its leaders, being prominently mentioned for congressional and gubernatorial honors. He held the offices of city clerk of Manchester and railroad commissioner. In the passing of Know

Littleton centennial celebration, being then pastor of the Free Baptist church here.

From the Episcopal chancel here as second rector of All Saints church, the Rt. Rev. Anson R. Graves, D. D., now bishop of the Diocese of the Platte, ministered to a small but earnest flock who have numbered among their pastors some of the most devoted men in orders, notably the Rev. Lucius Waterman, D. D., who has but now resigned his charge in order to carry his gospel to a mission

field in the youngest of the cities of the state.

The Catholics, Advents, and Unitarians are well established here, the latter having reorganized after an interim



Hon. Henry A. Bellows.

of more than thirty years since the days when Henry A. Bellows was the chief supporter of their first efforts, and through the liberality of General Cruft of Bethlehem an attractive house of worship now gives a sense of permanency to their undertaking.

Before passing from the subject of the local church and clergy, it should be noted that two men who have since become distinguished were immigrants, first locating in Littleton and after some years among her people passing to professional and public life. These were Rev. Daniel Wise, D. D., widely known as a writer, both in his own name and under the *nom de plume* of Lawrence Lancewood, Esq., and Francis Forrester, Esq., and Rev. Hugh Montgomery, the most aggressive temperance advocate in the Methodist ministry. The former was once editor of *Zion's Herald* and many other periodicals, and his books have had an aggregate sale of more

than half a million copies. Mr. Montgomery while a Littleton farm laborer, as was the case with Dr. Wise when a Littleton school-master, pushed into the higher branches of academic study, and here both made their first attempts in ministerial work. Mr. Montgomery, in his autobiography, devotes an interesting chapter to reminiscences of his early experience in this town. If not sons these men may well be regarded as adopted sons of Littleton.

The Rankins were a prominent and numerous family in the early history of the town, but no representative of the name remains on the old sod. They were Scotch Presbyterians, originally immigrating from Glasgow. The most distinguished living descendant of the pioneer is the Rev. Jeremiah E. Rankin, D. D., LL. D., president of Howard University in Washington. Though born in Thornton, he recognizes his



Adams Moore, A. M., M. D.

sonship to Littleton in substantial ways and was the orator at her centennial.

All these church and school forces did not spring up at once, as my narrative may imply. They came along in turn and kept company with other

development. For example, the Methodist church and the railroad secured foothold here about simultaneously. What the church has done for the town is not easy to measure. Likewise it is difficult to say what the railroad has wrought in the community.

The iron horse had hard work to

and made it possible to grow cucumbers in January upon the snow-clad hills of Littleton at a profit.

But one of its chief labors here was with men, for it added a new profession to men's opportunities, and among those who were led into railroading here are Horace E. Chamberlin, now



Catholic Church and Parsonage.

reach here. Litigation and liens marked almost every length of rail. But once here the wonder has been how ever the town existed without it. It completely revolutionized life in Littleton. It put an end to the daily stages lumbering through the town and with them the old stage tavern passed away also—to be succeeded by handsome, modern summer resorts. It brought a market nearer,

superintendent of a division of the Boston & Maine railroad, who was an early station-agent at Littleton; and W. R. Brackett, now high in office with the same corporation, who was a telegraph operator here when the railroad was young in this community.

Colonel B. H. Corning, once superintendent of the White Mountain railroad and later with the Boston, Con-



Congregational Church.

cord & Montreal, in a like capacity, had much to do with railroading in Littleton and indeed in the whole north country. Since retiring from railroad life he has made his home here, and devotes his activities to the conduct of large business interests and the discharge of numerous trusts.

In this connection it must be recalled that the late Sylvester Marsh, projector, inventor, and builder of the Mount Washington railroad, was residing in Littleton when his famous mechanism was perfected and the road was built.

In the kindred work of telegraphy Littleton's most promising son is Fred O. Nourse, general traffic chief of the Western Union Telegraph Co., at New York, his first dallying with the subtle fluid having been in the local telegraph office at Littleton.

With the advent of the railroad the Littleton of to-day came rapidly into view, though the simplification of industry which to-day presents itself was a matter of some years' growth. Littleton to-day is almost an industrial anomaly. It has but three genuine products—gloves, lumber, and stereoscopic views—and in these Ira Parker, Charles Eaton, and B. W. Kilburn are the leading spirits. With these three industries, and in such hands, Littleton need never worry. Integrity and sagacity, combined with a superiority of product which cannot be decried, have placed these industries in Littleton beyond fear of severe depression and collapse.

These do not, of course, sum up the employment of the nearly four thousand people who live in Littleton. There are the usual small enterprises which abound in New England, a bobbin mill, a carriage shop, a soap factory, a saw-mill, and a set of mill-stones, and behind all these



Rev. George A. Gates, D. D.

is the agricultural interest, which here attains huge dimensions.

Littleton is a beautiful town. On its hillsides, rising from the business street, cluster the homes of its citizens, all of

them comfortable, many of them handsome and luxurious. Towering above these stands the school-house, and beyond that three summer hotels of note, the Oak Hill House, the Chiswick



Rt. Rev. Anson R. Graves, D. D.

Inn, and The Maples, open their hospitable doors. On the heights, too, stands the Grand View. Another, the Mountain View, is lower down and on the street itself stands Thayer's, a model hostelry now in the second generation of a family of bonifaces, for "Dad" has gone to his long home, which, if it is as good as that which he offered to the travelling public for forty years, is a "glad fruition."

Two bygone stage taverns also ornament the street, one of them, after a continuous life of usefulness as a hotel since 1827, now about to be given over as a tenement house, following the fate of the other, the Old Granite, which has long since been wedded to the idols of four room flats, a mighty fall since the days when Harriet Martineau stopped there and was read a lesson in manners by the landlord's daughter who also waited upon the table.

With its seven churches, its fine business blocks, its solid banks, the monu-

ment to the labors and sagacity of several solid local financiers and the successors to Colonel H. L. Tilton's private banking house, its public library, its new town building, its annual session of a United States court, its fine passenger station, its excellent water-supply, its electric lights, and its growing sewerage system, the Littleton of to-day takes a place in the front rank of New England towns.

And these are merely some of the physical evidences of the community's worth. The aesthetic evidences are equally imposing. Art and music have received special attention here. There is a local development worthy of note.

Daniel J. Strain, who was born here, now stands at the head of portrait painters in New England, though his facile brush has brought him into prominence in other branches of art, and "the line" of more than one exhibition of the first rank has been adorned with his work, while on the walls of the Paris salon his canvases have made



Free Baptist Church



Methodist Church.

frequent appearance, sometimes with triumph.

Geo. A. Clark is a master in his line of commercial drawing, and is the reliable artist of the Rand-Avery Company of Boston. He was born here in the sixties, and his career is before him.

Mrs. Ellen B. Farr has made a success of painting in fruit and flowers, and has a good market for her work. In amateur lines George H. Tilton, Stella B. Farr, Lillian Sanger, Mrs. Flora Hatch, and Mrs. Louise Aldrich have very good products of their own skill.

Here Weisman of Franconia has his best customers, and Edward Hill's gems of mountain scenery are on the walls of many Littleton drawing rooms. From Littleton Richard Taft sent Johnson's "Old Man of the Mountain" as a gift

to the state, and his widow has here a valuable collection of paintings of mountain subjects which the Tafts have gathered in later years.

The works of the masters of modern painting are numerous in B. W. Kilburn's collection, and many struggling painters have had his timely help to place them on vantage ground in their profession.

The history of the Littleton Musical Association is unique. It has existed a quarter of a century, and has never failed to hold a successful annual winter convention. It is strong financially and a permanent institution. No similar instance of musical persistence is on record in this state.

Martha Dana Shepard has been the pianist of this convention for twenty-five consecutive years, and Carl Zerrahn is its patron saint.

Another flourishing musical organization is the Saranac Band, now under the direction of Mr. George H. Wilder, a composer and performer of high repute.



Rev. J. E. Rankin, D. D., LL. D.



Advent Church.

In this connection one will notice the extensive system of parks which this town can cite, as physical and aesthetic evidences of its merit. With a liberal expenditure of town's money two parks have been inaugurated, one of them supplemented by the lavish generosity of Mr. B. W. Kilburn who has made of "The Dells," an adjoining tract, one of the garden spots of the earth. To these will be added Riverside Park, the property of Colonel H. L. Tilton, which is, however, open to the public free, and Parker Mountain where an admission fee gives access to an observatory of wide range. Upon the slope of this mountain are Mr. Ira Parker's extensive greenhouses, whence "Saranac cukes" go in mid-winter to the tables of metropolitan gourmets.

Nor have I yet told the whole. To aid in enlivening existence here is a full quota of secret societies, among

them the Grand Army of the Republic taking a prominent place, by reason of the bravery of Littleton soldiers, if for nothing else, among the defenders of their country from here being Major Evarts W. Farr, the first volunteer from the town, who left an arm on the battlefield and who afterward in the strifes of civil life yielded up his existence through the exhaustion of a campaign which had just triumphantly re-elected him to congress. And Captain William Adams Moore,

another of Littleton's boys in blue, belongs to the world by reason of his immortal gallantry on the bloody and impassable heights of Fredericksburg when the colors of his regiment were rescued only



Unitarian Church.

after a rampart of fallen heroes had been tumbled at the foot of the staff.

Through the town flows the Ammonoosuc, and its western boundary is the mighty Connecticut. I watched the Ammonoosuc once as I stood on a Littleton hillside, and I thought of its tiny source, its struggles and dashes, its leaps and bounds, as it sped away seaward. I saw its placid flow between its narrow banks as it entered the intervalle along which Littleton lies. And to me they seemed alike, the town and the river, obscure at first, struggling over rough



Congregationalist Parsonage.

roads to their goal; but at the last peacefully, tranquilly moving on, full of power and life, a vital influence through the whole land.



The Dells.

## HAPPINESS.

*By George Bancroft Griffith.*

Like sunshine-bound harvest sheaves,  
Joy is in every spul that breathes :  
With others its reflecting ray  
Share, and with thee 't will longer stay.

## HON. CORNELIUS COOLEDGE.

*By Sarah M. Bailey.*

In the northwestern part of Hillsborough stands a typical New England homestead, built of brick, a wide-spread, rambling home. Upon this farm, which lies at the foot of Stow's mountain, Cornelius Cooledge was born Oct. 11, 1828. His parents were Lemuel and Lucy Keyes Cooledge. The family cradle had done its duty by eight little ones before he came to occupy it and be lulled to sleep by the busy, hard-working mother.

At that time there was no road leading past the house, and it was no unusual sight to see this mother take an infant upon a horse and go through lane and pasture "across lots" to the "Baird" road, letting down the bars as she went, thence to the neighbors or the store.

As he was the last to enter this family of children, so he was the last to leave the old homestead, where he had spent nearly all the sixty-seven years of his life, and where he died, June 6, 1894. He was buried beside his children upon the hilltop in the East Washington cemetery, June 10. His brother Masons from Harmony lodge were in attendance, also many members of the Masonic fraternity from the adjoining towns. Over his grave they performed the rites of Masonic burial, so dear to his heart.

He was widely known, and the day following his death a leading editor paid this tribute to his memory: "He has gone, a statesman, a patriot. An honest man has left us. His compeers and personal friends, whom he counted by scores and hundreds, will not forget his

loving, noble example. He was a good man, and his memory will long be cherished by a host of friends all over our grand and good old state, which he loved so well, and which in return was proud to do him honor. He was liberal-minded, sympathetic, and generous



Hon. Cornelius Cooledge.

to a fault, ready at all times to perform a friendly act, and with no desire to parade the circumstance. He seemed to enjoy doing right because it was right. During his career he was entrusted with large business and financial interests, and the breath of suspicion never rested upon any of his private or public acts.

"He was of commanding appearance, a robust person, of almost giant proportions. In him were happily combined strict integrity, great executive ability, sound judgment, and a cheerful disposition. In every sense of the word he

was an honest, large-hearted, affable man, who made friends wherever he went."

While Mr. Cooledge possessed a strong will, his heart was tender and his affections strong and deep, lasting through the storms and sunshine that come to us all in this life. The hearty, cordial grasp of his big hand has spoken louder than words could have done of sympathy and helpfulness to many a sorrow-laden heart. No one appealed to his heart or his purse in vain; so long as any one needed his assistance, he gave it unsparingly.

When a mere child the present homestead was built by his father (the old home stood just across the road), and in the living room a huge fireplace was built. Its deep, clean sides and roomy proportions suggested "play-house" to the childish mind of Cornelius, and while the carpenters were busy in another room he gathered about him bits of board, brick, long, curling, shining shavings, and retiring into this cavernous retreat was enjoying his new play-house with a true pleasure, almost unknown to children of the present day, when the harsh tones of the head carpenter bade him "Get out of that and go home," while the rough hands tore down his cob house of sticks, pulled his silvery shavings from their fastenings, and scattered his kingdom, where he was reigning so peacefully, broadcast. "I can never tell," said he, "how those words and actions cut me to the heart. I pity myself when I think how my child heart ached, and how sorrowfully I obeyed his command and went across the road to tell mother. They were the first harsh words I remember, and I never forgot them through all these sixty years. I think the remembrance of that uncalled-for harshness has

served to make me more considerate of a child's feelings all my life."

Through the early years of his life he stayed upon the farm, attending district school in winter and assisting about the farm work in summer and fall. The same routine that blesses many a lad's life,—they think it dull and unimportant, yet it often forms the first rounds of the ladder upon which in later years they mount to heights such as in childhood they never dreamed existed.

Give a child the freedom of the hill-side pasture, the garden, the meadow, and the barn; teach them kindness to all things: teach them that God is seen in every blossoming flower and tiny grass blade, that they can come close to the giver of all good, living close to nature, and you have given them a better foundation for a noble life than any city or village streets afford. Ask our business men throughout the country if their life is not the richer for these childhood memories.

When sixteen years old Mr. Cooledge went into business in Boston, thence to Clinton, Mass., in a store, where he remained until 1849. He had now reached his twenty-first birthday, and being as the term goes, a free man, began to think upon the future and to map out his work. It was in this year that the excitement over the discovery of gold mines in California was creating such a fever in the minds of young and old throughout the country. Young men full of ambition and eager for fame or wealth felt that the surest way to these lay across the continent.

The fever swept like wildfire through the Eastern states, attacking young men with a fervor that was irresistible; they closed their eyes and ears to the attractions and affections of home surroundings, buckled on their armor, and

were off for that far away, almost unknown land. California was a great way off in 1849, at least it must have seemed so before transportation across the continent was made as easy as now.

Mr. Cooleedge sailed from Boston Jan. 11th, in the good barque Oxford, going by the way of Cape Horn; he arrived

wards opened a trading post at Murderer's Bar, on the North fork of the American river. For six years he continued his labors as an earnest, patient miner, a prudent, thrifty business man, and gained not only a fine property but much valuable information from his varied experiences. In company with



The Cooleedge Homestead.

in San Francisco August 21 of that memorable year, after a protracted voyage of 222 days from port to port. On the voyage he made friends with others outward, goldward bound like himself. Some of these friendships lasted through life, and within the last few years they have partaken of each others' hospitality, never wearying of relating those early days of hardship and exposure. The first nugget of gold Mother Earth gave into his eager hands was dug at Mormon island, and is still treasured to-day by one who loves him.

In the fall of his first year in that wild country Mr. Cooleedge began business in Sacramento, and shortly after-

others he undertook the immense task of turning the course of a branch of the river at Murderer's Bar, for the purpose of mining in the bed of the river. Money was needed, and so confident were these men of the success of their undertaking and so sanguine of the results that a good share of their hard earned money found its way into the enterprise.

The work was successfully accomplished, the river bed was ready for the miner's spade that was to bring to the light of day the treasures supposed to be hidden beneath the river bed, and to these young men a greater wealth. When lo! a great freshet carried away

the dam, taking their hopes, their hard earnings, and their brilliant expectations in a torrent of rushing waters away to the ocean. The work of months, the earnings of years, alike were swept away. Nothing daunted these brave young men grasped their spades and began again, Mr. Cooleedge with the rest, and in time he returned to New England not the rich man he once had been, but with purses of gold that spoke well for his energy. He came at once to his native state, where he has since resided.

When the association known as the "California Pioneers of New England" was formed Mr. Cooleedge joined it, and as the years went by he became more and more constant at their annual festival, feeling that the members were each year growing less.

At the foot of Lovell's mountain, in East Washington, nestled a cottage home, beneath a wide-spread elm : beside it, singing and dancing over rocks and through mosses, ran, aye, and still runs, singing the same old song, a noisy, gleesome brook. In this cottage, and beside this babbling brook, beneath the shadow of this mountain, Sarah N. Jones was born. With her brother and sisters she played beside this rushing stream through infancy, childhood, and youth, until its musical voice seemed a part of their being. When the time came for leaving the home nest, which had sheltered them so happily, all except Sarah went west, to return on occasional visits to be welcomed by the old music (the thought of which had caused some homesick hours), and to rest again upon the broad, flat stones and play in the water, as in days gone by. They told their children stories of this wonderful brook, until they, too, loved its merry music.

The old home has passed into other hands: the family are scattered; yet the brook seems saying,—

" For men may come and men may go,  
But I go on for ever."

In July, 1855, Mr. Cooleedge claimed Sarah N. Jones as his bride. They began life together under the same roof where he died. Thus their book of life was opened, and upon its pages have been traced much of joy and much of pain. Two sons and a daughter came to bless their home, and grew to manhood and womanhood. Bright fires have burned in the brick fireplace in the living room, with a generous "back log" and a "forestick" that has warmed many a benumbed hand. Many children have played about its warmth, or in the sunshine resting upon the broad door-stone. The great, strong arm of "Uncle Neelus" has carried many a child, and upon his broad breast they have rested in safety. His own children were joined by the nieces and nephews in their love for him. As youth and maiden they found the same kind welcome. As the years rolled by which took them into active life as men and women, they never ceased to love the home among the mountains, and were always sure of a warm spot in his heart and at his hospitable board. The eldest son went west, into business; the daughter married, and found a home in Colorado: the youngest son, Paul J. Cooleedge, who was known to many who read this sketch, formed business relations in Boston, that he might be near his parents in their old age. In 1885 the eldest son died, and in just five years to a day the youngest son was laid beside his brother, in the narrow home in the hillside cemetery. Between them lay their sister, brought back from her Colorado home to rest in her native

state. Heavy indeed fell the blow upon the white-haired parents.

Cornelius Cooleedge was a staunch Democrat, having the courage of his convictions, and never seeking shelter when the contest grew fierce. He was ever found in the front ranks of his party, doing good work. To him a bribe would have been an insult: his political principles were founded upon a rock, and no wind, from whichever quarter it blew, could shake him. The people of his state and town knew and appreciated his worth, his executive ability, and sound judgment. This was proved by the positions of trust which he was called by them to hold. He was elected moderator of town meeting for seventeen years. He represented his town in the legislature in 1864-'65; was a member of the state senate, 1882-'84; delegate to the constitutional convention in 1876. For eleven years he was found a faithful selectman, and it was not until the political sentiment of the town changed that he missed reëlection. To him fell the task of settling many estates, and his advice was constantly being sought in legal matters.

He owned a large farm under a good state of cultivation; progressive, he was ever ready to try new methods of

farming, and made the needs of the land for the various crops a careful study. Out upon the hill pastures he herded large quantities of young cattle, which, when sold, yielded him a good income. The products of his sugar orchard have been tested a thousand miles from the maple grove on the hillside.

In this progressive age, when men of note and men who never attain prominence are crowding forward toward their highest aim in life, either in business, political positions, literary fame, or pleasure, it is very remarkable how this quiet, unpretending man, without any effort upon his part, became known throughout his native state as a large-hearted, clear-headed man of business, a statesman of no little note in the state of his birth.

That he held no position of trust in higher places, that he was not found in broader fields, was in no way due to lack of ability, but that his quiet life upon the farm had more attraction than the crowded, hurrying world: for him the heart of the woods held more treasures than the heart of the city. The mountains all about him were his friends, and his broad chest inhaled their pure air with all the pride of a nobleman. Truly he has been called one of nature's noblemen.

#### AT THE END.

*By Ida G. Adams.*

Life lies behind.

The portals of the unseen country stand ajar;  
We wait the summons, which is sure to come,  
With keenest sense of what we really are.

The battle 's o'er.

With waning strength we lay our weapons down:  
Our scars are many, and our wounds are sore,  
Yet have we failed to gain the victor's crown.

We "might have been—"

Ah, what we might have been, God only knows!  
We might have been the heroes we are not,  
We might have conquered all our earthly foes.

Our fate is sealed.

As we are now so pass we surely on ;  
The tide of time for us is at its ebb,  
Our chances both for good and ill are gone.

Our book is closed.

Its pages written o'er are hid from sight ;—  
Too late for changes or erasures now,  
Too late one last redeeming line to write !

This is the end.

We say "Good-bye, To-day," and greet the morrow :  
With hope, that, spite of failure and of sin,  
Joy may be ours at last as well as sorrow.

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## THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A DOMESTIC STORY OF THE FORTIES.

*By Jonas Lie.*

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

### IX.

The captain had had a genuine drive in the service ever since summer, when he and the lieutenant visited the storehouse for the tents, at the same time with the arsenal and the guns in the levying districts. Then the military exercises, and finally now the meeting of the commissioners of conscription. There had been tolerable lively goings-on at the inn in the principal parish the last two or three evenings with the army doctor, the solicitor Sebelow, tall Buchholtz, Dorff the sheriff's officer, and the lieutenants.

But the result was splendid in so far as that, instead of the bay horse, he was

now driving home with a fine three- or four-years-old in the carriage, with a white star on the forehead and white stockings that almost promised to be a match for Svarten if—if—it was not a bolter.

It had just now, when the old beggar-woman rose up from the ditch by the wayside, shown something in the eyes and ears which it certainly had concealed during all the three days of the session. He had at last even shot over its head to test him, without so much as the horse giving a start.

It would be too mean, after the doctor and First Lieutenant Dunsack had

been unanimously of the same opinion as he about the beast, and he, besides, had given the horse-dealer twenty-five dollars to boot.

But now he trotted off with the carriage very steadily and finely. The little inclination to break into a canter was only unmannerness and a little of coltish bad habits which stuck to him still, and would disappear by driving.

Great-Ola has not had a steadier horse in the stall by the side of Svarten, nevertheless—

“ You shall be an old horse in my barn ; do you understand, you young Svarten ? shall go to the city in pairs with your uncle—in the city carriage for Inger —

“ There now, you beast—of a—dog [swip—swish—swip—swish]. I shall teach you to drop your bad habits, I shall.

“ Whoa ! ” he thundered. “ There ! there ! ”

There was a whole train of gay fellows who were standing, talking, shouting, and drinking in the road outside of the gate to the Bergset farm.

At the sight of the captain’s well-known form they made way for him, greeting him politely. They knew that he had been far away, and the men, who had gone to the mustering, had just returned to the farms round about, yesterday and to-day.

“ True, isn’t it, Halvor Hejen ? a lively colt—still, rather young.”

“ Maybe, captain. Fine, if he isn’t skittish,” replied the one spoken to.

“ What is going on here—auction by Ole Bergset ? ”

“ Yes ; that Bardon, the bailiff, is busy with the hammer in the room in there.”

“ So, so, Solfest Staale ! ” he said, winking to a young man, “ do you believe there is anything in that Laes

Oeverstadsbraekken courting the widow here ? Their lands lie very fine.”

There came an ill-concealed amusement on the countenances of those standing about. They guessed what the captain was at. It was the rival he was speaking to.

“ There is not any cow for sale that is going to calve in the fall, I suppose ? ”

There might be, they thought.

“ Hold my horse a little while, Halvor, while I go and talk a little with the bailiff about it.”

There was a crowd of people in the house, and the captain was greeted by one knot after another of noisy talking folk, men and women, lads and girls, among whom the brandy bottle was diligently circulating, until he got into the room where the sale was going on.

There sat Bardon in the crowded, steaming room, calling over and over again, with his well known, strong, husky voice, threatening with the hammer, giving utterance to a joke, finally threatening for the last, last time, until with the law’s blows he nailed the bid firmly forever down on the top of the table. They made way for the captain as he came.

“ Are you also so crazy to allow your wife to go to the auction, Martin Kvale ? ” he said, joking to an important fellow with silver buttons on his coat, as he passed by.

Out on the gallery stood the handsome Guro Granlien with a crowd of other young girls.

“ Oh, Guro ! ” he said, chucking her under the chin, “ that Bersvend Vaage has come home from the drill. He was in a brown study and wholly lost his wits, the fellow, and so I had to put him in the dungeon : you are too hard on him, Guro.” He nodded to the snickering girls.

Guro looked with great, staring eyes at the captain. How could he know that?

The captain knew the district in and out, forwards and backwards, as he expressed it. He had an inconceivably keen scent for contemplated farm trades, weddings, betrothals, and anything of that kind that concerns young people. Guro Granlien was not the first girl who opened her eyes wide on that account. He got a great deal out of his five subalterns, but by no means the least was to be found in his own always alert interest in these things.

And when, to-day, he made the little turn-up to the place of the auction, the reason was far less the "autumn cow," than his lively curiosity for the new things that might have happened during his long absence.

Therefore it was not at all unwelcome to him when the widow came out and invited him into the "other room," where he must at least have a drop of ale before he left the farm.

He was curious to get her on the confessional as to the possibility of a new marriage, and also had the satisfaction, after a half hour's confidential chat, of having won from her confidence the whole of the real and true condition of her thoughts about herself and the farm.

No one cheated him any longer about that affair,—the widow of Bergset was to retain undivided possession of the estate of the deceased and—not marry. But she was anxious not to let it come out: she wanted to be courted, of course,—as a good match in the district, naturally.

The captain understood it very well: it was sly.

Something must also be said about something else at last, and so Randi, in

the spirit of what had been said, added,—

"And the sheriff, who is going to marry again."

"So?"

"They say he is a constant visitor at the house of Scharfenberg, the solicitor. Very likely it is the youngest daughter, eh?"

"Do n't know. Good by, Randi."

He went quickly, so that his spurs rattled, and his sable flapped under his coat, down to his horse without looking to the right or left or speaking to any one. He pressed his shako more firmly down on his forehead before he got into the cariole.

"Thanks, Halver. Give me the reins. There your ——"

He gave the young Svarten, that began with some capers, a taste of the whip, and off he went with tight reins at full trot, so that the fence posts flew like drum sticks past his eyes.

In the quiet, hazy autumn day the cattle here and there were out on the highway.

A pig provoked him by obstinately running before the cariole.

"There, take care to get your stumps out of the way!"

It ended with a little cut on its back.

"See there! there is a beast of a cow lying in the middle of the road," he broke out with his lips firmly pressed together.

"Well, if you won't get up, then you are welcome to stay! If you please—I am stupid also, drive on."

The bitterness took full possession of him, and he would have firmly allowed the wheel to go over the animal's back, if the latter had not risen up quickly at the last moment, so near that the captain's cariole was half raised up, while

it grazed and was within an ace of being upset.

"H'm, h'm," he mumbled, somewhat brought to his senses as he looked back upon the object of his missed revenge.

"So, so—off, I say, you black knacker—if you once peep back again in that way I will kill you! Ha, ha, ha! If you run, you will still find a hill, my good friend."

He had had a tremendous headache all day; but it was not that which annoyed him—that he knew.

And when he came home, where they were expecting father to-day in great suspense after his long absence, he was black in the face.

"There, Ola! curry the horse—dry him with a wisp of straw first—take good care of him—put a blanket on his back: do you hear? I only drove the fellow a little towards the hill."

Great-Ola looked at the captain and nodded his head confidently as he led the horse and carriage away from the stairs; there was surely something; the captain had got cheated again with this new nag.

"Good day, Ma—good day!" and he kissed her hastily. "Yes, I am quite well."

He took off his cloak and shako. "Oh, can't you let Marit take the trunk and the travelling bag so that they need n't stand there on the steps any longer?"

"Oh, yes; it has been tiresome enough," as he evaded rather coldly Thinka's attentions. "Put the sabre on the peg, and carry the bag up to my chamber."

He himself went first up to the office to look at the mail, and then down to the stable to see how Great-Ola had treated Svarten.

There was something the matter with father; that was clear!

Ma's face, anxiously disturbed, followed him here and there in the doorways, and Thinka glided in and out without breaking the silence.

When he came in the supper table was spread—herring salad, decorated with red beets and slices of hard boiled eggs, and a glass of brandy by the side of it—and then half salted sour trout and a good bottle of beer.

Father was possibly not quite insensible, but extremely reticent. You could absolutely get only words of one syllable in answer to the most ingeniously conceived questions!

"The sheriff is going to marry again, they say; it is absolutely certain!" he let fall at last, as the first agreeable news he knew from the outer world: "Scharfenberg's youngest."

The remark was followed by deep silence even if a gleam of perfect contentment glided over Thinka's face and she busied herself with eating. They both felt that his ill humor came from this.

"That man can say that he is lucky with his daughters,—Bine just in a parsonage, and now Andrea the sheriff's wife! Perhaps you can get a position there, Thinka, when you need it some day, as governess for the children, or housekeeper; she won't be obliged to do more in the house than just what she pleases, she can afford it."

Thinka, blushing to the roots of her hair, kept her eyes on her plate.

"Yes, yes, Ma, as you make your bed you must lie in it in this world."

No more was said before Thinka cleared off the table, when ma apologetically exclaimed,—

"Poor Thinka!"

The captain turned towards her on

the floor with his fingers in the arm-holes of his vest and blinked indignantly at her.

"Do you know! After the parasol and the one attention after the other which he has taken the pains to show all summer, if she could have shown the man a bit of thanks and friendliness other than she has—it would not have gone so at all, if I had been at home!"—it began to get something near a peal of thunder—"But I think it is a flock of geese that I have here in the house, and not grown-up women who look out a little for themselves. Andrea Scharfenberg didn't let herself be asked twice, not she!" he said, walking out again when Thinka came in: he did not care if she did hear it.

Ma gazed somewhat thoughtfully at him, while in the days which followed they petted and coddled him in every way, to make father a little brighter. And Thinka in the midst of her quiet carefulness cast her eyes down voluntarily, when he groaned and panted in this way.

He did not go out any farther than to look after the young Svarten.

This horse had fever in one hoof to-day after the new shoeing. It was a nail which had been driven in too far by that blockhead of a smith. It must come out.

The captain stood silently looking on in his favorite position, with his arms on the lower half of the stable door, while Great-Ola, with the hind leg of the young Svarten over his leg was performing the operation of extraction with the smith tongs. The animal was good natured and did not so much as move his leg.

"O-o-ola" came hoarsely, half smothered.

Great-Ola looked up.

"Good Lord!" if the captain did not sink slowly down, while he still held on the stable door, right on the dung!

Ola looked a moment irresolutely at his master, dropping the horse's foot. Then he took the stable pail and spattered some water into his face until he once more manifested a little life and consciousness.

He then held the pail to his mouth.

"Drink, drink, captain! Don't be afraid. It is only the result of all that drilling and pleasuring. It is just as it is when one has kept up a wedding festivity too long—my brother!"

"Help me out, Ola! There, let me lean on you gently, gently. Ah, it does one good to breathe—breathe" as he stopped.

"Now it's over, I believe. Yes, entirely over, nothing more than a half fainting spell.

"Just go with me a little bit, Ola, as a matter of precaution.

"H'm, h'm, that goes well enough. Yes, yes, I have no doubt it is the irregular-like life the whole of the autumn.

"Go and call my wife. Say I am up in the chamber. I can manage the stairs bravely."

There was no little fright.

This time it was the captain who was at ease and turned it off, and ma who without authority sent a messenger off. If the army surgeon was not at home, then he must go to the district doctor.

When the army surgeon, Rist, came, and had received at the door ma's anxious explanations that Jaeger had a slight shock, for the calming of the house he delivered a humorous lecture.

It was wholly a question of degree. The man who drank only so much that he stammered, suffered from paralytic palsy of the tongue—and in this way

every blessed man that he knew was a paralytic patient. This was only a congestion not uncommon among full blooded people.

Jaeger himself was in fact so far over it that he demanded the toddy tray in the evening—true enough, only an extremely light dose for his part! But cock and bull stories from the encampment and about Svarten in the clouds of smoke, and with constant renewals of the thin essence till half past one in the morning.

—There was a roaring in the stove on one of the following forenoons, while the captain sat in his office chair, and wrote so that his quill pen sputtered.

As usual at this time of the year, after his long absence, there was a great multitude of things to be disposed of. Thea's Norwegian grammar was lying on the green table by the door; she had just finished reading, and was heard humming outside on the stairs.

There was a noise on the stairs, and ma showing some one the way up “that way—to the captain.”

There was a knocking at the door.

“Good day, my man! Well?”

It was an express from the sheriff—in Sunday dress—with a letter. It was to be given to the captain himself.

“What? Is there to be an answer? Well, well? Yes, go down to the kitchen and get a little something to eat and a dram.”

“H'm, h'm,” he mumbled and threw the letter written on letter paper and fastened with a seal down on his desk, while in the mean time, he took a turn up and down the floor. “Notice of the betrothal I suppose,—or, perhaps, an invitation to the wedding.”

Opening it he read it standing up—eagerly running it over hastily—a cursed

long introduction!—over that—over that—quite to the third page.

“Well, there it comes!”

He struck the back of his hand in which he held the letter with a resounding shout into the other, and then seated himself—

“Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes?”

He snapped his fingers, once, twice, three times, in a brown study, scratched his head behind his ear and then slyly up under his wig.

“No, we shall see,—we shall see!”

“And that nonsense about Scharfenberg.” He rushed to the door and jerked it open; but bethought himself and walked on tiptoe to the stairs.

“Who is there in the hall—you, Thea?”

The little square-built, brown-eyed Thea flew up the stairs.

“Tell ma to come up,” he said nodding.

Thea looked up at her father: there was something out of the ordinary course about him.

When ma came in he walked about with the letter behind his back, clearing his throat. There was the suitable predominant seriousness about him which the situation demanded.

“I have got a letter, Ma,—from the sheriff!—Read!—or shall I read?”

He stood leaning against the desk, and went through its three pages, period by period, with great moderation, till he came to the point, then he hurled it out so that it buzzed in the air, and hugged ma wildly.

“Well, well!—what do you say, ma? Take a trip when we want to go down to our son-in-law!”

He rubbed his hands.

“It was a real surprise, ma,—h'm, h'm,” he began, again clearing his throat. “It is best that we ask Thinka

to come up and tell her the contents—do n't you think?"

"Y-es," said ma huskily, having turned to the door; she could see no help or escape for her any more, poor girl!

The captain walked up and down in the office waiting. He had the high-spirited, dignified, paternal expression which is completely absorbed in the importance of the moment.

But where was she gone to?

She could not be found. They had hunted for her over the whole house.

But the captain was not passionate to-day.

"Well, then, don't you see her?" he mildly asked two or three times out of the door.

At last Thea found her up in the garret. She had taken refuge up there and hid herself, when she saw the express and heard that it was from the sheriff, in anticipation of the contents. And now she was sitting with her head on her arms and her apron over her head.

She had not been crying; she had been seized with a sort of panic: she felt an irresistible impulse to hide herself away somewhere and shut her eyes, so that it would be really dark and she would not be obliged to think.

She looked a little foolish when she went down with Thea to her father and mother in the office.

"Thinka," said the captain, when she came in, "we have received an important letter for your future to-day from the sheriff. I suppose it is superfluous to say—after all the attention you have allowed him to show you during the year—what it is about, and that your mother and I regard it as the greatest good fortune that could fall to your lot, and to ours also.

"Read the letter and consider it well.

"Sit down and read it child."

Thinka read; but it did not seem as if she got far; her head shook dumbly the whole time without her knowing it.

"You understand very well, it is not for any youthful love, fancy, and any such exalted nonsense that he asks of you. It is, if you fill an honored position with him that you are asked, and if you give the good will and care for him, which he could naturally expect of a wife."

There was no answer to be got, except a weak groan down into her lap.

The captain's face began to grow solemn.

But ma whispered with a blaze of lightning in her eyes, "You see plainly, she cannot think, Jaeger."

"Do n't you think as I do, father," she said aloud; "that it is best we let Thinka take the letter so that she can consider it till to-morrow? it is such a surprise."

"Of course, if Thinka prefers it," came from the captain, who was greatly offended, after them, as ma went with her, shutting her up in her chamber.

———She had her cry out under the down-quilt during the whole afternoon.

In the twilight ma went up and sat down beside her.

"No place to turn to, you see, when one will not be a poor, unprovided-for member of a family. Sew, sew your eyes out of your head, till at last one lies in a corner of some one's house. Such an honorable proposal would seem to many people to be a great thing."

"Alas! Alas, mother!" articulated Thinka very weakly.

"God knows, child, that if I saw any

other way out I should show it to you, even if I should have to hold my fingers in the fire in order to do it."

Thinka slipped her hand on to her mother's thin hand and sobbed gently into her pillow.

"Your father is no longer very strong—does not bear many mental excitements,—so that the outlook is dark enough. The attack when he came home last."

When ma went out, sigh followed sigh in the darkness.

Late in the evening ma sat and held her daughter's head so that she could get some sleep, she kept so continually waking up.

And now when Thinka finally slept, without these sudden starts any longer,—quietly and peacefully, with light, young head regularly breathing on the pillow,—ma went out with the candle. The worst was over.

—If the captain was in an exalted mood after having seen from the office window Aslak, who went an express messenger to the sheriff, vanishing through the gate, then in certain ways he was doubly set up in the kingdom of hope by a little fragment of a letter from Inger-Johanna, dated Tilderoed :

We are full of business, packing up and moving to the city, therefore the letter will be short this time.

There have been guests here to the very last, solitude suits neither uncle nor aunt, and so they had said "welcome to Tilderoed" so long that we had one long visit after another all through the summer—in perfect rusticity, it was said. But I believe indeed they did not go away again without feeling that aunt preserves style in it. With perfect freedom for every one especially, and collations both

in the garden house and on the veranda, there is, after all, greater opportunity to show what little wit they have, which made the guests give something and be at their best. People don't easily sink down to the level of every-day life where aunt is concerned; she flatters me that we are alike in that respect.

And I don't know how it is, I feel now that I am almost as much attracted by society as formerly by balls. There is even an entirely different use for the bit of reason one may have, and may be a complete influential circle of usefulness: aunt has opened my eyes to that this summer. When we read of these brilliant French *salons*, where the woman was the soul, we get an impression that here is an entire province for her. And to be able to live and work in the world has possessed me, since I was little and mourned so that I was not a boy who could come to be something.

I had got so far, dear parents, when Miss Jourgensen came for me to go down into the garden to aunt. The mail had come from the office in the city, and on the table in a package lay a flat, red morocco leather box and a letter to me.

It was a gold band to wear in my hair, with a yellow topaz in it, and in the letter there was only, "To complete the portrait, Roennow."

Of course aunt must try it on me at once—take down my hair, and call in uncle. Roennow's taste was wonderfully ingenious when it concerned me, she declared.

Oh, yes! it is becoming.

But with the letter and all the fantastical over-valuation, there is that which makes me feel that the gold band pinches my neck. Gratitude is a tiresome virtue.

Aunt lays so many plans for our society life next winter, and is rejoicing that Roennow may possibly come for another trip.

For my part I must say I don't really know: I both want it and don't want it.

## HALF A CENTURY OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

*By Col. J. W. Robinson.*

The first electric telegraph line instituted in this or any country was constructed by Samuel F. B. Morse and Alfred Vail, between Washington and Baltimore, in 1844, although Morse had, as many as twelve years before that time, conceived the idea of transmitting intelligence over a metallic conductor by electricity. In 1835, Mr. Morse was appointed to the professorship of the literature of the arts and design in the New York City university, where from time to time he continued to experiment with electrical apparatus. Early in the year 1837, in the privacy of his apartments in the university, Prof. Morse constructed a rude, but nevertheless operative experimental model, exemplifying the principle of the recording telegraph, and took his colleague, Prof. Leonard D. Gale, a man of fine talents, into his confidence. Morse himself possessed but moderate mechanical skill, while his very limited means prevented him from employing trained workmen to put his inventions into more permanent shape.

In September of that year Alfred Vail, a talented young man, who had graduated from the university a year previous, saw the apparatus for the first time, and notwithstanding the crude and imperfect character of the machinery in which the invention was embodied, the results were such as conclusively to demonstrate to him the possibility of recording signals at a considerable distance by the instantaneous action of electricity. The exhibitions produced a profound impression upon

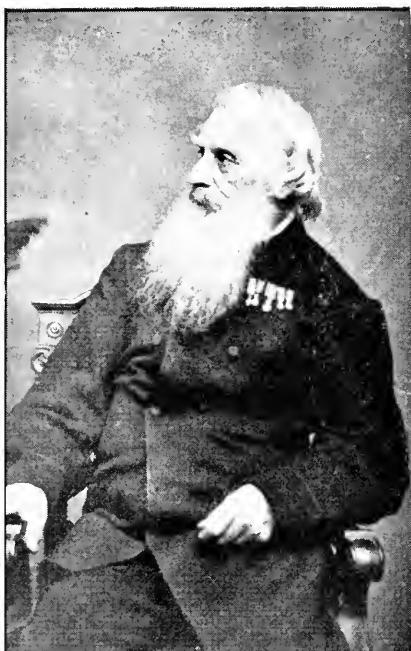
the mind of young Vail. By the financial assistance of his father, Judge Stephen Vail, proprietor of the extensive Speedwell Iron Works at Morristown, N. J., Alfred was enabled to enter into co-partnership with Morse to perfect the latter's invention. He was to receive one fourth of the income resulting from the scheme, and he at once went to work to perfect the appliances by his superior mechanical skill. It seems providential that Judge Vail's interest was enlisted in the enterprise, as it was at his works that the shaft of the *Savannah*, the first steamship which crossed the Atlantic ocean, was forged, and here were manufactured the tiers, axles, and cranks of the first American locomotives.

Young Vail fitted up a shop, employing a skilful young mechanic and inventor by the name of William Baxter, the designer of the Baxter engine, to assist him, and went bravely to work to improve and construct various appliances appertaining to the coming wonder of the world. The mechanical difficulties of the undertaking can scarcely be comprehended by an electrician of the present day, who finds every conceivable material and appliance in the market ready to his hand. Insulated wire was then unknown in the market, the best substitute obtainable being milliners' wire, such as was used to give outline to the skyscraper bonnets of the day. It was a copper wire that it might be made to take and retain any form that the deft fingers of the artist chose to give it, and was found to serve suffi-

ciently well as a conductor, although the insulation of the cotton covering was somewhat imperfect; however, it was the best obtainable, and the entire New York market was drained for the experiments. Professor Gale, as well as Prof. Joseph Henry, aided the enterprise very much by their experiments and discoveries. Professor Henry, as long

devoting his best energies toward final and complete success by enlisting the support of financiers, members of congress, and other leading men in this country and in Europe. It will be remembered that the period was one of great financial depression and distress. Morse's plan of operating the instruments was what was known as the "numerical," and not the alphabetical. According to his plan a specially prepared dictionary was required in which every word in the English language was represented by an arbitrary number. Vail, and not Morse, was the inventor of what is known as the "Morse alphabet," composed of dots, dashes, and spaces, which has entered into the universal telegraphic language of the world. Vail also invented the steel-pointed lever and grooved roller of the register, by which the embossed writing is made. It is interesting to look back and contrast the prevalent ignorance and misconceptions of that day with the present realization. No one could be made to believe that an electric telegraph, even if practicable, was either necessary or desirable. The more intelligent admitted that it might, perhaps, prove an interesting toy.

The wonderful line was gradually extended from Baltimore in the direction of New York, and in January, 1846, was completed to Fort Lee on the New Jersey shore of the Hudson river. There was then no means of crossing the river, and the terminal station was located on the grounds of John J. Audubon, the famous naturalist. After the inauguration of President James K. Polk a business office was permanently established at Washington, and although the city was filled with people brought there by the advent of a new president, the income of the Washington office was



Samuel F. B. Morse.

ago as 1832, while connected with the Albany academy, actually constructed and operated an electro-magnetic signalling apparatus which was as truly an electric telegraph as that of to-day. Alfred Vail and his assistant, William Baxter, continued to work on month after month and year after year, much of the time under very discouraging circumstances, until the final triumphal completion of the undertaking, and the first line was built fifty years ago this summer.

Professor Morse all the while was

very small. On the first day it was practically nothing : on the second day it was sixty cents : on the third day it was one dollar and thirty-two cents, and on the fourth day it was one dollar and four cents. The apparatus used on the first experimental line, although efficient in its operation, would now be considered as unnecessarily bulky and heavy. The receiving relay weighed 185 pounds, and it required two strong men to handle it easily. At the present day an equally efficient magnet need not weigh more than four ounces, and may be carried in the vest pocket.

It began to be discovered that it was possible to interpret the telegraph signals by the sound of the armature lever. I remember well that stringent orders were issued against taking commercial or paid business by the ear. Still the boys—there were no young ladies operating then—continued to converse by sound, as it is called. In vain did the proprietors and managers of the telegraph lines strive to prohibit this unauthorized method of receiving communications ; even threats of instant dismissal were unavailing to prevent the practice from being carried on whenever it could be done without detection. Professor Morse himself, who had from the beginning regarded the production of a permanent record as the cornerstone of his invention, was most uncompromising in opposition to the acoustic method ; but the objectionable practice nevertheless continued to extend itself. Experience ultimately demonstrated the economy and the accuracy resulting from the unauthorized innovation. The recording instruments passed into disuse on one line after another, and were replaced by the modern sounder, a device consisting simply of an electromagnet, a vibrating armature, and a re-

tracting spring. At the present day the register is seldom seen, except in the hands of inexperienced operators who have not yet learned to interpret the unwritten language of the sounder with that facility which comes only from long practice. Though a large majority of the best operators now-a-days learn only to read by sound, many of them having never seen a register, a few words of advice right here may be of much benefit to intending learners. Only those possessing the organ of time fairly developed in their brain, can ever make first-class operators ; they need not, however, necessarily be educated musicians.

Fifty years have passed since the first line was put into successful operation, and many improvements have been made to, and modifications made from, the original inventions. Ingenious and beautiful systems have been brought out by which communications may be printed in Roman letters, and even in the facsimile of the hand-writing of the author. Nevertheless it is as certain as anything future can be that the one simple essential type of telegraph apparatus is destined to outlast all others, and forever be in general use throughout the civilized world—that is, the acoustic semaphore, or sounder.

The most prominent inventors, improvers, and promoters of the telegraph in this country after Morse and Vail were Moses G. Farmer, Cyrus W. Field, and Thomas A. Edison. About 1850, Mr. Farmer conferred a lasting blessing upon humanity in urban communities by inventing the fire alarm telegraph ; in 1870 he brought out in connection with Joseph B. Stearns, what is known as the duplex system, by which two communications can be sent at the same time over the same wire. In 1874, Mr. Edi-

son, in connection with Geo. B. Prescott, invented the quadruplex system.

The half-tone picture published for the first time herewith, is from a fine photograph of Professor Morse present-

ed to the writer by the veteran inventor thirty years ago. It shows the decorations conferred upon him by kings and emperors, which he esteemed very highly.

### KENNETH, AGED TWO.

*By Myra B. Lord.*

A crown of curly golden hair,  
And laughing eyes so blue,  
A mouth the angels made to kiss—  
That's Kenneth, aged two,  
  
With dimpled hands that mischief seek  
Throughout the livelong day,  
And feet too soft and white, I ween,  
To tread life's toilsome way.  
  
At night a tired little boy,  
Who climbs up on my knee  
And lays his head upon my breast—  
No care or fear knows he.  
  
A precious trust by night and day—  
Would you not love him, too,  
Had you a bonny blue-eyed lad  
Like Kenneth, aged two?

### EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

*Conducted by Fred Gowin, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.*

### SYMPOSIUM UPON RURAL SCHOOLS.

*From Report of United States Commissioner of Education, Dr. W. T. Harris, 1890-'91.*

*Need of a uniform course of study.*—State Superintendent Richard Edwards, of Illinois, speaking of the course of study recently adopted for that state: The need for something like this course of study was very apparent. Many schools appeared to be conducted with

very little system as respects the work they undertook to do. In many the change from the administration of one teacher to that of another was accompanied by an entire breaking up of the pupil's record and standing. The new teacher, on entering upon his duties at

the beginning of the term, had no means of determining the attainments already made by the pupil whom he was to teach. They were, therefore, classified at haphazard. As a result, much time was lost; many pupils going over the same subject several times, and others undertaking work for which they were not prepared. There was a lack of continuity in their progress. These evils the course of study, if wisely and faithfully carried out, will overcome, the teacher at the close of every term being able to indicate precisely the amount accomplished by each pupil and the point which each has reached in his progress. The new teacher will only need to examine the results thus indicated by his predecessor. Of course some sort of record of the pupils' attainments must be made in order that this result may be secured. But the means of making such a record are abundant. Several forms have been prepared by publishers for this purpose.

*A longer school term practicable.—*

Superintendent A. S. Draper, of New York: As a result of the statutes increasing the minimum length of the school year from 28 to 32 weeks, the average length of the country schools has increased from 33.4 weeks in 1889 to 35.7 weeks in 1890. . . .

It will be recalled by all persons familiar with our school affairs in recent years that there was considerable doubt expressed, in the legislature and out of it, as to the wisdom of the increase in the length of the school year at the time it was made. It is with much satisfaction, in view of such expressed doubts, that I am able to make this gratifying showing, and to assure the legislature that less difficulty has been experienced during the last year in exacting thirty-two weeks of school in the

rural districts than was experienced in preceding years in exacting but twenty-eight. In view of the results, it is well to consider whether or not, in a very little time, the school year in the rural districts might not be safely lengthened, so as to afford as much schooling to the children in the sparsely settled districts of the state as is gained by the children in the cities. I have long entertained the belief that it is entirely practicable to maintain schools in the rural districts for thirty-eight or forty weeks in the year, and that we cannot hope to attain results equal to those secured in the cities without doing so. Nothing is of more consequence to the school interests of the rural districts of this state than that the old idea that there should be a winter school for one class of pupils and a summer school for another class of pupils shall be abandoned, and that all pupils up to the age of thirteen or fourteen shall have the advantage of the schools for the entire year, deducting only reasonable vacations.

*Grading in country schools.—W. T. Harris:* In my opinion there is no worse evil in the country schools than the classification of pupils which is attempted in many states under the supposition that what has proved a good thing in the very large schools of cities would be beneficial if partially adopted in the small schools of the rural districts. Hence, while most cities classify by grades of a year's work in the case of pupils advanced into the third and subsequent years' work, and by half-years in the work of the lowest primary divisions, the superintendent of the county or state thinks that he has done a great thing if he has introduced classification into his rural districts to such an extent as to have three or four grades where there are ten grades in the city.

The important thing to be regarded in the matter of grading is the intervals between classes. If the intervals are a year, as in the grammar school, whose pupils are aged from 11 to 13, then it is clear that each class contains differences in qualification which may be as great as one year's study would produce. In the lowest classes of the primary grades there would be differences of a half year. This means that in each class where the teacher set the lessons for the capacities of the best pupils, those lessons were too hard for the least advanced pupils. On the other hand, in the classes where the teacher adapted the lessons to the capacity of the least advanced pupils, the best ones would not have enough to do, but would acquire listless habits. If the lessons were set for the average of the class, there would be cases of too much work for the poorest and of too little for the most advanced. Now, it has been shown (and one may easily verify the fact) that a year's interval is too great between classes of the age under 14, and a half year too great for pupils of 6, 7, or 8 years. The growth of the mind is too rapid at those early periods to keep pupils in the same class for a year without detriment to the pupils in the two extremes of the class; for the best get listless or indolent, losing interest in their work, while the slow minds get discouraged because they are dragged along after brilliant rivals and lose their self-respect. This is a dreadful result, as it actually exists in many a school famous for its grading.

Now, when the rural schools attempt to secure some of the benefits of the graded system—and these benefits are gain in time for recitations and the mutual help that pupils of the same grade give one another by showing

different points of view of the lesson—the rural schools make a system of two, three, or four grades instead of ten, and suppose that they have really secured some of the good which the city schools obtain. This is, however, only a superstition.

If an interval of one year is too great, it is evident that an interval of two or three years is far worse. The entire course of study is eight or nine years in the so called district school. Four grades give intervals of two years, and three grades give intervals of about three years. The most advanced pupils in each class are likely to be two years or more in advance in scholastic preparation beyond the lowest of their classmates. These advanced ones are kept "marking time," while the teacher is laboring with the struggling dullards of the bottom of the class. These are perhaps not dullards, except because they have the misfortune to be placed in a class with pupils far in advance of them.

But it is supposed by some teachers that it is possible to conduct a class of this kind in such a manner that the advanced pupils have enough to do while the less advanced do not have too much. When this problem is well solved it will be found that the teacher has arrived at individual instruction, or has made a minute sub-classification within each nominal grade.

In the ungraded school there prevails individual instruction with little or no attempt to bring together pupils in their work. The numerous recitations which this involves give the teacher only a brief time for each. Five minutes for a grammar lesson do not admit of the discussion of the grounds and reasons, or of anything fundamental, and the teacher is liable to resort to requiring

only memory work, as that alone can be tested in the least time.

But in the ungraded school there is a chance for the bright and industrious pupil to make good progress by aid of a good text-book without much aid from the teacher. I do not consider the evils of the ungraded school to be so great as those of the partially graded schools such as are found in Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Massachusetts, and in nearly all of the Northern states. They are stiflers of talent in most cases. Where the teacher is very conscientious and thorough the school bears heavy on the slow pupils, and produces discouragement and the loss of self-respect.

What is the remedy for this waste of the best pupils by keeping them marking time until they lose all interest in their work? What is the remedy for this waste of time of the slow intellects by discouragement?

I think that the answer to this may be found in the adoption of some form of the Lancasterian or monitorial system—using it sparingly and under careful supervision. The more advanced pupils may be set to instruct the backward ones to a certain limited degree. However, this must not be attempted except by teachers who are skilful and full of resources. Otherwise the process or method will fall into the same ruts that the old-time system fell into. We do not wish to restore the “pupil-teacher system,” nor see a too extensive use of the monitorial system; but invention has not been exerted on this line. There is unlimited opportunity for devices which shall employ the bright pupils in making easy steps for the backward pupils and in testing their progress. We have seen the evils of the Lancasterian system in filling the ranks with poor teachers. The modi-

fied Lancasterian system, which I believe useful in ungraded schools, and to take the place of the mischievous system of partial grading in many village schools, demands, before all, that the teacher shall be better than the ordinary. The mere routine teacher will not serve the purpose; nor have we any use for the apprentice teacher or the half-cultured teacher of any kind.

I hope that good teachers will be found who will brave public prejudice and make experiments along this line.

*The graded system of rural schools of New Jersey.*—Abstract of a paper read before the National Educational association, department of superintendence, at Boston, February 23, 1893, by Addison B. Poland, state superintendent of public instruction, New Jersey: New Jersey enjoys the distinction of being the first state to attempt a systematic grading of rural schools. The experiment was first tried in Camden county, N. J., in the year 1872, where it has continued in operation without interruption for twenty-one years.

The essential features of the New Jersey system of grading rural schools are the following:

1. It is a county and not a state system. Under the New Jersey school law county superintendents have the power, by and with the approval of trustees, to prescribe a uniform course of study for their respective counties. For this reason, among others, a uniform state system has never been adopted. It is doubtful whether state uniformity in grading rural schools is any more desirable or necessary than state uniformity in grading city schools. The latter, so far as we know, has never been attempted.

2. It prescribes a uniform course of study, consisting in general of five

grades. These cover the whole primary and grammar school period of the best city schools, together with the first two years of the ordinary high school course. The smaller number of grades (five only) is considered the fundamental and saving feature of the system, since it can be adapted to all classes of schools,—rural, village, and city—without interfering at all with local school programmes. It affords opportunity for whatever sub-grades are needed to suit the local conditions or exigencies of any district. It enables frequent re-classification of pupils, while reducing at the same time the number of daily recitations.

3. It provides for uniform county examinations. These are held once a year. The questions are prepared by the county superintendent. Examinations are conducted by the regular class teacher. The papers of the highest two or three grades, after being marked by the principal or class teacher, are sent to the superintendent or his board of examiners for review. Certificates are awarded on completion of each grade. The diploma of the advanced or high school course admits to the state normal school, and to several colleges, without a re-examination.

4. It demands certain permanent records. These greatly facilitate the re-classification of a school by a new teacher. They enable pupils removing from one district to another to be more easily classified.

The principal evils that the system under discussion aims to reach and correct are the following:

1. The short and irregular attendance of pupils in rural schools. This evil is overcome in a great measure by the interest aroused. The examinations, records, certificates, and diplomas fur-

nish the additional incentives that are needed to create this interest.

2. The mistakes of untrained and inexperienced teachers in classifying their schools. These are largely reduced under the operation of this system. Teachers become familiar with the county system, and on going into a new school recognize immediately its appropriate classification.

3. The large number of daily recitations. Although not the primary object, still it has the effect of reducing somewhat the number of classes. It establishes certain focal points towards which the work of all classes converges.

4. The lack of *esprit de corps*. This is one of the chief evils of the ungraded schools. Under this system it is no longer felt. Each district regards itself as a component part of a larger system. Pupils become interested to sustain the reputation of their respective schools.

In conclusion, Mr. Poland said that the conditions which prevail in the rural districts are so unlike those prevailing in cities that any *a priori* judgment based on a knowledge of the latter alone should be closely scrutinized. He fully agreed with Dr. Harris and others, who, in their public utterances have deprecated any action that would tend to engraft the hard-and-fast city system of grading upon the rural schools of the country.

He claimed, moreover, that the New Jersey system, by its adaptability to all local conditions, would facilitate, rather than otherwise, the frequent re-classification of pupils.

*Two views of the present status of rural schools compared with the past.*—C. C. Rounds, principal State Normal School, Plymouth, N. H.: The problem of the rural school, as distinguished from that of the city and the village

school, remains essentially the same as fifty years ago, in large sections of our country. While important changes and improvements have been made in centers of population and wealth, the rural school, very generally, is lacking still in the essential conditions of success: a fit school plant (house, apparatus, library), a well planned course of study, qualified teachers, an adequate length of school year, regular attendance, and efficient supervision.

While thus lacking, many towns tax themselves for schools at a rate far greater than do cities and towns in which all these conditions are supplied, and yet cannot raise by taxation a sum sufficient for their educational needs without danger of driving away all movable capital. This lack is itself a cause of increasing difficulty, from the steady diminution of population and resources by the drifting away of the more intelligent families in search of better educational facilities for their children. The rural school has slight representation in educational congresses, and in school reports, mainly statistical, there is rarely a presentation of the bare facts regarding them.

Hon. Andrew S. Draper, state superintendent of New York: I by no means take the gloomy view of the rural school problem presented by the last speaker. Of course, there are obstacles in the way of educational progress in the country districts, but no greater obstacles than are to be found in the cities. It is no more difficult to overcome poverty in the country than it is to withstand the influences of politics in the cities. Take the position that the school system is a state system, and that the populous centres must help the outlying districts not only as to methods but as to means as well, and there will be progress in

the country. As a matter of fact, there has been great progress among the rural schools in recent years. The buildings have been improved, and the teaching force strengthened. Indeed, the teaching force in the country schools is fully up to that in the cities as a rule. A photograph of the teachers in any rural county of this state would compare in appearance very favorably with a similar representation of a company of teachers in the cities. . . .

It seems to me that there is no occasion for the grave apprehension about the future of the rural schools. Under all the circumstances, they are improving as rapidly as the city schools.

Make the outlying districts large enough to bring together a considerable number of children in the same school; if necessary, provide for carrying children to a good central school, rather than carrying a poor school to the doors of the children; make the supervisory district smaller, and provide supervision which is efficient; regulate the licensing of teachers so as to protect the country schools against the imposition of bad work; arrange a course of procedure and systematize the work: insist upon houses that are suitable for schools, and upon appliances that are necessary for efficient school work, and results will be obtained in the rural districts which will be fully up to the results attained in the cities.

*The treatment of the rural school problem by Massachusetts.*—Hon. George H. Martin, agent Massachusetts board of education: Massachusetts has attacked the rural school problem from three sides—the side of teaching, the side of organization, and the side of supervision.

Most of the rural schools in Massachusetts are in poor towns which have been depleted by the set of population

toward the manufacturing and railroad centres. These towns, too, have suffered most from the disintegrating influence of the ancient school-district system. The state has come to these towns with direct financial aid from its school fund. At various times the mode of apportioning the income of this fund has been changed in the interest of the poorer towns, increasing their grant, and withdrawing the aid from the more wealthy municipalities. Now, no towns having a valuation in excess of \$3,000,000 receive any grant. The lower the valuation the larger the state grant. With the help thus afforded, the towns can afford to employ better teachers and to maintain their schools for a longer term.

The second means of improvement is by union and consolidation of schools. A state law authorizes towns to appropriate money for the transportation of children. This privilege is generously used by many towns, some spending several thousand dollars in transportation. Small schools are being united, and the plan of bringing all the children of a town to a central school is growing in favor. Several towns have adopted it with success.

By this arrangement the children enjoy the advantages of graded schools, in commodious and well equipped buildings. There is found to be better attendance, better teaching, better discipline, and easier supervision. It is the most democratic of school systems, giving to all the children of the town equal school privileges.

The third and most important work for the improvement of the rural schools is in securing skilled supervision. By a law passed in 1888 towns having a valuation not exceeding \$2,500,000 may unite for the employment of a superintendent of schools. In this union dis-

trict there must be not less than 30 nor more than 50 schools. The district is formed by vote of the towns, and the superintendent is chosen in joint convention of the school committees of the towns. This leaves the schools wholly in the hands of the people, and meets any possible criticism of the system as centralizing in its tendency. To these districts the state gives direct aid for carrying on their work. The district must raise at least \$750 for salary of superintendent. To this the state by grant from the treasury adds \$500, making a minimum salary of \$1,250, and \$500 more to be used in paying the wages of teachers. The conditions of the gift are such that the towns may not reduce their own appropriations. This bonus has acted as a strong incentive to the towns, and 117 of them have been brought together into union districts.

The demand has brought into the work a large number of young men, practical teachers, many of them with normal school or college training.

They are steadily elevating the rural schools, not only through their influence with teachers, but by arousing public sentiment to a more healthy interest in the schools.

Now, 200 of the 351 towns and cities of the state, containing 77 per cent. of the schools and 84 per cent. of the children, are under supervision which is as truly professional as that of the cities has been.

Thus, tentatively, in three ways Massachusetts is trying to solve her rural school problem.

*The first requisite for rural schools.—* State Supt. O. E. Wells, Wisconsin : The first requisite is closer and more intelligent supervision. No one will question this who has seen the revolution made

by a capable superintendent even in one brief term. It is often said, "As is the teacher, so is the school." With equal propriety may it be said, "As is the superintendent, so are the teachers, and consequently the schools." The efficient superintendent does his most effective work not by means of legal enactments, but by tactful leadership. His gentlemanly bearing, his scholarly habits, his prudent counsel, his industry and enthusiasm create conditions and direct efforts in ways that laws can never reach. In order that this influence may be at its maximum the superintendent districts should be limited in extent. Seventy-five schools will afford ample scope for the best available talent. If the usual terms could be lengthened, and the salary increased to an equality with that paid to the principals of the city schools, the position would attract and hold capable men.

*Women as supervisors of rural schools.*—Henry Barnard: I believe in the well educated female as a supervisor of schools. At my suggestion a lady took charge of the schools of a district in Rhode Island, and accomplished wonderful results. She went to work with the mothers, invited

them to go with her, and thus impressed upon them the conditions. Improvements were suggested, apparatus, etc., with good results. At the end of the second year all the children of the district were gathered together, and an entertainment given. The performances would compare favorably with those of Providence.

*Women as teachers in ungraded schools.*—State Supt. Henry Raab, Illinois: While I like to see women teach in certain departments of graded schools, I think it unwise both for directors to employ and for women to accept places in ungraded schools. While I believe that women, when they possess the scholarship and the necessary training, can instruct as well as men, I doubt whether they can properly govern a school or exert the proper educational influence over large boys and girls. We cannot close our eyes to this condition of things. There are certain things which women, because of their sex, cannot do and should not be made to do. I, for one, have always considered it cruel to place an innocent girl all by herself in a country school, there to watch over the large boys.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

### EDWARD DOW.

Edward Dow was born in Leamington, Vt., July 11, 1820, and died in Concord, July 31. He had resided in Concord for fifty years, and, as an architect, was widely known. Among his best known buildings are the state prison in Concord and Nesmith hall at Durham. In the War of the Rebellion he was lieutenant of a company in the New Hampshire battalion, Second Regiment U. S. Sharpshooters. He had been a member of the city council and of the house of representatives; was prominent as a Freemason, and a past officer of the Grand Council of New Hampshire.

## JOHN C. GAULT.

John C. Gault was born in Hooksett, and died in Chicago, August 10, aged 65 years. He began his career in the Concord Railroad freight office at Manchester, and was successively traffic manager of the Central Vermont, superintendent of the Chicago & Northwestern, assistant general manager of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, general manager of the Chicago, Wabash & St. Louis, and finally general manager of the Cincinnati Southern, covering thousands of miles in the South and Southwest. He was a prominent Mason. He leaves a family.

## COL. THOMAS CLARK.

Thomas Clark was born in Acworth, December 4, 1821, and died in Cambridgeport, Mass., August 11. He was educated at Norwich academy, and taught school successfully for several years. In 1857 he engaged in business in Cleveland, Ohio, as commission merchant. He served in the War of the Rebellion as major of the Fifteenth Ohio volunteer infantry and lieutenant-colonel of the Twenty-Ninth Ohio volunteers, and was taken prisoner at the battle of Port Republic. He was a member of W. H. Smart Post, G. A. R., Cambridgeport. He leaves a widow, son, and daughter.

## WILLIAM H. BERRY.

William H. Berry was born in Pittsfield, and died in Manchester, August 12, aged 61 years. He was educated at Pembroke academy, and entered mercantile life. He was treasurer of the Pittsfield Savings Bank; then he became bank commissioner, and while filling the latter important office was appointed assistant secretary of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Company, which latter position he held until his death. He was several times elected to the house of representatives from Pittsfield and Manchester, and was an able and influential legislator. He is survived by a widow, two sons, and a daughter.

## JEREMIAH PRESCOTT.

Jeremiah Prescott was born in Hampton Falls, and died in Arlington, Mass., August 17. He became a conductor on the Eastern railroad in 1844; a little later, master of transportation for the road in Boston, and in September, 1854, superintendent, the third from the charter of the road, holding the position twenty years lacking only three days. Shortly after the completion of the Hoosac tunnel, in 1875, he was appointed general manager by the state, and filled the position for four years with signal success.

## COL. ELISHA P. JENNITT.

Elisha P. Jennett was born in Lebanon, and died in Montpelier, Vt., August 19, aged 93 years. He went to Montpelier when quite young, and at the time of his death he was the oldest citizen in the town. He was a member of the firms of Hubbard & Jennett and Jennett & Howes, and was very wealthy. He was one of the promoters of the Central Vermont railroad, also one of the organizers of the old Bank of Montpelier, being a director of the bank for more than fifty years. He was elected state treasurer in 1846, and a presidential elector in 1872.

## LUTHER EMERSON.

Luther Emerson was born in Salem, and died in Haverhill, Mass., August 26, aged 78 years. He had been connected with the public schools of Haverhill for a half century—thirty years as a teacher, and twenty years as a member of the board of education. He leaves a widow and two daughters.

## CELIA THAXTER.

Mrs. Celia Thaxter, daughter of Thomas B. Laighton, was born in Portsmouth, June 29, 1836, and died at her home on the Isles of Shoals, August 26. Her life from childhood had been mostly spent upon rock-bound Appledore. She was married at the age of sixteen to Levi Lincoln Thaxter, a lawyer of Watertown, Mass. Her verse is known and admired wherever the English language is read. Half a dozen collections of her poems have been published.

## JAMES N. LAUDER.

James N. Lauder was born in Topsham, Vt., in 1838, and died in Concord, August 28. He entered the employment of the Northern railroad in 1853, and from 1865 to 1881 was its master mechanic. In 1882 he was appointed superintendent of rolling stock of the Mexican Central railroad, and on January 1, 1884, took a similar position with the Old Colony railroad, continuing in the same with its lessors, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, until his death. In 1893 he served as a member of the board of judges in the department of transportation exhibits at the World's Fair. In 1882 and 1883 he was president of the American Railway Master Mechanics' Association.

## WINFIELD S. MOODY.

Winfield S. Moody was born in Unity, October 23, 1815, and died in Norwalk, Conn., August 30. He went to New York in 1835, and was engaged in the tea business until 1861, when he retired from active business. He moved to Norwalk in 1865, and was president of the Norwalk Mills and the Fairfield County Savings Bank; a director in the National Bank of Norwalk; chairman of the board of water commissioners for many years. He married, in 1854, the only daughter of Amos Perkins, of Unity, who survives, with three sons.





MOUNT KEARSARGE,

"The Contoocook River in the foreground."

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

OCTOBER, 1894.

No. 4.

## KEARSARGE.

*By Noah Davis.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GRANITE MONTHLY:

SIR:—In a late number of THE GRANITE MONTHLY a history of the warship *Kearsarge* was published. Her construction at Portsmouth, N. H., of timber selected from the heights of Mount Kearsarge—the best that could be found in the country; her being named after the mountain; her services in the war, and her grand battle with, and victory over, the piratical *Alabama*; and, finally, her destruction upon the Reef of Roncador, were vividly portrayed. On reading that story, which stirred my New Hampshire blood, the following lines were written by me under its inspiring influence. If they are deemed worthy of publication in THE GRANITE MONTHLY, you are at liberty to use them in that way.

NOAH DAVIS.

NEW YORK, Sept. 17, 1894.

I hear in thy mountains, New Hampshire, a cry,  
Like a mother's, bereft of her mightiest son.  
From the heights of Kearsarge its strong echoes fly  
Till they break on the dome of thy proud Washington.

The child of thy loins, Kearsarge, is no more,  
To whom thou didst yield thy beautiful crown;  
She dies on the rocks of the fierce Roncador  
And fate ends her deeds in immortal renown.

Ah, well she repaid thee for forest and name!  
When battling the foe in far distant lands;  
She made them rich gems on the bosom of fame  
As deathless as glory while history stands.

Hath Old Ocean no rights in the ship, and her fame,  
That on his broad bosom hath battled for God?  
May he not command that her glorious name  
Be wed with his own in eternal reward?

Must he see her perish by age and decay,—  
 Dismantled, perchance to rot on the shore?  
 No! rather by far, in his own mighty sway  
 Sweep her on to the fate of thy rocks, Ronedor.

Now the mountain her monument ever shall stand,  
 Holding her name in the blue of its sky:  
 While the storms of the reef roar back to the land  
 Their anthem of deeds that never can die.

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[The Honorable Noah Davis is a native of New Hampshire, having been born in Haverhill on the 10th of September, 1818, but his parents removed, in 1825, to Albion, New York, where he became a lawyer in 1841 and began practice, afterwards becoming a resident of Buffalo. He sat upon the New York supreme bench in 1857, and was twice elected to the office of judge. In 1868, he was elected to the national house of representatives, and served from March 4, 1869, until July 20, 1870, when he became United States district attorney at New York city under President Grant. In 1872 he resigned as district attorney, being again elected a justice of the state supreme court, of which, in 1874, he became the presiding justice. Stokes, for the murder of James Fisk, and William M. Tweed, for his many crimes, were tried and convicted before him. In 1887 he resigned as judge, and resumed law practice, in which, in New York city, he still continues at a ripe old age.

The intellectual faculties of Judge Davis are of the highest order. He is a learned, just, and courageous jurist. He has ever been active in Republican polities when not upon the bench, and has been a power among his fellows in every relation of life. He is a son of New Hampshire whose character and attainments her citizens may always contemplate with pride and pleasure.—EDITOR THE GRANITE MONTHLY.]



*Noah Davis*

#### NATURE'S ROSE-CALL.

*By Virginia C. Hollis.*

When the imprisoned soul within its narrow space  
 Yearneth for wider range, with never-failing grace  
 Nature extends her arms. "Come unto me," she cries:  
 "Behold my hills, their grand repose: my wide, far-reaching skies.  
 "Look far away from Self—it's Self your bondage makes!  
 Ponder the wonders of my fields till recognition wakes  
 Of the Almighty Power which hath these marvels planned,  
 Whose will the deeps of ocean stirs, and rocks the solid land.

“Walk in my forest shade far from the city’s din :  
 Resting within my leafy glades, drink all the incense in  
 Of singing bird and murmuring breeze and gently rippling stream,  
 Till consciousness of Self shall come but as a simple dream.”

Oh, there is much in life which we pass idly by  
 That would promote our upward growth if with a watchful eye  
 We sought for, in our walks, and gleaned with thankfulness  
 The rose from thorns, the wheat from tares, designed our lives to bless.

## OUR NORTHERN BOUNDARY.

*By Edgar Aldrich.*

[This paper was prepared as the annual oration of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and was delivered before the society at an adjourned annual meeting held in the senate chamber at Concord, September 12, 1894. The importance of the subject-matter of the oration, the high philosophical character of Judge Aldrich’s treatment of the theme, and the vivid clearness of his narrative made the paper highly desirable for publication in *THE GRANITE MONTHLY*, and the manuscript was solicited from its distinguished author for that purpose. The full title of the paper is,—“Our Northern Boundary. The Provisional Government of the Indian Stream Territory, 1832-'33—New Hampshire’s military occupation of the territory north of the 45th degree of north latitude and west of the Connecticut river and lakes, in aid of civil authorities of the state and as against Canada, 1835-’36.”

The maps adorning the text which show the respective claims of the parties to the dispute are fac similes of the original maps which were submitted to the King of the Netherlands to aid him in arbitrating the dispute under the convention of 1827. The portraits are made from paintings in the possession of the state of New Hampshire and from likenesses loaned by the families of the persons portrayed.—Editor *THE GRANITE MONTHLY*.]

Over the golden entrance to one of the noblest structures of the World’s Fair at Chicago in 1893,—the structure which contained exhibits of the means devised for the transfer of people and goods of commerce quickly and cheaply from one section of our country to another and from one part of the world to another,—was prominently displayed the great truth and incentive idea which has obtained in all civilized countries from the earliest times, clothed by the language of Bacon in the following words: “There be those things which make a nation great and prosperous,—a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance for men and goods from place to place,” as well as the same idea expressed by Macaulay in the following language: “Of all inventions, the alphabet and the printing-press alone excepted, those inventions which

abridge distance have done most for civilization.”

The nations of the world recognizing the necessity of intercourse among the people, and trade and commerce among themselves and other nations, have ever contended for rights of navigation upon the seas, and for mastery of the lakes and rivers. The march of early civilization was across the oceans and up the great water ways. Before the introduction of railroads, the nations looked to the natural waters and artificial canals as the only means for shortening distance, and as the only highways rendering travel and commerce less difficult than the slow and cumbersome movements over the earth. Free intercourse among the people, free interchange of thought, and enlarged and liberal commerce are necessities of civilization; indeed, such conditions were recognized

as necessarily incident to existence among the ruder nations before enlightened government was much known. The short, swift streams leading from the Babylonian country to the Mediterranean, thousands of years before the Christian era, became highways to float the heavy cedars of Lebanon to the ocean, to be worked into crafts whereby the seas should be better known and navigated.

Carthage holding maritime supremacy, and having among her people the most courageous seamen in all the world, throttled and seriously staggered Rome, which had gained the greatest power and supremacy perhaps of any nation on the land, and Rome, quickly learning the lesson from necessity and adopting the Carthaginian vessels as models, constructed powerful navies, and in turn overwhelmed and crushed Carthage. In the present day Russia, through diplomacy and through exhibitions of warlike power, is ever pushing for an outlet to the seas.

All nations adopting this maritime policy as a necessity have broadened it so as to protect so far as may be the lakes and rivers within their borders, and to secure free and open access to the rivers and lakes which become the boundaries between themselves and other countries.

The Treaty of Peace, concluded at Paris in September, 1783, describes a line between this country and Great Britain, which from a point where the forty-fifth degree of north latitude "strikes the River Iroquois or Cataraquy;" runs westerly "thence along the middle of said river into Lake Ontario, through the middle of said lake until it strikes the communication by water between that lake and Lake Erie; thence along the middle of said communication into

Lake Erie, through the middle of said lake until it arrives at the water communication between that lake and Lake Huron; thence along the middle of said water communication into the Lake Huron; thence through the middle of said lake to the water communication between that lake and Lake Superior; thence through Lake Superior northward of the Isles Royal and Phelipeaux, to the Long Lake; thence through the middle of said Long Lake, and the water communication between it and the Lake of the Woods, to the said Lake of the Woods; thence through the said lake to the most north-western point thereof, and from thence on a due west course to the River Mississippi; thence by a line to be drawn along the middle of the said River Mississippi until it shall intersect the northernmost part of the thirty-first degree of North latitude," thus securing to our country free occupation of one half of the Great Lakes and rivers with all the resultant military advantage, as well as economic and commercial equality with Canada. If we had time and space, it would be interesting to inquire why in going easterly from the forty-fifth degree of north latitude the boundary line should have abruptly left the St. Lawrence, running thence to the waters of the Connecticut river and the Highlands and the St. Croix river to Nova Scotia, leaving the St. Lawrence to broaden and flow on to the ocean exclusively within His Majesty's possessions.

Previous to the treaty between the French and Great Britain in 1763, whereby the latter acquired Canada, New England and Nova Scotia, as well, extended to the southerly shore of the St. Lawrence river. In October of the same year, a royal proclamation establishing the Province of Quebec,

extended the province southerly including the valley south of the St. Lawrence, making the Highlands which separated the rivers running to the north or north-east into the St. Lawrence from those running to the south and south-east, the southerly boundary of such province.

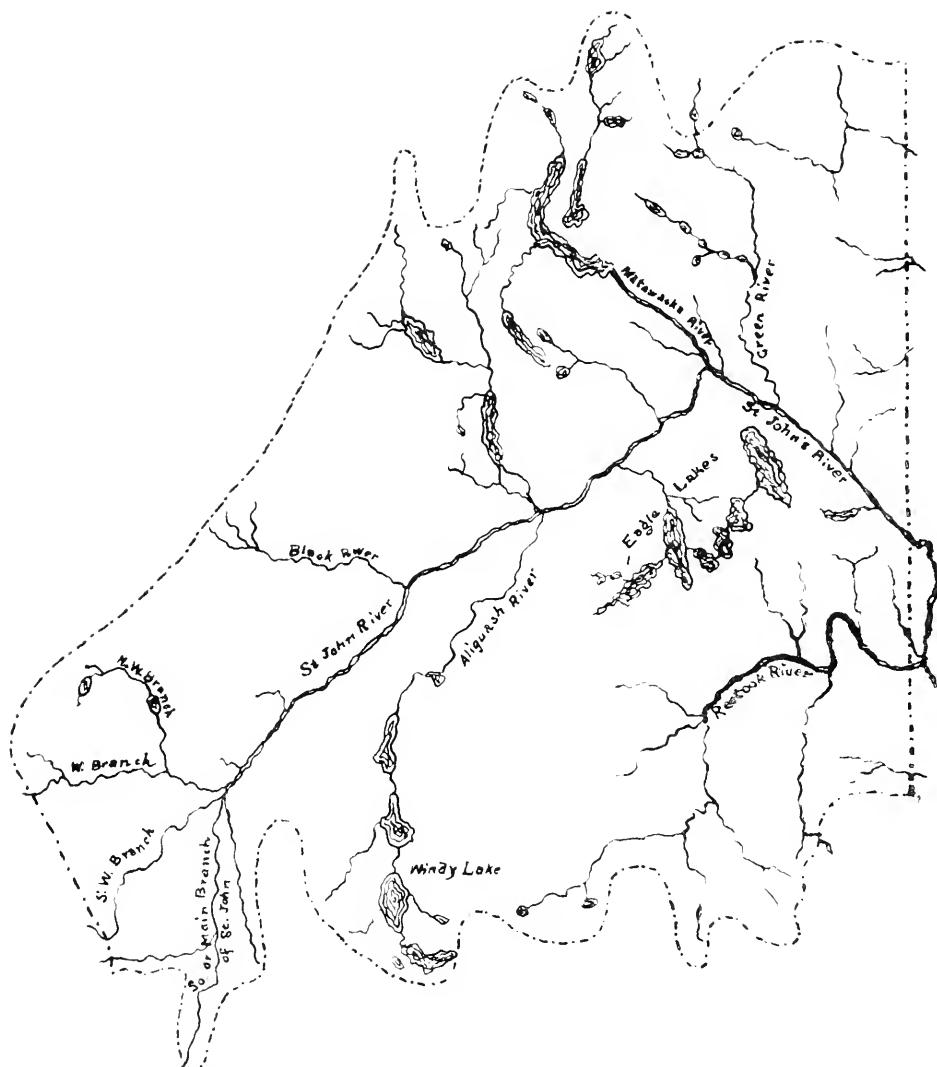
A map on which these highlands were set out was made by John Mitchell under the direction of the Lords Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in 1775. It is quite reasonable to suppose that this map or a copy thereof, was before the treaty making powers of 1783, and that the Highlands established as the southerly boundary of the Province of Quebec by the royal proclamation of October 7, 1763, were intended to be adopted as the northerly line of Massachusetts, which then included Maine, and that running on such highlands the boundary was to come from thence to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river.

While we do not complain and can not hope to change what seems to be an unnatural and arbitrary boundary, no American can trace the line through these great inland seas down the St. Lawrence, through wonderful Niagara to the forty-fifth parallel, thence through the unbroken wilderness towards the Atlantic ocean, leaving to the far north the lower portion of the St. Lawrence, the noblest river of the continent, without a feeling of sadness. But when we consider that the great minds which created and upheld the American Revolution, recognizing the importance of the St. Lawrence as a boundary, sent, without success, their most important and influential statesmen as emissaries or commissioners to create in what were known as the French provinces a sentiment which

should promote coöperation with the American colonies, and if not that to persuade them to remain neutral during the struggle, we must treat it as conclusively established that there was no sentiment in the provinces or any sufficient reason to justify a demand on the part of the American treaty-making power in making a claim that the boundary should be thrown to the St. Lawrence.

Franklin, Chase, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, all leading congressmen, the latter of whom being by special resolution of congress "solicited to engage his brother, an ex-Jesuit, to accompany the delegation and exert his influence as a priestly Republican upon the Catholic clergy," visited these provinces early in 1775 for the purpose of making known to them the means of assuring their own independence.

Garneau, in his history of Canada, says that "while Franklin was working his way as a civil diplomatist, Father Carroll visited a number of the clergy in Montreal and the country places; his success with them was yet less than that of Franklin with the laity." This mission failing, the colonies were left to make the struggle alone, and having established their independence, it could hardly be expected that Knox and Lincoln, John Adams, Franklin and Jay, having to do with the treaty, could, with any show of reason, insist upon including the territory of the lower St. Lawrence. We must, therefore, not cast reproach upon these great actors, but praise and revere them for the great results which they accomplished. We must also credit them with mental reservation and hope in this respect, from the fact that in November, 1777, when the Articles of Confederation were drafted, it was expressly provided



A Section of official Map A, showing the Territory contended for by the United States and Great Britain to bring the North-eastern Boundary of the United States in conformity with the Treaty of Peace of 1783.

by Article XI that "Canada acceding to this confederation, and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted into and entitled to all the advantages of this union; but no other colony shall be admitted into the same, unless such admission be agreed to by nine states."

The north-eastern boundary of the state of Maine was in dispute and in controversy, which involved preparation for war a little later than the time of the Indian Stream incident to which this address is to be directed.

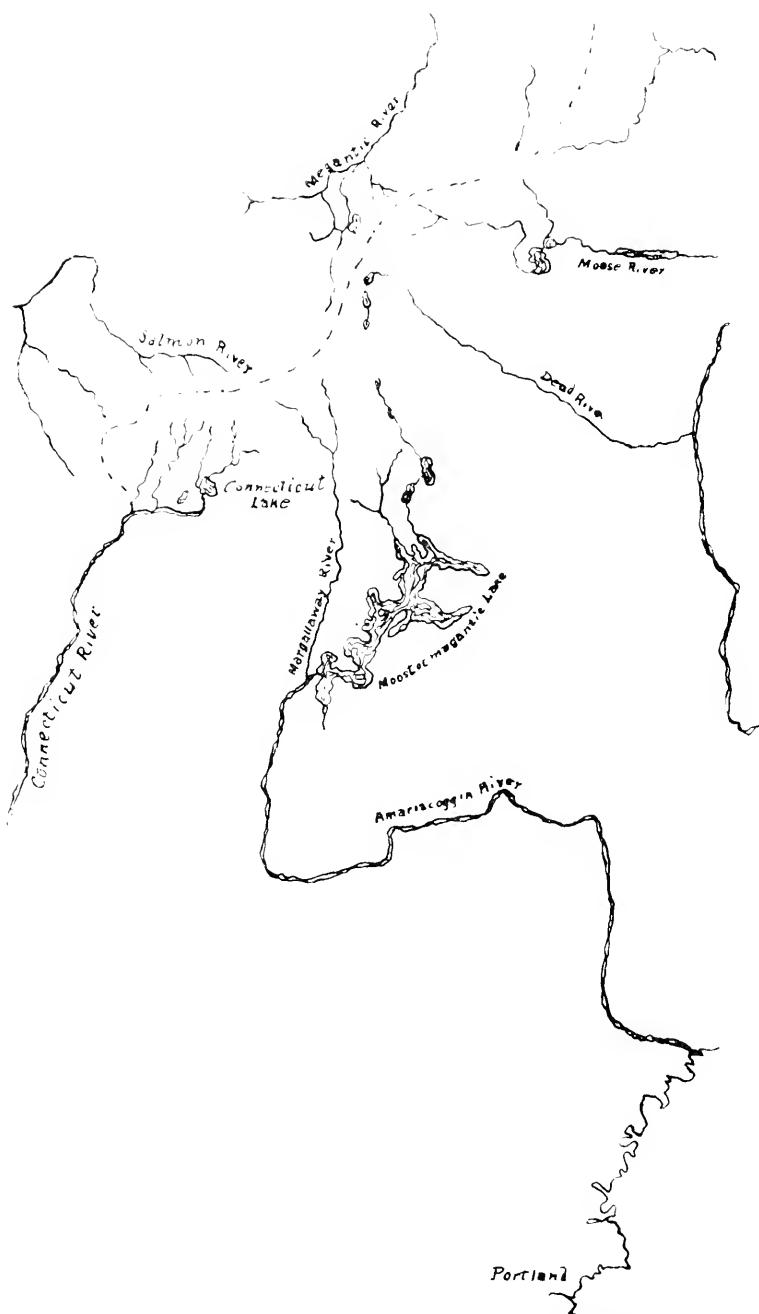
The treaty of 1783, which is known as the Treaty of Peace, described that part of the boundary of the United States known as the north-eastern boundary as "from the northwest angle of Nova Scotia, viz., that angle which is formed by a line drawn due north from the source of St. Croix river to the Highlands; along the said Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean, to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river: thence down along the middle of that river, to the forty-fifth degree of North latitude; from thence, by a line due west on said latitude, until it strikes the River Iroquois or Cataraquy: etc."

The boundary which we now speak of as the north-eastern boundary of Maine became at an early day subject to dispute, first as to the river St. Croix, then as to which tributary was the source of that river, then as to the islands in Passamaquoddy bay, then as to the north-western angle of Nova Scotia and the highlands that divide the rivers that fall into the Atlantic ocean from those which empty themselves into the St. Lawrence.

Without giving much time to what is

known as the Maine dispute, and passing the controversy as to the river St. Croix and all disputes as to the intermediate calls, it would seem plain that the highlands between the St. Lawrence and the St. John's river were plainly intended by the treaty,—and in view of the fact that the government of the United States had, as early as 1803, so far recognized the great national policy of extending its borders to the oceans and rivers as to procure the colony or province of Louisiana together with all the islands belonging to such province, and in 1819 all the territory belonging to Spain east of the Mississippi, known as East and West Florida, with adjacent islands,—it is not easy to appreciate the argument which induced Mr. Webster to relinquish the boundary known as the Highlands between the rivers which empty themselves into the St. Lawrence from those which flow into the Atlantic ocean, and to adopt the St. John's river as the north-eastern limit of the United States and the state of Maine. This provision of the treaty made in 1842 was the subject of severe attack in the United States senate, led by that bold, energetic, aggressive, and truly American statesman, Thomas H. Benton, senator from Missouri, and has been the subject of much discussion among the loyal sons of Maine.

Gov. Israel Washburn, Jr., who prepared and read before the Maine Historical society at Portland, in 1879, an able and exhaustive paper on the north-eastern boundary began his address by saying, "I shall read you, this morning, a chapter of concessions, submissions, and humiliations by which the otherwise fair record of American diplomacy has been dimmed and stained." He spoke of the Webster-Ashburton treaty as a work of which the indulgent criticism of



A Section of Official Map A, showing the North-western Boundary Line of New Hampshire under the Treaty of Peace of 1783.

the most friendly commentator might be borrowed from Sheridan, who, speaking of another convention, said, "It was one of which, although some were glad, nobody was proud."

While we may properly refer to this severe criticism upon America's greatest statesman, and concede that it is directed to a concession which is not easily understood, we must not omit to call attention to what was claimed to be the establishment of important rights in the channels of the St. Lawrence secured through Art. 7 of what is known as the Webster-Ashburton treaty, wherein it is provided that the channels in the river St. Lawrence on both sides of the Long Sault islands and of Barnhart island, as well as the channels in the rivers Detroit and St. Clair on both sides of the islands, etc., shall be equally free and open to the ships, vessels, and boats of both parties.

We must also remind the historians of Maine that if their state through these negotiations lost a little through Lord Ashburton's diplomacy, that Webster, at least, held his own in respect to the boundary upon the Connecticut waters which was the northern boundary of New Hampshire.

We must also recall that at this time our boundaries were ill-defined and little understood, except where they were formed by the gulf, the ocean, and the river St. Lawrence, and that this controversy extended to the north-west, and that the treaty was a compromise in which each party at various points yielded some part of their claim rather than push to the extremity of war. It must likewise be stated that Mr. Theodore Roosevelt in his life of Benton in the American Statesmen Series, does not accord Mr. Benton much general praise for his furious attack upon the boundary

provision of the treaty of 1842. He does, however, credit Mr. Benton with more defensible ground in respect to his attack on that part of the treaty which defined the north-eastern boundary of Maine.

Referring again and more directly to that provision of the treaty of 1783 which was intended to establish the northern boundary of New Hampshire and of the United States on the waters of the Connecticut, we find that a line was adopted as the north-easterly boundary of the United States and of what was then Massachusetts, running "along the said Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the river St. Lawrence, from those which fall into the Atlantic ocean," and that the boundary described proceeded on such highlands "to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river; thence down along the middle of that river to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude."

It may not be out of place to look somewhat to the information possessed by the treaty-making powers with respect to the wild and little known country between the settled portions of the colonies of Massachusetts and New Hampshire and the St. Lawrence, and to the motive which impelled Great Britain to insist upon breaking away from the St. Lawrence at the forty-fifth degree of north latitude, thus making a divergent line which would bring the boundary easterly to the Connecticut river.

Generals Knox and Lincoln in their reports refer to Mitchell's map which was used by the commissioners while the treaty was under consideration. There is also a reference to the same map in a letter from John Adams to Governor Cushing written from Auteuil, near Paris, October 25, 1784. This

letter was written by Mr. Adams after the north-easterly bound of Massachusetts was drawn into controversy, and while certain measures with respect thereto were pending before the general court of Massachusetts, and in this letter Mr. Adams says: "We had before us, through the whole negotiation, several maps, but it was Mitchell's map upon which we marked out the whole of the boundary lines of the United States." Dr. Franklin says in a letter written to Mr. Jefferson in 1790, "I can assure you that I am perfectly clear in the remembrance that the map we used in tracing the boundary was brought to the treaty by the commissioners from England, and that it was the same as that published by Mitchell twenty years before."

It appears by the affidavit of Surveyor Mitchell, made October 9, 1784, that he was an inhabitant of Chester in the state of New Hampshire, and that in 1764 he was employed by Francis Bernard, Esq., governor of the province of Massachusetts Bay, to proceed, with Israel Jones as his deputy, and with Nathaniel Jones as commanding officer of a party of troops, and Captain Fletcher as Indian interpreter, to the Bay of Passamaquoddy, and there assemble the Indians usually residing there, and from them to ascertain the river known as the St. Croix. It also appears that he made plans of the territory, giving prominence, quite likely, to the river St. Croix, which was the particular river to be ascertained and located. But it is quite reasonable to suppose that the plan reported contained not only the St. Croix but the other important rivers running down from the Highlands, and he being a New Hampshire man, that the Connecticut river was also indicated with its general

course from the Highlands through Massachusetts.

It will be observed that all of the great rivers of the north-easterly portion of the Massachusetts colony, now Maine, such as the Penobscot, the Kennebec, and the Androscoggin, have their source in that territory and flow into the ocean within her own borders, the Androscoggin flowing through New Hampshire for a short distance, while the Connecticut river, flowing from the Highlands of the north to the ocean, divides New Hampshire from what is now Vermont, and Massachusetts and Connecticut nearly in the middle.

It is safe to assume that Great Britain, having in mind the governmental importance of these great water ways, both in a military and a commercial sense, and looking to the great natural highways of the Massachusetts colony, and to the Connecticut river as a great inter-colonial highway, concluded that next in importance to holding the territory was the strategic and commercial advantage to result from the establishment of her boundaries on the head waters of the great rivers, which were then looked upon as the only ways or means for shortening distance, aiding commerce between the countries, and of facilitating military operations in case of war. Great Britain, recalling the then recent expedition of Arnold up the Kennebec, across the highlands that divide the Kennebec from the Chaudiere, and down that stream to the St. Lawrence and the resultant surprise at Quebec, preferred to hold these positions of military menace, and was not easily inclined to accord them to the United States.

Mr. John Fiske in his book on the critical period of American history, speaking of the controversies under this

treaty says, "Franklin's suggestion of a cession of Canada and Nova Scotia was abandoned without discussion," and that after agreeing where the boundary should go, that Oswald marked in red ink the line upon one of Mitchell's maps of North America to serve as a memorandum establishing the precise meaning of the words used in the description, and that when it was discovered from later surveys that the language relating to the north-eastern portion of the boundary contained inaccuracies, it was found that the map used by Oswald was lost.

I am not able to say with any certainty just when the dispute arising upon the Connecticut waters began. It is probable, however, that the provision of the treaty describing the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river became a subject of discussion which rendered the boundary one of uncertainty before 1800. The authorities of New Hampshire, with somewhat doubtful confidence, claiming Hall stream to be the waters intended, while the authorities of Canada and Great Britain maintained with greater confidence, perhaps, that the main river running from what is now known as the third Connecticut lake through the second and first lake, and so on until it intersects the forty-fifth degree of north latitude, was the water called for by the treaty. This dispute involved about one twelfth of the territory of what is now the county of Coös.

Emptying into the Connecticut river from the north, at a point about midway between the claims of the two parties, was a stream known as the Indian Stream, and the disputed tract soon became known as the "Indian Stream Territory."

The American view is supposed to

have been based upon the fact that the waters of Hall stream were the most north-western waters of the Connecticut, while the Canadian and British view was that the term north-westernmost should be read in connection with the other words which call for the head of Connecticut river, and that as the waters of Hall stream were not denominated as a river, and as the treaty described a course from the head of Connecticut river down its middle to the forty-fifth degree of north latitude, that their claim was established.

A discussion of the reasonableness of the two claims with respect to the construction of this part of the treaty would not be useful for the reason that this paper is intended to present somewhat the history of the Indian Stream affair, rather than to demonstrate which position was right as a matter of strict and original construction.

I have not found in such research as I have been able to make documentary evidence which establishes with definiteness whether the parties using the term "to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut River; thence down along the middle of that river to the forty-fifth degree of North latitude" actually intended to adopt Hall stream as the river in fact laid upon maps before the treaty-making powers of 1783, or the Connecticut river having its source in the Third Lake, which is further north and east than the waters of Hall stream; nor have I found sufficient data from which to trace the growth of the controversy prior to 1814.

It is perhaps sufficient, however, for the purposes of this paper to note that the controversy had become so far international, and the true bound so far considered uncertain, that, at the close of the war of 1812, in the treaty known as

the Treaty of Peace and Amity adopted at Ghent on the 24th day of December, 1814, it was recited in Article 5 that, "whereas neither that point of the Highlands lying due north from the source of the River St. Croix, and designated in the former treaty of peace between the two Powers as the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, nor the north-westernmost head of Connecticut River, has yet been ascertained; and whereas that part of the boundary line between the dominions of the two Powers which extends from the source of the River St. Croix directly north to the above mentioned north-west angle of Nova Scotia, thence along the said Highlands which divide those rivers that empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean to the north-westernmost head of Connecticut River, thence down along the middle of that river to the forty-fifth degree of North latitude; thence by line due west on said latitude until it strikes the River Iroquois or Cataraquy, has not yet been surveyed." Following this recital in the same article of the treaty, it is provided that commissioners shall be appointed for the purpose of ascertaining and making a map of the disputed territory, and that the boundaries ascertained and indicated thereon, particularizing the latitude and longitude of the north-west angle of Nova Scotia, the north-westernmost head of Connecticut river, and such other points of the boundary as the commissioners may deem proper, shall be considered as finally and conclusively fixing the bound. It is not understood, however, that any work was done upon the ground by the commissioners under the treaty of 1814 which threw any light upon the dispute as to the head waters of the Connecticut.

According to Coolidge and Mansfield's brief but excellent account of the Indian Stream affair, published in their history and description of New England in 1860, the settlement in the Indian Stream territory began about 1810.

The disputed territory included broad and fertile acres, and the settlement increased rapidly in view of the remoteness of the region, many of the settlers being attracted by the broad meadows of Indian stream, some, perhaps, by the excitement incident to a controversy of this character, others prompted by a desire to maintain a boundary believed to be right, and others still wishing to avoid the burdens and responsibilities incident to regular government. So it may be assumed that this settlement in 1830 embraced a people possessed of courage, energy, and intelligence sufficient to maintain all the rights which to them belonged.

The treaty-making powers, having proclaimed the uncertainty and dispute as to the bound upon the Connecticut waters, and the governments of the two countries remaining inactive in respect to ascertaining and establishing the true line, this frontier controversy became locally intense, and when we consider that it promoted military occupation of the disputed territory by the state of New Hampshire, and subsequent international negotiations which saved to New Hampshire and the United States intact the valuable lakes and upper waters of this great interstate highway, the controversy is not without general interest.

As the controversy progressed, some were loyal to New Hampshire, others tiring of the lame and ineffectual assertion of jurisdiction by New Hampshire, favored an independent government, while others stoutly maintained the Canadian view.

For their title, they relied mainly on that descending from Philip, chief of the St. Francis tribe, who, lingering upon the upper waters of the Connecticut in his old age, still insisted that all the lands between the Connecticut and the Ammonoosuc, the Peumpelussuck or Dead river, the Androscoggin, Umbagog lakes with islands, extending northwardly into the St. Francis river region,

sucksesors and all Indian tribes forever, also liberty of planting four bushels of corn and beans; and this my trusty friend Thomas (Thomas Eames of Northumberland) having given me security to furnish me and my squaw with provisions and suitable clothing which I have accepted in full. I have for myself, and in behalf of all Indians who hunted on or inhabited any of the foregoing lands



The Boundary Post.

and from thence on waters and carrying places to the Connecticut, belonged to him and his people. But yielding to what he believed to be the inevitable, he released whatever rights he may have had forever "with the following conditions and reservations, namely, that I reserve free liberty to hunt all sorts of wild game on any of the fore-going territories, and taking fish in any of the waters thereof for myself, my heirs and

or waters forever, quitclaimed and sold as aforesaid to them, the said Thomas, John, Johnathan, and Nathan as a good estate in feesimple, and do covenant with them that myself and my ancient fathers forever and at all times have been in possession of the above described premises, and that I have a good right to and will warrant and defend," etc. This deed was executed on the 30th of June, 1796.

Among the recitals in the early part of the deed is the following: "Know ye that I, Philip an Indian and native of America, now resident in upper Coös and chief thereof," etc. It is signed Philip, Indian Chief, by his mark and seal; by Molley Messell, by her mark and seal; and by Mooseleck Sussop, by her mark and seal, and was received and recorded in the Grafton county registry on the 22d of November, 1796, and a copy thereof is published in full in an appendix to the second edition of the Rev. Grant Powers's historical sketches of the discovery, settlement, and progress of events in the Coös country.

With this deed the St. Francis tribe yielded all their rights, except the right to plant a little corn and to fish and hunt, a few only lingering for that purpose. Metallak, the son of a chief, "the last of his race within our present boundaries, the last hunter of the ancient Cooash-aukes," dying at Stewartstown about 1850, where in the little cemetery at West Stewartstown his ashes rest apart from his ancestors and the people he loved. The story of Metallak is interestingly and touchingly told by Col. Henry O. Kent in his paper on the resources, attractions, and traditions of the Coös country published in a recent history of Coös county.

Contrary to the settlement of a similar question in Rhode Island, New Hampshire repudiated the Indian title.

The legislature of 1824, upon the report of a committee, asserted its title to the Indian Stream territory, but protected actual bona-fide settlers by what is known as the quieting act, which operated to establish the title in the actual settlers with certain limitations as to quantity of land claimed, and in 1840 Chief Justice Parker in *Bedel v. Loomis*, 11 New Hampshire 9, 15, affirmed this

view as to the title of the state, adopting the theory that in absence of subsequent grant that the title referred back to the time of the separation of this country from Great Britain.

At an early date some of the settlers in this territory either claiming that it belonged to neither country, or that it belonged to the Dominion of Canada, resisted the process of the state of New Hampshire, and in 1820 the legislature of New Hampshire by resolution directed the attorney-general to proceed against such parties as resisted her authorities. The destruction of the court records of Coös county by a recent fire removes all authentic and reliable information as to what was done under this resolution. But the resolution itself is of historic importance in this respect, that it signifies clearly the intention of New Hampshire to maintain her jurisdiction over the territory westerly and northerly to Hall stream.

The British and American commissioners acting under the provisions of the treaty of 1814, to which I have referred, made an attempt in 1819, by joint action to ascertain and establish the boundary between Canada and New Hampshire, but failed to agree, the American commissioners insisting upon what was known as the Fames survey and Hall's stream as the boundary intended by the treaty of 1783, while the British commissioners contended for lines according to the British construction.

In the convention of 1827 all controversies relating to the north-eastern boundary which, of course, included the boundary of Maine, as well as New Hampshire, were referred to the king of the Netherlands who adopted "the head of the Connecticut" as the waters

intended by the original treaty, the effect of which would throw the disputed territory into Canada. This result was, of course, unsatisfactory to New Hampshire, and as the award in this respect as well as in respect to the Maine boundary was rejected by the United States, the question was left for further controversy.

While it is true that whenever New Hampshire acted she consistently adhered to Hall's stream as the true boundary line, it must be conceded that her exercise of jurisdiction prior to 1834-'35 was inefficient and ineffectual, and the people of the disputed territory being subjected to New Hampshire process, and to the assertion of jurisdiction, and to the service of process from the Canadian side, becoming restless under the annoyances and uncertainties resulting from such conditions, determined to organize and establish a government of their own.

It is stated in the history of Coös county, to which I have referred, and which was published in 1888 by W. A. Fergusson & Co. of Syracuse, that "it is evident from the names of the councillors of Indian Stream that up to this period many of the people had only intended to keep a neutral position, and really considered themselves under no jurisdiction, save that of their own laws until the boundary question should be decided, and they allotted to New Hampshire or Canada," and that the government of Indian Stream "was to prevent disorder and anarchy, not to cause it."

Beyond question this government was designed as a provisional government, and at its inception was intended to be effectual only until such time as the international dispute should be settled.

The original book of records of the

Indian Stream government, now in my possession, and which I now pass to the New Hampshire Historical society for safe keeping, describes the government and the action of the various branches thereof under the constitution of the Indian Stream territory adopted July 9, 1832.

If it should be said after inspection that the form of government closely resembles the federal and state governments, it may be said in return that the federal and state governments embraced the ideas of government set forth by Aristotle of old, as the essentials of all governments possessing a proper division of powers.

The preamble to the constitution sets forth that "whereas we, the inhabitants of the tract of land situated between Hall's Stream and the stream issuing from Lake Connecticut being the disputed tract of country near the head of Connecticut River which is claimed by the United States and Great Britain respectively, and generally known by the name of Indian Stream . . . are deprived of the protection of the laws of any government but that of our own until such time as the boundary line between the two governments shall be established, and the time in which that will take place is to us unknown, and whereas it is our ardent desire to live in peace, harmony and good order and considering that these great and good objects cannot be fully enjoyed without some wholesome rules, regulations, or code of laws, and considering it the unalienable right of all people situated as we are wherever in the course of Providence their lot is cast and a privilege which they are in duty bound to improve to strive by all laudable means to take and adopt such measures as shall be best calculated to promote peace and good

Indian Stream

July 9<sup>th</sup> A.D. 1832

I, the undersigned, the several and several members of the  
same, do, respectfully, vote to adjourn the meeting at  
present held, in order, and necessary, to adopt a constitution and  
form of Government, moderate, from the committee  
selected by us, to be in time, next June 1<sup>st</sup>, to elect a com-  
mittee to draft a "Constitutional Charter,"

Be it, therefore, resolved, & voted, that, we do, therefore,  
adjourn, until the 9<sup>th</sup> instant, to adjourn 15 minutes the  
meeting, and, so, same, according, to adjournment, make the following  
Constitution, as adopted.

Preamble

This is to the inhabitants of the tract of land  
situated between the river Salmon and the stream flowing from  
Sugar Loaf mountain, the aforesaid tract of country near the  
mouth of the said river, which is claimed by the United States  
and Great Britain respectively, & generally known by the name of  
Indian Stream, and, which two are separated by the protection  
of the boundaries of Government, but, that is our common ambi-  
tion, that there is no boundary line between the two governments  
that is so well drawn, that we can not, that will take  
place, at least, in our own judgment, it is our ardent desire, to  
have a clear, distinct, and easy order & understanding, that there  
shall be no such岐<sup>qí</sup> boundary, or fence, as will separate some  
of us, from other Indians, or, out of us, and consider, that  
we are all, with respect to all, in all, in all, situated as we are, where  
ever we may go, &, therefore, this act is made and agreed  
upon, that the said Indians, in their Free & open  
meetings, shall, and do, now, declare, as follows:

We have, in our, our present, our good order & condition among  
ourselves, in our, our present state, of the last 6 months,

Fac-simile of the Preamble to the Constitution of the Indian Stream Territory, adopted July 9, 1832.

order in society among themselves while in their present state, as well as to prepare them for useful citizens should they hereafter become a constituent part of some other government, and whereas it has been the custom of the inhabitants of this place to meet from time to time and pass such votes and by-laws as they deem necessary for their regulation and support of order without annexing penalties to enforce them, and as the population and improvements have considerably increased, and considering the great importance of making provision for the benefit of the rising generation, of adopting and enforcing laws on a more permanent basis for the support of schools and other public improvements and maintaining and supporting good order in society. And believing the time has now arrived when we must as a body politic make and enforce laws sufficient to protect and defend the different members of the community, and redress the grievances, and adjust the disputes and controversies, which occasionally arise among them, or they will assume the rights of individually redressing their own grievances and avenging their own injuries; . . . We believe that if the different members of society are permitted to become their own avengers, they would commit great injustice and become aggressors, that retaliation would produce fresh injuries and call into action the worst passions of the heart, which would throw our society into a state of anarchy and confusion which would destroy all the peace, happiness and pleasant prospects we have heretofore enjoyed. Therefore, we, the inhabitants of Indian Stream Territory being assembled in general meeting, and having considered our situation and circumstances with all the impartiality and

candor which we are capable of exercising, feel a full conviction that under present existing circumstances we cannot apply to any government for protection with any probability of success. But by the agreement between the United States and Great Britain that neither party should exercise jurisdiction over the disputed territory we are left to our own resources for preserving order in society without any probability of receiving any assistance from either government, or any change in our circumstances till the boundary line is established. We, therefore, believe that while it is unknown to what government we owe allegiance, we possess full right, and imperative necessity requires, that we should adopt some form of government which will secure the rights, happiness and prosperity of the people who inhabit this territory, and feel confident by so doing we shall promote the interest and secure the approbation of the government to which we shall eventually belong,—Therefore, resolved that to preserve union among ourselves, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for our common security and defense, and secure the important blessings of civilized society, we do ordain and establish this constitution, and the principles of government therein contained for our future guide and direction in forming and enforcing laws for the government of the territory of Indian Stream."

The preamble, which I have recited, establishes with sufficient historical certainty that the inertness, if not the suspension of the claims of the two countries, rendered some local government necessary, and that individual opinions with respect to the dispute between the two governments were wisely subordinated for the time being.

The purposes of this paper do not justify me in resorting to details which relate to the opinions of individuals or factions which held and expressed views relating to this dispute. I must, there-



Gov. William Badger.

fore, content myself with some general observations upon the more prominent events connected with the provisional government and to the action of the stronger governments pending hostilities and the negotiations, which led to peace and the final establishment of a boundary which included the Indian Stream country within the borders of New Hampshire and the United States.

The constitution to which I have referred was divided into two parts; part 1 being a Bill of Rights, and to the 13th Article I wish to call special attention, as it declares the right of independent local government in view of the conditions resulting from the inactive and unsettled policies of Great Britain and the United States.

This article declares that "man being originally formed by his Creator for

society and social intercourse, and for mutually aiding, assisting, and defending each other, and promoting their mutual welfare and happiness, \* \* \* all societies of men placed by circumstances of fortune without the jurisdiction or control of any other society or government have a right to unite together, and institute such government for the regulation of their society as they deem most conducive to the general good, and where a large majority of the people so situated unite together and establish a government, the minority of right ought to submit to the majority and be controlled by them."

Part 2 of the constitution describes the form of government, the supreme legislative power to be vested in a council and assembly to meet on the 2nd Monday in March of each year, and at such other times as the council might judge necessary, the legislative power to be "styled the General Assembly of Indian Stream." It provides for the creation of courts in which the council should be the high court of error. It provides for the encouragement of literature and moral virtue, for the issuance of writs and other process, and contains all provisions necessary for putting the government in operation, as well as a provision for altering and amending the constitution, the latter provision declaring that "The speaker of the assembly shall, at every annual session when a quorum is present, put the question, is it necessary to alter or amend the constitution, and take the vote by yeas and nays by calling the names of every member." Upon the vote adopting the constitution there were fifty-six yeas and three nays.

It was also voted in the same convention, and after the adoption of

the constitution, that the council draft a set of rules for the government of the house when in session.

The assembly passed an act to establish courts of justice, an act to regulate the collection of debts, damages, and fines, an act regulating the fees of the sheriff and defining his duties, an act to provide for forming juries, an act to prevent selling spirituous liquors in or near the assembly room, an act to exempt certain property from attachment, an act for organizing the militia, acts providing for the assessment and collection of taxes, acts to support the government, and for making and repairing highways, an act regulating marriages, an act to prevent vexatious suits at law, an act for the punishment of assault, and battery, and murder, (attaching the death penalty to wilful

The government entered in negotiations with Maine authorities upon the subject of a contemplated road designed to open communications between the Indian Stream country and the state of Maine.

Among the last acts recorded is an act to prevent unlawful service of process, an act for the punishment of perjury, an act for the protection of officers in their official duties, an act to compel witnesses to attend when summoned, and the last recorded, which was passed on the 18th of April, 1835, provides for the extradition of persons charged with crime and escaping from other governments.

All functions of this government, so formed and put in operation, were quite vigorously exercised, and for nearly three years the Indian Stream government, unique in circumstance and democratic in form, was altogether quite potential.

It would seem that in the latter part of '34 and the early part of '35 New Hampshire began to show a more vigorous activity in the assertion of her jurisdiction than theretofore; and while the United States and Great Britain both claimed the territory, it is apparent that such powers were content with so shaping their policies as not to waive their rights, and not to precipitate active hostilities. It is also apparent that New Hampshire, maintaining more vigorously than the general government the American view, was still disposed, while negotiations were pending between the greater powers, to proceed cautiously, and content herself with declaratory acts, setting forth her unmistakable purpose of an ultimate vigorous insistence upon her right to exercise jurisdiction over this territory.

During the decade prior to 1834, a



Gen. Joseph Low.

murder), an act making provision for confinement of criminals, an act authorizing the sheriff to appoint deputies, an act to provide for laying out and discontinuing public roads or highways.

Canadian magistrate, impressing his importance upon the Canadian settlers on the frontier, and insinuating his influence among the settlers of the disputed territory, was the cause of much annoyance to the inhabitants of these localities, the government of New Hampshire, the government of the United States, the general government of Lower Canada, and the government of Great Britain as well.

As a result of the disturbed and irritated conditions caused by the encroachments of this magistrate, the government of New Hampshire during the administration of Governor Badger, under the advice of George Sullivan as attorney-general, became more vigorous, and under the direction of John H. White, sheriff of Coös county, the state asserted its jurisdiction by the service of process upon the inhabitants within this territory.

The government of Indian Stream having been rendered necessary by the failure of the contending powers to establish an effectual government, and having been established, it became the purpose of the inhabitants to stoutly exercise the right of self-government until the jurisdictional question should be definitely and finally determined.

Prompted by such purpose, the assembly passed an act on the 18th of April, 1835, reciting in substance that process was being served by persons claiming to be officers, who were not such under the constitution and laws of Indian Stream, and providing for their arrest and punishment.

Prior to this action, however, on the part of the assembly, and on the second day of September, 1834, a council of the Indian Stream territory, being influenced unquestionably somewhat by a growing theory that this territory, if

within the United States, was not in New Hampshire, and therefore a territory of the United States (a theory which is more fully shown by the opinion of Chief Justice Parker in *Bedel v. Loomis*, 11 N. H. 9, 15) memorialized the attorney general of the United States on the subject.

Mr. Renick, chief clerk of the state department at Washington, writes that this document cannot be found. The reply of the attorney-general, Mr. Forsyth, however, unquestionably recites the ground of the memorial, which was that the council considered themselves "if within the jurisdiction of the United States as under that of the general government and not of New Hampshire." Mr. Forsyth was a Georgian, and his conclusion upon the subject was stated in the following epigrammatic sentence: "If you are within the limits of the United States, as has always been maintained by this government, it is because you are within the limits of the state of New Hampshire."

On the day that this memorial was sent to the attorney-general of the United States, the same committee addressed a communication to John H. White, sheriff of the county of Coös, in which they asked him to suspend the exercise of jurisdiction within this territory "until such time as we can obtain an answer from the United States government whether the boundary line has been settled and affixed between the United States and Great Britain, and if so, if we are considered to belong to New Hampshire." They also informed the sheriff that they had sent a communication to the general government on the subject saying, "we have taken this method to secure the rights and calm the irritated feelings of the people which are

daily increasing, considering that New Hampshire has no legal right to claim jurisdiction over this place and enforce her laws upon us, if in answer we should be informed otherwise, we as loyal subjects shall quietly and peaceably submit to her laws and



Capt. James Mooney.

authority . . . we are anxious to take every precautionary measure in our power now, and shall continue so to do to prevent the effusion of blood."

A copy of a letter in the office of the secretary of state at Concord, which is without date, (but the report of the judiciary committee to whom was referred the special message of the governor at the June session, 1835, shows that it was subsequent to the communication to Mr. Forsyth,) signed by another committee of Indian Stream and addressed "To His Excellency the Governor of the Province of Lower Canada," sets forth that the territory on which the settlement is located "has been, and still is claimed by the government of the United States and

that of Great Britain, that we have until a few days since been permitted by said governments to enjoy ourselves as a neutral nation or people and govern ourselves by our own laws, but that a few days since invasions have been made upon our rights by the sheriff of New Hampshire, by his Deputy, William Smith of the County of Coös in said state, by exercising his authority over this territory as being a part and belonging to said state . . . and it is said that the government of said state has directed him so to do, all which doing we are fully of opinion is without any lawful authority, and a violation upon our rights and contrary to treaty between said governments, and whereas said inhabitants are unable to defend ourselves against said state, we, the undersigned, in behalf of said inhabitants, pray your Excellency to take our case under your wise consideration, and grant us such relief as you in your wisdom shall judge proper and just, for we expect new invasions."

A letter dated September 18, 1834, from W. M. Richardson, then chief-justice of New Hampshire, addressed to John H. White, Esq., who was sheriff of Coös county, a copy of which is now in the office of the secretary of state at Concord, sets forth "that a question of boundary between the territories of nations is purely a political question to be settled by treaty, and does not belong to the courts of either nation." He says further, in the same communication, "what the views of the government of this state now are I am not advised. It will be the duty of courts to enforce the laws co-extensively with the territory which the state claims. Perhaps your wisest and safest course will be to take the

advice of the executive and follow that. I trust nothing will be done that may lead to violence and bloodshed."

Mr. White, on the 17th of January, 1835, addressed a communication to the council of Indian Stream in reply to their communication of the 2d of September, 1834, to which I have referred, in which he sets forth that he has consulted the chief-justice of the superior court and the executive of the state, and transmits a letter from George Sullivan, attorney-general, to the governor, who had taken his advice. This communication, with the opinion of the attorney-general, made known the purpose of New Hampshire to exercise with vigor and aggressiveness her government to the bound claimed by the United States.

About this time factions were developed which favored the Canadian view, others which favored the New Hampshire claim as to jurisdiction, others the idea of a United States territory, and others, probably constituting a majority, maintaining and contending that they should "abide by and support our constitution and laws,—" the constitution and laws of the Indian Stream territory, "agreeably to our oaths, until known to what government we properly belong when our constitution is at an end."

About this time, the Canadians, under the lead of the magistrate to whom I have referred, became more aggressive, advocated resistance to New Hampshire laws, promised help from Canada, and made efforts to serve process within the territory and what the Canadians claimed to be the township of Drayton, and preparations were made for the organization of battalions on the Canadian side of the frontier.

Such conditions, together with the act of April 18, 1835, to which I have referred, and which related to the service of process by outside authorities, and the attempt to enforce laws for the



Gen. Ira Young.

punishment of perjury, and for the forfeiture of citizenship within this territory on the ground of treason, prompted attitudes of beligerency and created such conditions of excitement and insecurity as to occasion a special message from Governor Badger to the legislature at the June session, 1835: and after an investigation and a report from the judiciary committee to whom the message was referred, the legislature adopted a resolution declaring "that the state of New Hampshire should continue the possession of the Indian Stream territory, and maintain the jurisdiction of the state over the same, until the question of boundaries now in dispute between the United States and Great Britain affecting the limits of said territory shall be finally settled; and His Excellency the Governor be requested

to render all necessary aid to the executive officers of the county of Coös in causing the laws of said state to be duly executed within the limits of said territory." It was further resolved at the same time that "it is inexpedient for the state during the pendency of the controversy in relation to said boundaries to make any disposition of the interests of the state in the land of said Indian Stream Territory."

Following this resolution Governor Badger, as commander-in-chief of the New Hampshire forces, through Adjutant-General Joseph Low, issued an order upon Ira Young as colonel of the Twenty-fourth regiment, which caused Captain James Mooney to rendezvous with his company at Stewartstown "for the purpose of rendering to John H. White Esquire, Sheriff of said county, such assistance as might be necessary to enable him to serve process in Indian Stream Territory." The company encamped at Stewartstown from the fourth to the sixth of August, 1835. It later became necessary to occupy the territory of Indian Stream by military force, and a detachment of the Twenty-fourth regiment, consisting of Captain Mooney's company, was ordered into the territory in November, 1835. The instruction of Governor Badger to General Low being "to take such steps as might be found necessary to maintain the integrity of the state and its laws, and if necessary to call out so much of the Twenty-fourth regiment as will enable the executive officers of the county of Coös to execute the laws and suppress and put down all insurrectionary movements."

Accordingly General Low ordered Colonel Ira Young to "detach and order into service, and place at the disposal of John H. White, Esquire, Sheriff of

the County of Coös, one captain, one lieutenant, one ensign, four sergeants, two musicians, and forty-two privates, for three months unless sooner discharged."

Between the time of the rendezvous of Captain Mooney's company at Stewartstown in August and its subsequent occupation of Indian Stream territory, there were Canadian encroachments, which aroused not only the inhabitants of Indian Stream, but of all the towns of the northern part of the state.

This paper is not the place for details, but as the episode had the effect to prompt international investigation and accelerate negotiations which speedily ascertained and established the jurisdictional line, it becomes historically important, and I must refer to it briefly and



John P. Hale.

leave those who are interested to pursue inquiries with reference to this affair to detailed accounts in the history of Coös county, to which I have referred, and to the evidence and the report presented to the legislature in 1836 by a committee

consisting of Joseph Low, Ralph Metcalf, and John P. Hale.

The story in brief is as follows: In October, 1835, the executive officers of New Hampshire having in custody an inhabitant of Indian Stream territory were forcibly resisted and the prisoner rescued, escaping into Canada. During the same month an armed body from the Canadian side came into the Indian Stream territory executing a warrant upon an inhabitant of Indian Stream who had rendered aid to the executive officer of New Hampshire in respect to the prisoner to whom I have just referred. When asked by what authority they acted, they answered, "the king's." The inhabitant against whom the warrant was directed was taken into custody, and while the Canadian party were proceeding to the place where the warrant was returnable, was in turn rescued by a mounted body of Americans.

News of this Canadian encroachment spread rapidly, and within a few hours there were assembled on the frontier between two and three hundred mounted men, from the towns of Colebrook, Stewartstown, Clarksville, and the Indian Stream territory, embracing a portion of Captain Mooney's company.

Acting under the excitement and impulse of the occasion, some of the more aggressive, who were not members of the New Hampshire militia, organized a mounted party, and proceeding, I suppose, on the ground of the right of recapture, invaded the king's dominion for the avowed purpose of recapturing the party who had early in the month been wrested from the New Hampshire authorities.

This raid resulted not only in recapture, but in making prisoner of the Canadian magistrate, who violently resisted the recapture, and attempted to make

prisoners of the raiding party. The magistrate, after being brought from the Canadian dominion into Vermont, was finally released and allowed to return.

Military occupancy of the Indian Stream territory during a part of the years 1835-'36 was for the ostensible purpose and upon the avowed necessity of aiding the civil authorities of New Hampshire, but it is to be presumed that the underlying purpose was broad enough to resist any organized military force from the Canadian side.

However this may be, this show of military power in connection with the invasions and recapture, to which I have alluded, precipitated an emphatic complaint and protest from Lord Gosford, captain general and governor of Lower Canada, issued from the castle of St. Louis, Quebec, in February, 1836, to Chas. Bankhead, Esq., His Britannic Majesty's Charge d'Affaires, at Washington, in which he says, "It has become my duty to communicate to you the details of an outrage of a very grave character which has recently been committed within the undoubted limits of this province by an armed body, consisting principally of citizens of New Hampshire, on two of His Majesty's subjects—one a Justice of the Peace, and the other a peace officer, while in the execution of their official duties. And I have to request that you will take such steps as you may judge advisable to obtain immediate redress from the Justice of the central government of the United States for this infraction of the Law of Nations, accompanied by acts endangering the lives and violating the liberties of His Majesty's Canadian subjects." He also transmits the report of a Canadian commission consisting of Edward Short, I. McKensie, and Benj. Pomroy. This commission was created

for the purpose of investigating and reporting the condition of affairs in the disputed territory, and is dated from Lenoxville the 1st of January, 1836, and among other things sets forth "that the territory is now in the possession of a body of New Hampshire militia consisting of fifty men under the immediate orders of the same James Mooney who was conspicuous in the affray at Hereford, that in our progress thro' the Indian Stream settlement in the prosecution of our inquiry, we were stopped on the highway near the house of one Fletcher by a military guard composing a part of the force above mentioned, who at the point of the bayonet commanded us to stand and would not permit us to pass, altho' made aware of the authority under which we were acting."

After an interesting correspondence between Secretary Forsyth and Isaac Hill, then senator from New Hampshire, in which Mr. Hill maintains the New Hampshire claim, and indicates that the discontent and the disturbance was the result of a course pursued by the Canadian government calculated to encourage malcontents, the correspondence was forwarded to Governor Badger by Mr. Forsyth, secretary of state.

The dispatches between the two general governments were at all times dignified and conservative. That which I have been able to examine begins with Lord Aylmer in April, 1835. Lord Aylmer, who was then governor-in-chief of Canada, in a despatch to Sir Charles R. Vaughan, His Majesty's minister at Washington, recites an instance of the exercise of judicial authority on the part of the state of New Hampshire within the limits of the provisional government of Indian Stream and sets forth that such action, "can not be acquiesced in without prejudice to the pretensions

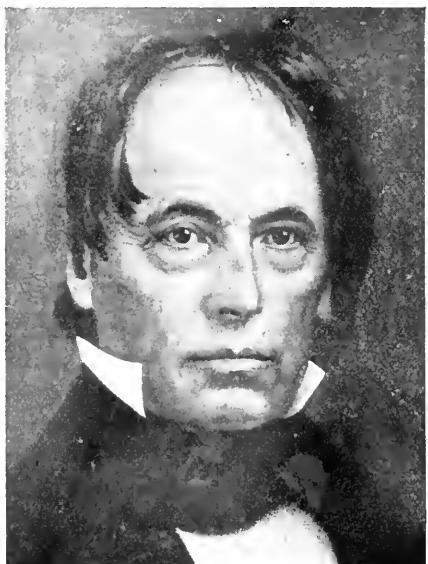
of Great Britain to the possession of the territory of the Indian Stream as a portion of the province of Lower Canada." He says that "from the commencement of my administration I have considered it a very essential part of my duty as Governor-in-Chief of His Majesty's North American possessions, to cultivate the good will of the neighboring states of the American union being assured that, in so doing I have been acting in accordance with the well-known friendly disposition of His Majesty's government towards the United States."

A communication from Adjutant-General Low to Colonel White, sheriff of the county of Coös, under date of January 29, 1836, sets forth that the authorities of New Hampshire are advised "that the British government will not interfere with our jurisdiction at Indian Stream until the question of boundaries shall have been settled by proper authorities" and that he is directed by the governor to ask the opinion of Sheriff White and Solicitor Williams as to the necessity of continuing military occupancy of the Indian Stream Territory.

Peace and quiet having been restored, withdrawal of the troops soon followed.

At the June session, 1836, the New Hampshire legislature again resolved "that the state of New Hampshire should continue the possession of the Indian Stream Territory and maintain the jurisdiction of this state over the same until the question of boundaries now in dispute between the United States and Great Britain affecting the limits of said territory shall be finally settled." The governor is again requested to render all necessary aid to the executive officers of the county of Coös in causing the laws of the state to be duly executed within the limits of said territory. The governor is also

"authorized to appoint commissioners to repair to Indian Stream and collect and arrange such testimony as may be obtained to rebut and explain the charges and testimony obtained and preferred against the citizens of this state by Lord



Gov. Jared W. Williams.

Gosford, Governor of the province of Lower Canada." Under this resolution the committee consisting of Low, Metcalf, and Hale, to which I have referred, was appointed for such purpose.

The depositions were taken before Mr. Hale and Col. Ira Young and the evidence there gathered and preserved by this committee in connection with its report set forth in detail the heroic and courageous action of the people of northern Coös in the maintenance of what to them seemed right.

With the assurance of the British government through the proper channels that no further interference with the jurisdiction of New Hampshire over the Indian Stream territory should take place, local and military hostilities ceased, and peace was restored.

Forsyth, Hill, Badger, Sullivan, Low, and White were all men of courage and determination and well calculated to maintain the rights and establish the authority of the nation and state to such a bound as they were entitled to go.

At about this period the work of negotiation with respect to the establishment of boundaries between the United States, Great Britain, and other countries, was pushed more vigorously and being only partially closed by Webster was continued by Calhoun; that part with which we are now dealing, however, being definitely and finally settled by Art. 1 of the treaty of 1842, executed at Washington by Webster and Ashburton, wherein after defining the north-eastern boundary of Maine and coming to the source of the south-west branch of the St. John in the Highlands at the Metjarmette portage, it is provided that the boundary shall go "thence, down along the said Highlands, which divide the waters which empty themselves into the River St. Lawrence from those which fall into the Atlantic Ocean to the head of Hall Stream; thence down the middle of said stream till the line thus run intersects the old line of boundary surveyed and marked by Valentine and Collins, previously to the year 1774, as the forty-fifth degree of North latitude," thus giving to New Hampshire all the territory which she claimed.

According to an article, published in Volume 2 of the New Hampshire Historical Society Collections, written in 1827, from Portsmouth, wherein the writer sets forth from recollection the arguments made by the two countries which he perused through the politeness of the secretary of the English council; the claim of England was that the Maine branch of the river

issuing from Lake Connecticut must be deemed the "north-westernmost head of Connecticut river," because the other streams did not bear the name of "Connecticut," but distinct names; while on the contrary, it was shown by the United States that this is the case with almost all rivers having different heads, and that this "head" coming from the lake can hardly be said to spring from the "Highlands," and would have been designated for a boundary by the name of the main branch if one more northwest had not been intended as the boundary. According to the same authority, the British next contended for Indian Stream as the north-westernmost head, while on the other hand it was argued that Leach stream is farther west, etc., and

York and Canada, in 1772, passed by Hall stream on the forty-fifth degree of north latitude to the main branch of the river. New Hampshire did not take part in this survey, however.

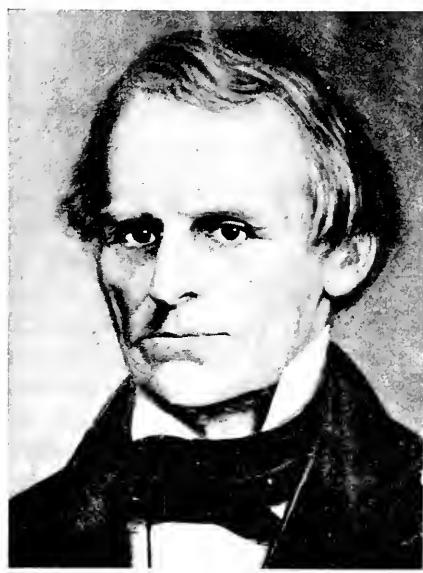
It must also be recalled that as late as 1835, Sir Charles R. Vaughn, then Great Britain's envoy extraordinary, in a communication to Forsyth, the American secretary of state, sets forth "that the British government contends that the north-westernmost head of the Connecticut river ought to be established at the source of a stream which flows into a lake above the Connecticut lake."

It may be safely assumed, that Mr. Webster, a native of New Hampshire, loving her people, and knowing and loving her rivers, lakes, and hills, looking at this great highway, having its source in her highlands, flowing and broadening through the valleys of the state of his adoption, prompted by love for his native state and his view of the national importance of this great river in a commercial and military sense, brought to the support of New Hampshire's claim and the contention of the federal government all his energy, and all the power of his persuasive eloquence.

The territory in dispute embraced something like 200,000 acres, and at the time the provisional government of Indian Stream was formed, there were between ninety and a hundred voters, and a population of three or four hundred.

At this time the people of the settlement understood that the treaty-making powers had at least tacitly agreed that neither should exercise jurisdiction pending treaty negotiations.

Occupation of the territory by military force did not bring on a conflict



Isaac Hill.

that the treaty does not say the most northerly head, the main head, or the north-west head, but the north-westernmost head.

It must also be said in the same connection that the surveyors of New

between the regular organizations, but unquestionably the presence of military force quieted the disturbed conditions within the territory, and caused the local, civil, and military authorities of Canada to stand off, and therefore had the effect to avoid conflicts and bloodshed which would otherwise have taken place between the frontier settlements.

The legislature of New Hampshire promptly and at the November session, 1836, passed a resolution setting forth that the military and other expenses incurred by the government of New Hampshire in protecting its citizens from unlawful attempts on the part of the authorities of the province of lower Canada to possess and exercise jurisdiction over Indian Stream territory, were proper charges against the government of the United States as such resistance was made necessary "in consequence" of the foreign interference with such territory.

The expenses attending this campaign were finally assumed by the general government upon the ground that as it related to a bound between the United States and a foreign country, it in effect involved an international dispute, and the state was reimbursed through special acts of congress in 1849 and 1852.

So far as actual maintenance of jurisdiction was concerned, the burden for a long time rested upon New Hampshire, the federal custom officials confusing the conditions and rendering the situation more uncertain for a time, by exacting duties from the people of the Indian Stream territory, who brought their products into Vermont and New Hampshire.

The assertions and administrative acts of New Hampshire, as has been

stated, were, prior to 1834, lacking in force and vigor, and on the whole, the condition of affairs in this territory resulting from the inertia of the two governments would seem to justify the establishment and maintenance of the



Daniel Webster.

provisional government of Indian Stream. Its form and provisions show that the people possessed wisdom and were inspired by principles of morality. The subsequent conflicts are sufficient evidence of their metal and courage. The only official stain upon the local government results from the application to the Canadian powers for protection against New Hampshire, but viewed in the light of the preamble to their constitution, and the communications to the various powers, this should be accepted, perhaps, as a diplomatic effort on the part of the people to secure aid necessary to sustain themselves in a position of neutrality pending treaty negotiations, in order that they might the more naturally and gracefully adjust themselves

to the government under whose jurisdiction they should finally fall.

Whatever may have been the views of individuals or factions during the unsettled and disturbed periods, when the jurisdictional line was finally established, all became loyal to their state and country, this territory furnishing more soldiers to the Civil War, according to her population, than any other in New Hampshire save one. And there were none more brave.

The boundary conflict is no more. Peace and prosperity reign in the valleys of the upper Connecticut. Only a few of the strong and brave actors in this affair remain. The great majority have been removed from the stage of action, some sleeping among other scenes, many having their final resting place among the hills and in the valleys they loved so well.

#### APPENDIX.

I first wish to express my appreciation of the courtesies extended to me by the Honorable William B. Ives, president of the council of the Canadian government at Ottawa, and to the Honorable John Costigan, secretary of state, Canada, who have kindly furnished copies of such papers as I have needed from Canadian Archives, in the prosecution of this work.

The Honorable Joseph B. Walker of the Historical society requests that I refer to documents and histories connected with the affair to which I have directed attention in the foregoing paper. Consequently, I refer (not as including all) to the following treaties, official correspondence, messages, reports, histories, etc., some bearing directly, others remotely, upon the subject.

Treaty of 1783, Art. 2. Treaty of 1814, Art. V. Treaty of 1842, Art. 1.

Correspondence between the governors of Lower Canada and the British ministers at Washington and Mr. Forsyth, partial copies of which with other papers are in the secre-

tary of state's office at Concord marked "Papers relating to Indian Stream, 1834-5-6."

Other copies of Canadian and Federal official correspondence, which I pass to the New Hampshire Historical society.

Correspondence between Governor Badger and the attorney general of the United States, and between the governor and the attorney-general of New Hampshire, a part of which is in the secretary of state's office at Concord.

A paper on the Northern Boundary, written from Portsmouth, April 20, 1827, to which I have heretofore referred.

The Critical Period of American History, by John Fiske, 1891.

Book of Indian Stream Records, now in the New Hampshire Historical Society Collection.

History and Description of New England, by A. J. Coolidge and J. B. Mansfield, 1860. 390.

New Hampshire Patriot, 1820 to 1838.

Military History of New Hampshire by Chandler E. Potter, published in Adjutant General's Report, New Hampshire, 1868, 12, 269.

Garneau's History of Canada, 1862.

The Northeastern Boundary, by Honorable Israel Washburn, Jr., LL. D., Collections of the Maine Historical Society, Vol. 8, p. 1.

Judge William L. Putnam of the United States Circuit Court has a valuable collection of documents relating to the north-eastern boundary, among which is a volume consisting of documents and papers, principally extracted from the statements laid before the King of the Netherlands, revised by Albert Gallatin, with an appendix and eight maps. Another volume of documents relating to the north-eastern boundary of the state of Maine, printed by Dutton & Wentworth, Boston, printers to the state of Maine in 1828. Another, consisting of the governor's message and documents on the subject of the doings of the arbiter (King of the Netherlands) with a report of the committee of the legislature in relation to the north-eastern boundary of Maine, printed by Todd &

Holden, printers to the state in 1831. The maps in the appendix to Gallatin's volume strongly sustain the American view, both as to the Highlands between the St. Lawrence and the St. John as the boundary of Maine, and as to Hall stream as the northerly bound of New Hampshire.

Address by Honorable Sidney Webster before the Grafton and Coös Bar Association in 1892, on Franklin Pierce and the Reciprocity Treaty of 1854, Bar Publications, Vol. 2.

History of Coös County, Fergusson, 1888, 95, 696-720.

Grant Power's History of the Coös County, 2d edition published 1880. Old edition, 1841.

Report of Legislative Committee and Resolution, November session, and Act approved December 22, 1824.

Resolution of the Legislature approved June 18, 1836, creating a Committee of Investigation.

The Report and Evidence filed by Joseph Low, Ralph Metcalf, and John P. Hale, November 23, 1836, a copy of which is now with Richard Fletcher, Esq., Lancaster, bound in Vol. 13 Pamphleteer, such volume being a collection of interesting documents made by Hiram A. Fletcher, Esq. This report is published in the Journal of the Legislature, 1836, p. 397, but it does not contain the evidence taken by Mr. Hale as does Fletcher's collection in his Vol. 13 of the Pamphleteer.

Another copy with Mary Bedel Drew, daughter of Col. Hazen Bedel and granddaughter of Lyman Lombard, a member of Corresponding Committee to the Governor.

Report of Glines, Land Agent, Journal of the House, June session, p. 297.

Report of James W. Weeks, Surveyor, Appendix to Journal, June session, 1849, p. 600.

Report of John Flanders and David Blanchard, Agents, *Id.* 596.

Plan of Pittsburg prepared and filed in the

Secretary of State's office by Honorable James W. Weeks June 15, 1849.

Governor Badger's Special Message to the Legislature, 1835. House Journal, p. 33.

Report of Judiciary Committee, appendix, Journal 1835.

Any one interested in the history of this affair should examine carefully the Journals of the House and Senate from 1800 to 1850 (as I do not undertake to refer to them all), and for this purpose it would be well to refer to Aiken's index under the head of "Indian Stream" and "Pittsburg." It would be well, also, to look for the Governor Badger papers among his descendants, as well as the papers of General Low, Colonel Young, and Sheriff White. Honorable James W. Weeks, of Lancaster, and David Blanchard, Esq., of Pittsburg, have personal knowledge of the Indian Stream affair, and have made valuable collections of papers.

Unfortunately, there are few, if any, papers or records in the office of the adjutant-general, where one would naturally expect to find a full account of the military operations. The late Amos W. Drew, of Stewartstown, was ensign of Captain Mooney's company. His record book of the company is now in the possession of his son, Hon. Irving W. Drew, of Lancaster. It is to be hoped that the Historical Society will obtain and preserve this. I should also examine records of the state treasury department for evidence of the financial transactions between the state and federal governments.

The northern boundary was by actual survey ascertained under the Webster-Ashburton Treaty, and marked by iron posts as follows:

On Easterly side—"Boundary Aug<sup>st</sup> 9th, 1842."

On Westerly side—"Treaty of Washington."

On Northerly side—"Col. I. B. B. Estcourt, H. B. M. Com<sup>ssr.</sup>"

On Southerly side—Albert Smith, U. S. Com<sup>ssr.</sup>"

## THE STORY OF NAOMI.

*By Clarence H. Pearson.*

She had lived all her life in a log cabin on the side of one of the Cumberland mountains in Eastern Tennessee. To her the little towns in the Sequachee valley represented the great centres of manufacture and commerce. She had once visited South Pittsburg, which was said to have a population of something over four thousand, and the strange and wonderful things she saw there furnished her with food for many days of reflection. Her daily life was extremely uneventful. She kept house for her father, who was her sole surviving relative and her only companion. He was a grave, unostentatious man, who pursued his chosen occupation quietly and industriously, but never tried to extend his business beyond certain limits and never advertised. He was a moonshiner.

One day, late in August, a party of campers from Chattanooga came and pitched their tents on the mountain side not far from the little cabin. The company consisted of a married couple of thirty-five or thereabout, several lively and exceedingly noisy young people who have nothing in particular to do with this story, and little Dot, the baby, aged four. They disported themselves very much after the manner of campers in general, exploring every nook and cranny of the mountain, and singing, laughing, and shouting until they awakened the echoes for miles around.

"Game 'll be powerful sea'se this fall of this yer pack o' yellin' loonatics don't shove out soon," grumbled Naomi's

father one day, "for I 'low they 'll skeer every livin' thing outen the kentry."

One afternoon, when everyone thought she was asleep in one of the tents, little Dot started on a tour of discovery. About the first object of interest she found was a long, slender, graceful, golden-brown creature with beautiful seal-brown markings and a queer little rattle on the tip of its tail. Its eyes shone like diamonds, and little Dot thought she had never seen anything quite so lovely and attractive in her whole life.

Naomi came upon the child and her new acquaintance at a very opportune moment. The reptile, irritated by the too close approach of the little one, had struck, fortunately burying its deadly fangs in the folds of the brightly-colored dress instead of the white, delicate flesh. Without a moment's hesitation the girl caught the squirming creature by the neck so close to the terrible, gaping jaws that it could not turn to bite her. It coiled so tightly around her arm as to almost paralyze it, but she held it in a firm grasp, and, taking a stone in her left hand, laid the ugly, triangular head on a boulder and pounded it to a shapeless mass. Then, contrary to all precedent, she refrained from fainting.

Little Dot's parents were profuse in their expressions of gratitude, and the rest of the party were so loud in their praises of her courage, that at first they made Naomi very uncomfortable. They came to the house frequently, and little Dot followed her about like a

shadow. It was very easy to learn to love the beautiful little creature whose life she had saved, and to conceive a strong friendship for the parents, whose kindly feeling toward their child's preserver was so manifest.

About this time Naomi's father met with a serious reverse in business. Two strangers who were ostensibly prospecting for coal, discovered the cave where he kept all the tools and implements of his occupation, and carried them away. They also took the owner before the federal court to answer to the charge of violating the United States revenue laws. In a few days, for justice is not always leaden-footed, especially when dealing with illicit distillers, word came back that the old man had been sentenced to imprisonment for two years.

And so it happened that Naomi, having nowhere else to go, accompanied her new friends to Chattanooga. Two years amid new scenes and surroundings make a great change in the life of a simple mountain maid. At the end of that time one would hardly have known her: indeed the moonshiner's daughter scarcely knew herself. At last came the day to which, in spite of herself, she had been looking forward for a long time with a secret dread. With a sinking heart she read the scrawling, ill-spelled epistle, notifying her that her father was once more a free man, and requesting her to return home at once. She knew that she ought to be glad. She was glad that the long, weary days of her father's imprisonment were over, but how could she return to the dull, monotonous existence which she had known before? She slept little and wept much that night, for she had decided after a sharp struggle with her inclinations, that the path of duty led her to the lone cabin on the mountain.

She thought how sadly she should miss little Dot and her parents, to whose kindness she owed so much: and then with a sharp twinge of pain she thought of the handsome, manly young mechanic who had sought her society so frequently during the past few months. He had made no spoken declaration of love, but she was very sure that a certain important question had trembled upon his lips at their last meeting, and that only a chance interruption had prevented its utterance. And she must leave the city the next day without an opportunity to bid him good-bye, for he was away on a visit and would not return for nearly a week.

One bright afternoon six weeks later Naomi was far up on the side of the mountain, gathering nuts. Chancing to glance up from her work she saw a man standing on a high knoll a few hundred yards below her father's cabin. His form looked strangely familiar, and she watched him curiously. Presently a clump of bushes near him seemed to emit a little puff of white smoke, and simultaneously the man threw up his hands and staggering forward, fell to the ground. A second or two later the report of a rifle reached her ear. She turned cold with horror as the awful truth dawned upon her. A murder had been committed and worse still, she felt sure that her own father was the assassin. Probably the victim was some prowling revenue officer, and yet the figure had been so like that of some one she had known. A terrible thought arose in her mind—a possibility that filled her with sickening fear, and she rushed down the mountain's steep side like some mad creature. Heeding no obstacle in her wild haste, she dashed on, tearing through bushes, leaping over fallen logs, dashing her feet against the sharp stones,

until, breathless and panting, she arrived at the spot where she had last seen the stranger. Merciful God, what a sight met her gaze! There prone on the ground lay her handsome lover with the blood still slowly oozing from a wound in his chest, and the terrible glassy glare of death in his blue eyes. His features were distorted, his limbs were drawn up, and in his right hand was a flowering shrub which he had clutched and uprooted in his strong death agony. Naomi stood there staring with a strange, dazed look on her face. Could this poor, pitiful, helpless object be the strong, self-reliant man she had known and loved? Yes, it must be—it was, and yet she did not, could not weep or cry out. It was so odd, she thought, that she should stand looking at him, realizing that he was dead, and yet manifesting no grief. She wondered if she really had a heart. She could feel something beating and throbbing in her bosom, but it seemed like a great lump of ice. For a long time she remained apparently as unmoved by the ghastly

spectacle as the rocks around her. Then slowly, very slowly, a sense of her great loss came upon her. A numb pain unlike anything she had ever before experienced crept into her bosom and became more and more intense until she could hardly refrain from shrieking in her anguish. She leaned against a small tree, covered her face with her hands to shut out that horrible stare, and moaned piteously. Presently she was aroused by a light touch on her shoulder. Looking up she saw her father beside her with a world of pity in his usually cold, gray eyes. The old man had divined the whole sad truth, and the strange emotions which struggled within him flooded the wrinkled old face with tender feeling.

"Come, little gal," he whispered softly, "come home."

"O pap!" she broke forth in a wail of agony, "how could you? How could you?"

"God help me!" he murmured huskily, "I done 'lowed 'twas a revenue man."

## THE ANNEXATION OF NDRONGA.

*By Edwin W. Sanborn.*

A time has now come when it is possible to review with calmness the whole affair of Ndronga. It is not easy to realize that prior to 1904 the Ndronga islands were hardly known to the world. On many maps they are not mentioned. On others they are called the Watkins islands, probably after the original discoverer. Lying at a distance from lines of traffic, their products were not sufficient to attract commerce.

Yet their crowded history of two years

has not been a mere rush of accident. It was a natural outcome of the colonizing movements at the close of the last century. As the African field became exhausted, the long rivalries in Asia were nearing a crisis. Close observers had noted the coming of a new order in China. The breaking up of that ancient system offered vast possibilities to the restless powers of Europe. While British aggression was reaching out from India, and Russian from Siberia, the

French had gained a foothold at Tonquin and the Germans in Corea. There were interests of Holland in the East Indies and of Spain in the Phillipine Islands.

It was clear that success would depend on naval preparation. From the need of intermediate harbors and bases of supply an eager scrutiny was turned upon the islands of the Pacific. With available harbors in the southern oceans already taken, there was now a fierce scramble for stations in western Polynesia. Since the formal establishment of a protectorate over Hawaii in 1897, the United States had fortified there a strong naval station. It was now necessary to protect the Hawaiian protectorate. Early in 1904 the cruiser *New Whatcom* was despatched for a thorough exploration of the Central Pacific islands, and as a result of this cruise, Ndronga came into sudden prominence. The islands have been so thoroughly described that we only need to recall their general features.

Like many Pacific islands, they were formed by the joint action of volcanic and coralline agencies. Ndronga proper is an attol of the usual horse-shoe form. The enclosed lagoon, having a width of about ten miles and depth of fifteen to twenty fathoms, offered a fine harbor. At a distance of ten miles is what is now known as Huckins island, containing some fifty square miles of land. Steep, rugged cliffs, the rim of an old volcano, rise around the shore line. Reefs make it unapproachable by sea, but a rocky ridge reaches toward the attol and is carried on by coral formations for the whole distance. Ndronga is thus, properly speaking, a single island; but as there are two bodies of land connected only by a narrow neck, we have become accustomed to speak of the

whole group as the Ndronga islands. Such a harbor, joined with a natural stronghold, offered great advantages as a naval station.

The coral island was found to have a native population of about two hundred and fifty. They were of the Papuan or negritic race; had learned nothing of civilization, and were reputed to retain savage and even cannibal instincts. On the other "island" were two white men, survivors of the brig *Polly*, which had been driven out of her course and wrecked a few weeks earlier. They were Zenas Huckins, of Aroostook county, Maine, first mate of the *Polly*, and a French-Canadian sailor named John Bergeron, or "Bazro," as the name was called by his American ship-mate. The rescued seamen were anxious to hasten home; but after mate Huckins had been entertained on board the *New Whatcom* and favored with a talk in Commander Waffles's cabin, he decided to continue for the present his residence on the island. Leaving a guard of armed marines, Commander Waffles steamed away to Hawaii to cable his report and receive instructions. During the absence of the *New Whatcom* there were important developments.

The government of Ndronga was an absolute monarchy. The late king had passed away at a state banquet from heart-failure, due to the lodgment of a bit of clavicle in his throat. The succession was now in dispute between his daughter, who had assumed the title of Hoogle-Google I, and his nephew, the ambitious Wombat. Accompanied by the marines, mate Huckins ventured toward the Ndronga attol. From movements of the populace it was seen that the large body of the commonalty were not attached to either claimant. There was much to show a strong current of

feeling in favor of popular government. Mr. Huckins consulted an influential delegation of natives upon this point, and from their utterances and gestures found that they were indeed moved by a revolutionary spirit. He returned to camp impressed with the duty of placing himself at the head of the popular cause.

An opportunity was not long in coming. Among the supplies saved from the *Polly*, were a keg of genuine Aroostook County cider apple-sauce and a box of spruce gum consigned to a factory town in New South Wales. On wakening one morning Huckins found that both had disappeared. The tracks of bare feet in the sand showed in what way they had gone. Mr. Huckins demanded as an American citizen the protection of an armed escort, and started in pursuit. On arrival at the village it was clear that the time was ripe for action. The cider apple-sauce had already been consumed, and the box of gum was broken open. To attract attention Mr. Huckins called out several times,—“Fellow citizens!” He then inquired in a loud, clear voice whether public sentiment favored the elevation to the throne of either applicant. Hostile cries set at rest any doubt on that point. He asked again whom they would choose to lead in organizing a republican form of government. As there was a general rush in his direction, with loud acclaim, Mr. Huckins felt himself entrusted with the task of formulating such a plan. To avoid all questions, he inquired whether there was any opposition to his organizing a provisional government. No voice was raised in response. Indeed, these details seemed to arouse little interest. Mr. Huckins returned to camp, and lost no time in carrying out the popular will. He took the

title of chairman of the board of selectmen. He also found it necessary to assume for the present the offices of fence viewer and culler of staves.

On the return of Commander Waffles, a treaty of annexation to the United States was prepared with which the *New Whatcom* set sail for San Francisco. President Harfcock was known to be favorable to territorial extension, and there was no surprise when the treaty received his approval, and was commended to the senate. But for the sudden death of President Harfcock, the whole matter would have been quickly finished. The succession of Vice President Wardheele for the first time caused a feeling of uncertainty. Of the views of the new president on public questions, little was known. At the Omaha convention of 1900, after the long contest for the presidential nomination, a short adjournment was taken. The weary delegates were anxious to go home. Indiana had lost the presidential nomination, and the choice of candidate for the vice presidency was accordingly left to the delegation from that state. The delegation were found in the café of the Imperial hotel. It was known that Major Boodelle, the leader of the delegation, was a close friend of ex-Alderman Wardheele. Indeed it was mentioned as current gossip, that he had lost \$2,300, to Mr. Wardheele, while seeking needed relaxation at a friendly game of poker the previous night. The two gentlemen now engaged for a few moments in earnest conversation, and on the reassembling of the convention, Major Boodelle presented the name of Mr. Wardheele, who was at once chosen by acclamation.

It is a matter of regret that the personal relations between the new execu-

tive and his predecessor had been somewhat strained. The vice president had urged the appointment of one of his constituents, Mr. Dennis Blox O'Phyfe, as postmaster at Duttonwood Creek, Indiana. Senator Wabash insisted on the nomination of Editor Phloter of the Buttonwood *News-Clipper*, a nephew of his wife's cousin. The contest will be long remembered for its length and bitterness. It was during an executive session upon this issue that the fatal, personal encounter occurred between Senator Hummock of New York and Senator Noyes of Nevada; an event which caused no little comment upon the rigid etiquette of the senate, as it was felt that the lives of both gentlemen might have been spared for continued usefulness, had not the courtesy of the senate forbidden any interference with their proceedings. The confirmation of Mr. Phloter brought down a storm of captious criticism upon the president and Senator Wabash, as it was followed by the senator's change of vote upon the Simpleson bill for coining the juniorage on silver bullion.

For these reasons, it was thought, probably without any just ground, that President Wardheele would reverse the policy of the late government. His first steps were certainly marked by cautious deliberation. The treaty was withdrawn from the senate, and Colonel Souahmasch of Kentucky was despatched as a special commissioner to make an impartial investigation of the status at Ndronga. Such action seemed proper to set at rest ill-informed suspicions. A fierce newspaper discussion was in progress, descending to ribald, not to say scurrilous, accusation. It was said that when mate Huckins asked the feeling of the Ndronga electorate as to the restoration of royalty, their cries of seeming oppo-

sition were due to their being inflamed by cider apple-sauce; and that when he called for dissenting voices to his own plan, their silence was caused by lock-jaw, following a hasty attempt to devour the spruce gum. It was further claimed that the wishes of the natives could not be learned to advantage without an interpreter.

To avoid any semblance of armed interference in the affairs of a friendly nation, Colonel Souahmasch as presidential ablegate, ordered all detachments of the United States army to retire to the east of the Sierra Nevada, and directed our navy to withdraw from the Pacific. On his arrival at Ndronga, he refused all courtesies from (de facto) Selectman Huckins in a manner which seemed somewhat haughty but was undoubtedly prompted by a delicate sense of the responsible nature of his duties. Mr. Huckins, who suffered from a chronic catarrhal trouble, had brought with him in escaping from the wreck, a single bandanna handkerchief marked with the colors of the American flag. This Commissioner Souahmasch at once destroyed, lest its frequent display should be misconstrued. He set out wholly unattended to seek a free and unconstrained statement from the people of Ndronga.

Commissioner Souahmasch never returned to report. He had left orders that his investigation should not be disturbed, but after three days of anxious waiting a party of sailors from the *Despatch* cautiously approached the village. The natives were lying about in a dazed condition, as if sleeping off the effect of some extraordinary indulgence. From the smoking embers of a fire were raked a few bits of black glass and a half a dozen small, round disks, some blue, others red. In the heated campaign of

1904, in which the Ndronga question was the leading issue, many harsh accusations were made, but the fate of the paramount commissioner still remains a mystery. In that campaign President Wardbeele stood upon the broad platform that a wrong had been done to a less powerful but friendly people, and that this wrong must be righted. It was pointed out that the man Huckins soon after a conference with our naval force, had, either through negligence or design, allowed a food supply saturated with intoxicating liquid to be distributed among the people of Ndronga. This interference must now be disavowed and the rightful dynasty restored. The chivalrous policy of the president appealed strongly to the public, but later a change of sentiment resulted in his defeat and again reversed the position of the government. It was no doubt largely due to the threatening attitude assumed by European powers.

Vessels of other nations had appeared in the harbor of Ndronga. When the British cruiser *Stoke-Pogis* sailed away, it was found that Queen Hoogle-Google had sailed with her, it being given out that she had appealed to the British crown. At the court of St. James the royal visitor was treated with the highest distinction. She was at once placed in charge of Sir Reginald Sope-Scowersby, first knight of the bath. At the state dinner given in her honor, Queen Victoria for the first time in years emerged from retirement. Finding a chair uncomfortable, Queen Hoogle-Google cleared a place for herself upon the royal board, where she squatted with a circle of viands ranged conveniently about. It is a fine tribute to the breeding of English royalty that this innovation caused no remark. Indeed, the Prince of Wales, at a signal from

his royal mother—in order to place the guest of the nation entirely at her ease—mounted the table himself, and took as nearly the same attitude as his figure and suppleness would permit.

While these events were taking place at London, it was suddenly found that Prince Wombat, the rival claimant, had appeared at Berlin, where he was received with even greater honors. Of John Bergeron, the companion of Huckins, little had been heard. Sailors on the French corvette *La Chartreuse* had made him feel at home, and did not fail to remark on the neglect with which he had been treated. It was found that Bergeron was a native of France, and had never become a citizen of Canada or the United States. He asserted that he had been washed ashore at Ndronga on a wave preceding the arrival of mate Huckins. Upon this state of facts the French government set up a plausible claim to the islands by priority of occupation.

It was seen that this island was now the key to the Pacific, with all which that implied. During the winter of 1904-'5 the naval powers were strengthening their forces in the Pacific. As one vessel after another was reported in that quarter, it became possible for rival nations to reduce further the navy required for home defence. It was felt that the struggle awaited for so many years would be short and decisive. Italy and Austria acted openly with Germany. Russia was ready to support the claims of France, and it was believed that France had also made a secret treaty with Spain. The positions of England and the United States were not declared, except as it was known that both were prepared to protect their own interests.

On the morning of August 5, 1905, there rested on the quietly heaving

waters about the islands of Ndronga such an array as was never before assembled. It included every existing battle-ship of the first class, and nearly every heavily armored cruiser. There were monitors, dynamite cruisers, and every form of modern engines of destruction. It had been the policy of all the powers to mass their forces for a single, decisive battle. The total number of vessels cleared for action has been placed by that careful correspondent, Mr. Glotter, at 893. There was as yet no formal declaration of war. The Hawaiian cable had been extended by the United States government to Ndronga, and it was by this medium that the news was every moment expected.

It is worthy of note that in the assembling of this vast armada there had been but a single mischance—the wrecking of the United States cruiser *South Framingham* upon the Abreojos reef, in making her way from the China seas. This loss, as was clearly shown by official inquiry, was due to unavoidable accident, the chart used by the navigator of the *South Framingham* as a chart of the Pacific ocean being in fact a chart of the Indian ocean—the result probably of a typographical error in the government printing-office.

The early morning hours passed without event. At about noon a large, native catamaran put off with water for the British flag-ship *Behemoth*. The catamaran was formed of heavy palm logs lashed together, the logs in front coming to a sharp point several feet under water. It was powerfully driven by large paddles. To allow the craft to come alongside to better advantage, the *Behemoth* seems to have intended to swing about to starboard. Through some error in the transmission of signals, the reverse order was received, and

the huge vessel swung swiftly to port, meeting the catamaran as it approached at speed. The submerged, pointed bow of the catamaran striking the *Behemoth* below the water line, crushed a hole in her unprotected hull. Through mistake or disregard of orders, the bulkheads had been left open and the *Behemoth* rapidly filled, the crew barely making their escape in boats.

After one o'clock a strong wind, which had been gradually freshening, began to disturb the dispositions of the fleets. The sky was darkened with an angry gloom. Those familiar with the tropics predicted a cyclonic storm of great violence. For a time the heavy war-ships held their own against the gale, but as it grew into a tempest, they dared not face the savage fury of the open sea. One after another was compelled to steam, while it was still possible, into the sheltered harbor of Ndronga. Even there the low, windward shore did little to break the hurricane. As its rage increased, the vessels one by one were driven toward the lee shore, until all were hopelessly jammed together. The crescent of land about the harbor nowhere exceeded ten feet above the usual sea level. The seething waters, piled up by the storm, now began to beat over into the lagoon. It was plain that before morning the whole attol would be submerged and storm-swept. From the other side of the coral crescent the connecting ridge of higher land stretched away to the sheltered promontory of Huckins "island." The hundreds of vessels were now a solid mass. It was not impossible to pass from one to another and reach the shore. Soon thousands of men were seeking safety along the rough road which had been built to Huckins island.

At daybreak, near 300,000 men were

gathered in the shelter of the cliffs ten miles from Ndronga harbor. The storm had not slackened, and nothing could be seen of the harbor. Suddenly a blinding blaze lighted up the storm. A huge tower of dull flame was seen to rise a thousand feet into the air, and slowly sink away. It seemed a half minute before any sound was heard.

It came then in rending crashes, swelling into a deafening roar and dying away in dull reports. The shock was like an earthquake, throwing every man to the ground. The land surged like waves of ocean. Fragments of rock were torn from the cliffs and thundered into the boiling surf.

When the hugh vessels began to break up, some blow had reached the percussion of a torpedo or had exploded a cartridge of dynamite, carrying instant ruin to all the magazines of powder and high explosives. As the storm abated, the destruction was found to be complete. News of the disaster was cabled to San Francisco, but soon after by the shifting of wreckage, the cable was broken, leaving the world in terrified suspense. Three hundred thousand fighting men of hostile races were crowded on a dreary island. The great store of supplies belonging to the United States would prevent suffering for several weeks, but would not unlikely be the first cause of conflict.

The vessels despatched with relief were not unprepared to find a scene of carnage and desolation. When the first comers neared the island, their worst fears were realized. No living being was in sight. As the sailors climbed the rocky shore to view the interior, they were terrified by a sudden tremendous roar of thousands of voices. In a moment it was renewed, rising to demoniac howls and yells. They dragged

their trembling limbs to the summit of the ridge and looked over. From its rugged outer walls the island sloped in all directions to the center, where was an open plain. It was a vast amphitheatre. The sides of this coliseum were dark with excited spectators, intent upon a contest in the arena. It was a game of base-ball.

At first the various crews had stayed, sullen and threatening in their rude camps. But the good humor of the American sailors was hardly damped by the storm. Early the next morning they were swapping jokes and tobacco with the English tars. Selectman Huckins, who had long since reorganized his domain—Huckins island now forming Jackson county—announced that the county fair would take place some weeks before the usual season. As the government supplies included a number of domestic animals, he was able to present the familiar and popular chase of the greased pig. He had of course the usual greased pole, sack races, and the like. Men from the various camps began to show some interest. Before the close of the first day, Frenchmen were entered for the potato race along with Germans and Italians. International games were arranged. The event of the second day was a contest between an Englishman and a Russian in driving setting hens between two distant goals. A moderate entrance charge was made to defray the legal fees of the town and county officers. A small cocoanut was found to make a fairly good base-ball, and bats were easily made. Later one of the naval reserve on duty at the supply station, remembered putting a genuine base-ball in his kit, and on the arrival of the rescue party a game was in progress between picked nines from the crews of the *Chicago* and the *New York*.

Taking home the stranded sailors was slow and tedious. Immense armies were massed for action, but without navies the object of the war had failed. The European nations, drained by taxation, could not rebuild their ships. Neglected harvests and industries required attention. Little by little, men were detached from army service. At the Brussels conference arrangement was made for a

temporary proportional decrease in the armies of the great powers. Prosperity grew up so fast, and discontents waned so quickly, that we have seen the process gradually continued. We find ourselves, for a time at least, in an era of good feeling. It is too early to forecast the future, but no one is found to-day to assert that the ruin of the world's navies at Ndronga was an unmixed evil.

### WEBSTER'S NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME.

*By George Bancroft Griffith.*

We have wandered to-day, with hearts full and glowing,  
 'Mid haunts the great statesman did fondly revere ;  
 On the banks of Punch brook, that still softly is flowing,  
 The thrush and the robin sang sweetly and clear.

We thought while the breath of the blossoms delighted  
 Of the sprig of arbutus we saw Webster wear ;  
 " 'T was gathered," he said—and his noble eye lighted—  
 " Near my humble old home, in that valley so fair ! "

On the mown fields of Elms' farm the sunlight was lying,  
 But the oak tree that held his famed scythe was now gone ;  
 O'er a slope of Searle mountain an eagle was flying  
 As I turned to the spot where our hero was born.

The waterfall shone, but the grist-mill he tended,  
 Whose hopper the bright, earnest lad watched with glee,  
 Or the case of some barefooted rustic defended  
 On its meal-whitened floor, we no longer could see.

The little frame house with its sacred enclosure,  
 The hearthstone whose glow charmed his own baby eyes—  
 Those orbs that thrilled millions—neglect and exposure  
 Had shrunken the shrine that the nation should prize.

But here was the well where the mighty expounder  
 Quaffed sweets that were purer than Hybla e'er gave ;  
 And the elm that was set by the cabin's brave founder—  
 Far below gleamed the headstone that leaned o'er his grave.

We stood on the spot and we gazed on the mountain  
 The woods in their grandeur, the waterfall near ;  
 The moss-covered sweep o'er the treasured home fountain.  
 And each lip softly murmured,—“ ‘T is good to be here ! ”

The little red school-house, the sheep path up yonder,  
 The brook clear and bright as his own native skies,  
 Of which he oft dreamed, and daily grew fonder,  
 We saw with emotion, with tear-jewelled eyes !

The steepleless church near the billows of clover.—  
 ‘T was here that the choir at his baptism sung ;  
 Here Daniel once taught, the boy-dreamer, the rover,  
 When joy lit his brow and his bosom was young.

Yes, ‘t was here he had first those visions of glory,  
 Found sermons in stones, and tongues in the trees ;  
 Here was rooted the germ of his life’s matchless story,  
 As his forehead was kissed by the health-giving breeze.

And here, when his sparse locks with silver threads glistened,  
 His heart often turned at the close of the day ;  
 In dreams, on his sick-bed, as rapt watcher listened,  
 He spoke of Punch brook and of newly mown hay.

So a warm, fervent tear, as a tribute bestowing,  
 On the cold, silent hearth, we turned from the spot.  
 But the mountain named for him, that brook softly flowing,  
 The scenes of his childhood, will ne’er be forgot.

## PETER AND PELEG.

*By C. C. Lord.*

Once Peter craved in deathless song  
 His life for age, and Peleg woke  
 His muse to sing for ages long,  
 And each his zeal with ardor broke.

Then Peter sang the soul of things,  
 That roams through thought’s unbounded space,  
 While Peleg piped of lights and wings  
 That flickered just before his face.

Time tells the tale, now genius thrives,  
 And worth imagined wastes away,  
 For Peter lived a million lives,  
 But Peleg lasted just a day.

## THE GRANGE FAIR BY PEN AND CAMERA.

*By George H. Moses.*



ARDLY a stone's throw—if one could throw a stone as far as George Washington threw the famous silver dollar—from “the most European thing on this continent” to what is certainly the most genuinely Yankee-like of anything in New Hampshire! “The most European” adorns a hill-top, while the genuinely Yankee occupies the plain at its feet; both were called into existence by the same man: one has been depicted in *THE GRANITE MONTHLY*,<sup>1</sup> the other has not, though it will be when this number comes from the press; the one is known as the Tilton Arch: the other, as the Tilton Fair.

What the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans is to the Bay State Democracy, what the May training was to the inhabitants of Greenland Parade, what commencement is to the Hanover small boy—a fixed feast in the calendar, an occasion to date from, a crisis demanding the utmost of one’s enthusiasm and attention—all this and more is the Tilton Fair to a member of the New Hampshire Grange. The fact that the Tilton fair is exclusively a Grange fair—or a Grange affair, as you please—is too easily lost sight of, yet it is the fact which should be most prominently brought out, for it was undertaken by the organization at a time when state fairs in New Hampshire were not allur-

ing investments, when the people had lost confidence and patience with the old order of exhibitions, and when a new venture was sure to be looked upon with more suspicion than encouragement. Under these conditions the Grange State Fair Association was organized. Theoretically it was the most narrow and straight-laced association that ever tried to do business. It was organized by members of the Grange; none but members of the Grange were allowed to exhibit: the judges were largely taken from among the members of the Grange, and members of the Grange were looked to for support. Theoretically nothing could have been more contracted. Practically, nothing



Daniel G. Holmes, Superintendent.

<sup>1</sup> See *THE GRANITE MONTHLY* for March, 1894.

was more expansive; for the Grange opens wide its doors to any reputable citizen, and what was feared at first as a handicap to the exhibition was found to be the means of making it more attractive—to say nothing of increasing the membership of the Grange.

But the most judicious set of rules and regulations and the most extended

and when the park gates closed on the evening of the last day of the exhibition of 1886,—the first one,—there was a small surplus in the treasurer's box, a corps of very tired and very thankful officials in the secretary's office, and several thousand satisfied visitors all over the state, each of whom was a walking advertisement for the next

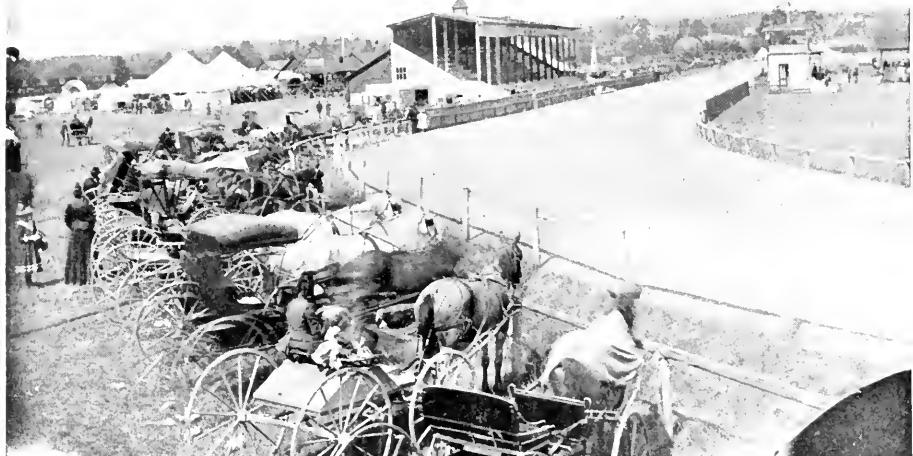


Nahum J. Bachelder.

membership in the Grange would probably have failed to make the Tilton fair the instantaneous success it was, had it not been for the Hon. Charles E. Tilton, who, with characteristic generosity, threw open the gates of the then newly-completed Franklin & Tilton Driving Park to the infant association, and bade them enter in and enjoy it free of charge. Mr. Tilton's liberality made many things easy for the enterprise,

year's show. The next year's show was far ahead of the first, and the third was better than the second. The ninth broke all records.

I went to the ninth Tilton fair by special train. With me went fourteen car-loads of people. This is true to a dot, for every seat in the train was taken and I had to ride on the platform. When the fair-ground was reached it looked as if fourteen other special trains



A Bird's-Eye View.

had arrived there before ours, and the scene about the entrance-wicket resembled a foot-ball field as it will appear when women are permitted to play the noble game.

But once inside the fence discomforts are forgotten. There is no time to think

of them, for you come at once through the gate upon the backstretch of the track and after dodging the fliers who happen to be "working an easy one" on that quarter just then, you are within the enclosure where half the fakirs of the fair are congregated and where a Midway Plaisance of striking machines, merry-go-rounds, shooting galleries, and ball-throwing alleys is filled with loud-mouthed blandishment. A wheezy hand-organ (run by an endless chain, more's the pity!) and a captive monkey are added to the charm of the horizontal Ferris wheel where you can take your choice of a saddle-horse or a chariot, and ride five minutes for a nickel. A quite impossible cigar awaits the man who makes the bell ring at the top of the striking-machine's index column, the one who knocks over one of the frowsy headed base-ball marionettes, or who makes a bull's-eye with the air-gun, the



Charles E. Tilton.

inevitable nickel being prerequisite to tempting fate. It costs nothing, however, to hear the band play "Sweet Marie," to see the side-show's gorgeous canvases, or to watch the trained steers cavort about at the pleasure of their young mistresses.

Further along there are other free shows. Here a man is eating great handfuls of cotton and is breathing forth fire and it may be slaughter for all we can tell. Presently he pokes his fingers into his mouth and brings forth a piece of ribbon which evidently has a bargain-counter connection somewhere in his alimentary canal, for he pulls it out by the yard. Fearing that some ulterior purpose underlies all this necromancy, let us hasten along to where up to date dentistry is being inflicted upon a man old enough to know better, the operator being a fat man with a black skull-cap who has seized the old fellow's aching tooth between pincers which very much



Lucien F. Batchelder.

resemble the Boston base-ball club, having lost their grip. This dental parlor on wheels is well placed. On one side is a candy booth where the delectable



A Grange Team.



"Montrose."

mixture is made before your eyes and sold hot. Here one gets the tooth-ache. At the dentist's next door the tooth is removed. And alongside of that comes the church where we may enter in and give thanks.

The old church is one of the features of the fair. It was built in 1794 and was the first church in Northfield. It was removed to its present location by Mr. Tilton and, except that the pews have been for the most part removed to make room for the exhibits, its interior presents the same appearance that it did when it was first occupied. The tall pulpit with its sounding-board overhanging the preacher like an extinguisher now rears its lofty head among a display of prize pears, while from the precentor's seat one looks out upon a sea of apples and grapes. In the early days of the fair the old church was devoted to the ladies' department and

here were displayed all those bits of macrame, rick-rack, and razzle-dazzle needle-work so dear to the feminine heart. These are now grown so numerous that for the past few years the spacious pavilion where two floors are crowded with a wealth of dainty creations displayed by individual Granges, though each exhibitor is in competition. Here are paintings, embroideries, histor-

ic relics, curios, geological specimens, and hundreds of other things not made in the likeness of anything under the sun.

But of the church: After the removal of the woman's department to more roomy quarters the old edifice was used by thrifty tradesmen who exhibited the choicest of their stocks. In 1891 it was given over to an innovation in the form of a baby show, which proved so popular that it had to be abandoned the next year; though in the succeeding exhibi-



"Mambrino Wilkes."



A Percheron.

tion it was again a feature, and this year was once more eliminated.

Like Trinity church in New York city the historic old church of the Tilton fair-ground stands at the head of Wall street, for certainly the row of eating booths which stretches away from the church door to the stables deserves that name. At any rate, it is the street of the money-changers, more money changing hands along that row of flimsy structures than in any other equal area of the field—except the treasurer's office. The managers of most of these victualling-places believe in the doctrine that conversation should be lively during meals and they set the pace at a Nancy Hanks gait. To be sure, the conversation is not very intellectual in character, and consists on the part of the boniface chiefly in bombastic announces that it is "right here, la-

dies and gents, that you get the biggest, squarest meal for a quarter;" or that there is "plenty of room inside, now," the reference being solely to the seating capacity of his dining room; or the crowd is informed that here they are and that they can secure at this particular place a "long, cool drink that'll cool you all the way down

and half the way back;" and so on. At the head of this row of hostellries and beneath the very drippings of the sanctuary itself, at the head of this row of hostellries in another sense, also, by reason of its preëminent merit, is the W. C. T. U. tent, which flaunts its banner gaily in the air and feeds more people and feeds them better than any other establishment on the grounds. For several years this tent has been one



Mother and Child.



The Governor's Arrival.



A Hot Finish.

of the features of the fair, and to make it successful scores of devoted women belonging to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in Franklin, have given unsparingly of their strength and their ingenuity.

At the foot of this row and flanked by Machinery Hall, in which the model creamery is in full operation are the private racing stables of the Hon. Warren F. Daniell and Mr. Charles C. Kenrick of Franklin, two men who have done as much as any in the state to raise the quality of New Hampshire stock. Viking was once sheltered beneath this roof, and from beneath it Edith H. went forth to her first race as a two-year-old.

Next beyond here, lining the whole south fence of the enclosure, and even creeping along the western side, are the stalls for the speedy and exhibition horses. Next to them are the cattle-pens where the herds of our best breeders, decorated with many a blue ribbon and the veins rich with blue blood.

The finest herds in the state have annual delegations here. Jerseys from the rich Pembroke intervals, Ayrshires from Strawberry Bank, Guernseys, and Durhams, soft-eyed creatures, their breath as sweet as a new rose, their milk as rich as a sub-treasury vault—

and each the winner of every creamery test! I had this from the keepers of the herds themselves, so it must be true.

And after this the deluge. Sheep, swine, dogs, ducks, hens, turkeys, and Guinea fowl, each after his kind and several of each fill every stall and building and shed full to overflowing. It is a liberal education in domesticated animals to spend a day at the Tilton fair.

While in the great university of human nature a day here is a post-graduate course. "All the world is queer," said the Scotchman. He must have been to the Tilton fair on Governor's Day when everybody was there. It is as good as a printing-office for types. If Mary E. Wilkins ever makes up her mind to write a jolly story she ought to come to the Tilton fair for her material. I say that not so much because Miss Wilkins's



The Striking Machine.



Listening to the Oratory.

stories are all pitched on the minor key as because everybody at the Tilton fair is good-natured. In the course of several years' experience at the fair I have found only one ill-humored man and he was the father of a baby which had just not been awarded a prize in the baby-show, and he had a right to get mad. Octave Thanet went to the World's Fair last summer, and ever since then she has been writing on "American Types" which she found there. The World's Fair lasted a good deal longer than the Tilton fair does, but it can't beat the New Hampshire exposition for furnishing magazine writers an excuse.

A type not to be found at the Tilton fair, however, is the politician. I have this on the word of

candidates for governor, and two aspirants for congressional honors. I might also say that there were a United States senator, two congressmen, and a governor among the speakers; but that would add only one person to the list. The oratory that day was of

the frankest possible character. The representative of the farmers told the candidates what they were expected to do, and the candidates told the farm-



A Quiet Corner.



"Wall Street" at the Dinner Hour.

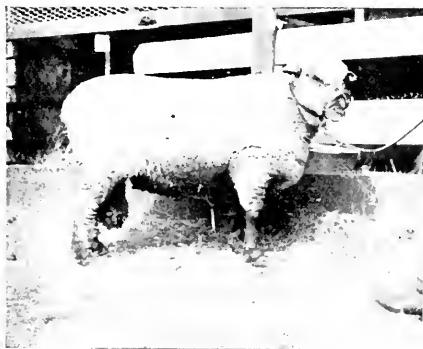
a distinguished speaker who congratulated the fair officials that they had no politicians about. Had that distinguished speaker been with me on the afternoon of Governor's Day at the fair this year he would have realized that human judgment is not always good, for of the orators on that occasion there were two candidates for the United States senate, four



The Ascension.

ers what they were expected to do. This freedom of intercourse doubtless grew out of the fact that the speech-making this year was done under a huge canvas pavilion while previously it had been done from the press stand near the track.

Under the old method the orator talked over the heads of several thousand people whom he could not see and who could not hear him. Under the new arrangement the speaker looked his audience calmly in the eye and talked with each man in the crowd. Of all



H. W. Keyes's Prize Winning Shropshire.



A High Fly.



King of the Herd.

the innovations which have been made in the Tilton fair programme, probably none met such universal praise as this. For three solid hours the eloquence gushed forth, and for that long the audience drank it in and would have been glad to stay longer. All this talk about oratory being a lost art is mere nonsense so far as New Hampshire is concerned, for the speaking at the Tilton fair this year—and each day's programme contained more or less of speech-making—was of a very high character as respects matter and delivery.

Governor's Day as an attraction used to stand alone at the Tilton fair. But the progress of the age has thrown even that into competition, and of late years the governor as a drawing card has been matched against either a championship baseball game, a free-for-all horse-race, or a balloon ascension. With two of these His Excellency holds his own. The ball game and the horse trot are no better than he. But when it comes to a balloon ascension, he is distinctly out-

classed. People will walk five miles to see a balloon ascension when by staying right at home and watching sharp they can see quite as much of the affair five minutes after the balloon is cut loose as anybody can. But I suppose it is those five minutes that count; or, if not those, it is the half hour before the start is made—that half hour when the police are so busy keeping the small boy outside the ropes, when the great, misshapen,

silk body is seen to assume form and float at ease, when the baggage is put aboard the frail car, when the aeronaut is busy with his orders, and finally, as the bounding air-ship tugs at its moorings, when the aeronaut climbs into the ring and shouts "Let her go!"

How everybody stares! Even the judges at the track suspend ringing the bell long enough to dislocate their necks by looking after the mounting bulb with its human freight. The first two days of the fair are taken up with arranging for the ascension, and in five minutes on the third day it is all over. You remember the description of a toboggan slide,—“Whizz-z-z-z! Walk a mile.”



A 'Handy' Lot.



In Front of the Grand Stand.

A balloon ascension is much like that.  
And a governor can't compare with it!

The men who devise all these schemes for attracting the public and making the Tilton fair the popular success that it is are not the least worthy of attention during the day spent on the grounds. The president of the fair association is displaced ordinarily every year, so that that functionary's name is legion. The first president of the association was Col. William H. Stinson, of Mont Vernon. The present occupant of the position is Capt. George Farr, of Littleton.

It is upon the secretary, however, that the work of the fair falls. It is he who devises programmes, attends to advertising, selects judges, looks after entries, answers questions, and carries everything on his mind. It is not the ideal secretary of a fair association to whom this description belongs alone. It belongs to the secretary of the Grange State Fair Association, Nahum J. Batchelder, who has held the place, except for one year, ever since the fair was projected. To him more than to anybody else is due the success of the enterprise. He has worked early and late and hard to make the fair what it has become, and has the satisfaction of

knowing that it is the most successful exhibition of its kind New Hampshire has ever seen.

Yet not even he with all his other interests could have alone achieved what has been won at Tilton. He has been ably and efficiently assisted by Mr. L. F. Batchelder, of Tilton, and Mrs. Electa C. Flanders, of East Andover. Of these, Mrs. Flanders serves only through the actual

days of the fair, while upon Mr. Batchelder falls nearly all of the routine preliminary work of organizing and cataloguing the exhibition. This is an exhaustive work demanding careful, earnest, continuous, accurate attention, which Mr. Batchelder is well qualified to bestow.

As a result of these nine years of effort the Grangers of New Hampshire have something to be proud of. They have the best purely agricultural fair in New England. They present perhaps not the fastest, but certainly the squarest, racing. Their sports are all clean



The Old Church.

and manly. The morals of the fair are of the highest order. Liquor is contraband on the grounds, which are now under the control of the association

who have by recent contracts made possible the continuance, for a long term of years at least, of that world's exposition in miniature—the Tilton Fair.



A Rear View.

## HOW CAN YOU EVER FIND ME?

*By Edward A. Jenks.*

"It is so hard—my love, my more than life—  
To say Good-bye;  
To leave the arms so empty, where your wife  
    Found it so sweet to lie;  
No kisses—oh! it cuts me like a knife  
    Dear one, just to lie down and die,  
E'en though your great heart guards my slumber deep,  
    And June's warm tones, in whispers low,  
Break lovingly upon my dreamless sleep,  
    And I can hear you go—  
And come again—and go—and hear you weep—  
    You love me so.

"And, dearest, when you come to that far land  
    Where I shall be,  
I may not know the place upon the strand  
    Of the deep crystal sea  
Where your light boat will touch;—I may not stand  
    With outstretched arms, where you can see  
The face you long for;—I may be away  
    On some most sweet and holy quest:—  
*How can you ever find me, then!*—the way  
    Will seem so long, at best,  
Till your dear head may lie—again—some day—  
    Upon my breast."

“ Dear heart, it will be easy, when I go,  
     To find you there,  
 For all the heavenly throng will surely know  
     Your dazzling sunlit hair—  
 So radiantly beautiful—and so  
     Will make sweet haste to tell me where  
 My hungry heart may find you—in what realm  
     Of beauty. I shall listen long—  
 Beneath the shade of some o’erarching elm—  
     For snatches of a song  
 That will my soul with rapture overwhelm  
     And make me strong.

“ And I shall follow it—no song so sweet  
     Was ever heard :  
 Shall wildly listen for your footsteps fleet—  
     Swifter than any bird :  
 And when the violets beneath your feet  
     Breathe in your breath, their fragrance stirred  
 By your glad coming ; and the ruddy gleams  
     Of parted lips, just touched with dew,  
 Break through the trees ; and the warm, limpid beams  
     Of loving eyes of blue  
 Come flying to my arms—Good-bye, wild dreams !  
*I shall have you.*”

## THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A DOMESTIC STORY OF THE FORTIES.

*By Jonas Lie.*

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

## X.

“ The more quickly and quietly the wedding could be arranged, the better,” said the sheriff. It had its advantage in getting ahead of explanations and people’s talk. People submitted to an accomplished fact.

The third Christmas day was just the right one to escape too much sensation ; and it suited the sheriff exactly, so that

he could enter upon his new state of household affairs on the new year.

Naturally, Kathinka was asked about every one of these points ; and she always found everything which her father thought, right.

The conclusion that the wedding should be arranged speedily and promptly was just exactly as if taken

out of the captain's own heart. On the other point, on the contrary, that everything should be kept so quiet and still, he was doubtless in agreement with the sheriff and ma, of course; but it really did not lie in his nature that the whole joy should take place smothered in with a towel before his mouth, and whispering on tiptoe as if it were a sick room they were having at Gilje instead of a wedding.

Some show there must be about it; that he owed to Thinka, and to himself also, a little.

And thus it came about that before Christmas he took a little sleighing trip, when it was good going, down to the lieutenant's and to the solicitors', Scharfenberg and Sebelow, with whom he had some money settlements to get adjusted in regard to the map business that had been done in the last two suits.

And then when he met the report that the banns had been published in church for his daughter and the sheriff, he could answer with a question if they would not come and convince themselves. Confidentially, of course, he invited no one but the army surgeon, and those absolutely necessary. But, winking, old fellow, how welcome you shall be, the third Christmas day, not the second and not the fourth, my boy, remember that.

And he took care that provisions as well as battalions of strong liquors should be stored up inside the ramparts at home so the fortress could hold its own.

On Christmas eve there came a horse express from the sheriff with a sleigh full of packages,—nothing but presents and surprises for Thinka.

First, and foremost, his former wife's warm fur cloak with squirrel skin lin-

ing and muff, which had been made over for Thinka by Jomfru Brun in the chief parish; then her gold watch and chain with ear drops and rings; all like new and burnished up by the goldsmith in the city, and a Vienna shawl, and lastly, lavender water and gloves in abundance.

In the letter he suggested to his devotedly loved Kathinka that his thoughts were only with her until they should soon be united by a stronger bond and that she, when once in her new home, would find several other things, which might possibly please her, but which it would not be practical to send up to Gilje, only to bring right back again.

He had not brought Baldrian and Viggo home to Christmas—and in this he hoped she would agree with him; he had sent them down to his brother, the minister at Holmestrand.

— Never in Great-Ola's time had there been such festival show in horses and vehicles, when on the third Christmas day they started down the hill to the annex-church; the harnesses and bells shone, and both the black horses glistened before the double sleighs, as if they had been polished up, both hair and mane.

Under the bearskin robe in the first, sat the captain in a wolf skin coat, and Thinka adorned with the chains and clothes of the sheriff's first wife with young Svarten. In the second ma and Thea, with Great-Ola on dickey seat behind and old Svarten.

There stood the subalterns paying their respects at the church door in uniform; and inside in the pew, Lieutenants Dunsack, Frisak, Knebelsberger, and Knobelauch rose up in full uniform. Then the sheriff began to feel that here was style indeed.

And when they turned towards home, after the ceremony was over, now with the captain and his wife in the first sleigh, and the wedded couple in the other—there was such a long cortege, that the sheriff's idea of celebrating the wedding quietly must be regarded as wholly over-ridden.

At Gilje dinner was waiting.

During this the powers of the battalion from the youngest lieutenant up to the captain developed a youthful courage in their attack on the strong wares so wildly and so regardless of the results, that it could only demand of the sheriff a certain degree of prudence.

All would drink with the bride and the bridegroom, again and again.

The sheriff sat contented and leaning forward with his great forehead thinly covered with hair, taking pains to choose his words in the cleverest and most fitting manner for the occasion.

And so long as it was confined to the speeches, he was the absolute master, unless he might possibly have a rival in the army surgeon's sometimes more deeply laid satire, which became more problematical and sarcastic after he had been drinking.

But now the small twinkling eyes shining more and more dimly and tenderly absorbing, devoted themselves exclusively to the bride.

She must eat the tower tart and the wine custard, for his sake! He would not drink any more, if he could avoid it, for her sake. I assure you for your—only for your sake.

An inroad was made on the wares at Gilje, with prolonged hilarity till far into the night, when some of the sleighs in the starlight and in the gleam of the Northern lights reeled homewards with their half unconscious burdens drawn

by their sober horses, while as many as the house would hold remained over in order to celebrate the wedding and Christmas the next day.

— By New Year's the house was finally emptied of its guests, the sheriff and Kathinka were installed in their home, and the captain travelled down on a visit to them with Thea in order to have his New Year's day spree there.

But then ma was tired out and completely exhausted.

She felt it, now the wheel of work had stopped at once, and she sat there at home, alone, on the second New Year's day, how tremendous a task it had been to bring it all out! The trousseau all through the autumn and the household affairs before the holidays, Christmas and the wedding, and all the anxieties.

It had gone on incessantly now, as far back as she could think over. It was like ravelling out the yarn from a stocking, the longer she thought, the longer it was, clear back to the time, when it seemed to her there was a rest, the days she was lying in childbed.

But that was now long since.

She was sitting in the corner of the sofa half asleep in the twilight, with her knitting untouched before her.

Aslak and two of the girls had got leave to go to a Christmas entertainment down at the Skreberg farm, and besides old Torbjoerg, who was sitting with her hymn book and humming and singing in the kichen, there was no one at home.

Bells jingled out in the yard. Great-Ola had come home with the two seated sleigh and old Svarten, after having driven the captain and Thea.

He stamped the snow off in the hall and peeped into the door.

When he drove past Teigen, the post-

master came out with the captain's mail.

"When did you reach there last evening? I hope Thea was not cold?"

"No, not at all! We were down there in good time before supper. Ever so many messages from the young wife; she was down in the stable and patted and stroked Svarten last night. It was just like a separation."

Ma rose up.

"There is a candle out for the stable lantern."

Great-Ola vanished again.

Old Svarten still harnessed to the sleigh stood in the stable door and neighed impatiently.

"It only lacked that you should turn the key also," growled Ola, while he took off the harness, and now with the harness and bells over his arm let the horse walk in before him.

"No, but if young Svarten isn't neighing also! That was the first time you have said a decent good day here in the stable, do you know that? But you will have to wait you see."

He curried and brushed and rubbed the new arrival like a privileged old gentleman. They had been serving together now just exactly nine years.

In the kitchen the spruce wood crackled and snapped on the hearth and shone with an uncertain reddish glow upon ma's copper and tin dishes just polished up and on the walls, as if they might have been mystical shields and arms.

Great-Ola was now sitting there making himself comfortable with his supper, Christmas cheer and entertainment,—butter, bread, bacon, wort-cakes, and salt meat; and Torbjoerg had been ordered to draw a bowl of small beer for him down in the cellar. Ola had heard one thing and another down there.

Thinka, she had gone out into the kitchen and would take charge of the housekeeping immediately. But there she found some one who meant to hold the reins.

Old Miss Gölcke would n't hear of that. She went straight up to the office, they said, and twisted and had it over with her brother the whole forenoon till she got what she wanted.

And in the evening the sheriff sat on the sofa and talked so nice to the young wife. Beret, the chamber maid heard, he said, that he wanted her to have everything so extremely nice and be wholly devoted to him, so that—Horsch, the old grey wolf!—we can see now what he was doing here last year.

"And thereby," said Ola, with his mouth full between his teeth, while he cut and spread a new slice of bread, "she got rid of the trouble, and the management, too."

"It is of no use to pull the noose, when one has his head in a snare, you see, Ola."

—— In the sitting room ma had examined the mail that had come, sitting by the stove door. Besides a number of "Hermoder," "the Constitutionelle," and a free official document, there was a letter from Aunt Alette.

She lighted the candle and sat down to read it.

In certain respects it was a piece of good fortune that Jaeger was not at home. He ought to have nothing to do with this.

"DEAR GIFTA:

"I have taken the second Christmas day to write down for you my thoughts concerning Inger-Johanna. I cannot deny that she has come to interest me more than I could wish; but, if we can be in a certain degree of anxiety on

account of the smallest flower in our window, which is just going to blossom, how much more then for a human bud, which in the developing beauty of its youth is ready to burst out with its life's fate. This is more than a romance, it is the noble art work of the Guide of all, which in depth and splendor and immeasurable wealth surpasses everything which the human fancy is able to represent.

"Yes, she interests me, dear Gitta! almost so that my old heart can tremble at thinking of the life's path which may await her, when rise or fall may depend on a single deceptive moment only.

"What nature can mean in letting such a host of existences, in which hearts are beating, succumb and be lost in this choice or, if it thereby in its great crucible makes an exact assay, without which nothing succeeds in passing over into a more complete development,—who can unriddle nature's scenes? My hope for Inger-Johanna is that the fund or the weight of her own personality, which she possesses in her nature will preponderate in the scales of the choice in the decisive moment.

"I premise all this as a sign from my innermost heart; for I follow with increasing dread, how the path is more or more made slippery under her feet, and how delicately your sister-in-law weaves the net around her, not with small means to which Inger-Johanna would be superior, but with more deeply lying, sounding allurements.

"To open up the alluring prospect of making her personal qualities and gifts available—what greater attraction can be spread out before a nature so ardently aspiring as hers? It is told of Englishmen that they fish with a kind of counterfeited, glittering flies,

which they drag over the surface of the water, until the fish bites; and it appears to me that in not less skilful manner your sister-in-law continually tempts Inger-Johanna's illusions. She never mentions the name of the one concerned, so that it may dawn upon her of itself.

"Only the careless hint to me the last time I was there in her hearing, that Roenow all along had certainly been rather daintily rejecting in looking for a wife among the elite of our ladies—why was not that calculated to excite, what shall I call it, her ambition or her need of having a field of influence?

"Perhaps I should not have noticed this remark to that extent if I had not seen the impression it made on her; she was very absent-minded and lost in thoughts.

"And yet the question, whether one should give her heart away, should be so simple and uncomplicated! Are you in love? Everything else only turns on—something else.

"The unfortunate and fateful thing is, that she imagines that she is able to love, binds herself in duty to love, and thinks that she can say to her immature heart, You shall never awaken. Dear Gitta, suppose it did awaken—afterwards—with her strong, vigorous nature?

"It is that which hovers before me so that I have been compelled to write. To talk to her and make her prudent would be to show colors to the blind: she must believe blindly on the one who advises her. Therefore it is you, Gitta, who must take hold and write."

Ma laid the letter down in her lap; she sat in the light looking paler and keener even than common.

It was easy for Aunt Alette, the excellent Aunt Alette, to think so happily that everything should be as it ought

to be. She had her little inheritance to live on and was not dependent on anyone. But—ma assumed a dry, repellent expression—without the four thousand, old and tormented in Jomfru Joergensen's place at the governor's she would not have written that kind of a letter.

Ma read further:

"I must also advance here some further doubts so that you will certainly think that this is a sad Christmas letter. This is then about dear Joergen who finds it so hard at school. That he has thus far been able to keep up with his class, we owe to student Grip, who, persistently and without being willing ever to hear a word about any compensation, has gone over with him and cleared up for him his worst stumbling blocks, the German and the Latin grammar.

"And if I should now express his idea in regard to Joergen, it is with no small degree of confidence that it may be well founded. He says that so far from Joergen's having a poor head, it is just the opposite. Only he is not made for the abstract, which is the requisite for literary progress, but all the more for the practical.

"In connection with a sound, clear judgment, he is both dexterous and inventive. Joergen would be an excellent mechanic or even a mechanical engineer, and just as certainly would come to distinguish himself, as he will reap trouble, difficulty, and only extremely moderate results by toiling from examination to examination through study.

"To be sure I cannot subscribe to student Grip's somewhat youthful wild ideas about sending him to be an apprentice to England (or even so far as to the American Free States!) inasmuch as a mechanic cannot obtain an equally

respected rank in society, such as is said to be the case in the above named lands.

"Still much of this it seems to me, is worth taking into serious consideration.

"I sometimes almost doubt whether, old as I am, nevertheless I might be too young. Call it the fruit of inner development or simply only an attraction, but the thoughts of the young always exert an enlivening and strengthening influence on my hope of life. Still I never reconcile myself that it should be a natural result that their ideals are, as it were, exhausted and weakened and break from age like any old earthen-ware.

"And when I see a young man like Grip judged so severely by the so-called practical men,—not, so far as I understand, for his ideas of education, but because he would sacrifice himself and put them in operation,—I cannot avoid giving him my whole sympathy and respect.

"Now he has abandoned law and devoted himself to the study of philology: for, he says, in this country no work is of any use without a sign-board, and he will now try to get a richly gilded one in an excellent examination, seize hold of untrodden soil, just like the dwarf birches upon the mountain, and not let go, even if a whole slide came over him.

"When it is considered, that he must work hard and teach several hours daily only to be able to exist, I cannot otherwise than admire this fiery courage, and —true I have not many with me—and wish him good luck."

Ma sat pondering.

Then she cut out one page which spoke of Joergen. It might be worth while if opportunity offered to show it to Jaeger. In the simplicity of her heart she really did not know what to think.

## EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

*Conducted by Fred Gowings, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.*

### SPELLING.

*Mr. W. S. Harris, Coe's Northwood Academy.*

It has been calculated by good authority that the word *scissors* can be spelled in nearly six thousand ways, all supported by the analogy of other words in the language. The composite character of our mother tongue, while it makes it a rich medium for the communication of ideas, gives to its orthography so great irregularity that English spelling is an art rather than a science, and an art to be acquired chiefly by sheer exercise of memory. This fact places the child of the English-speaking peoples at an immense disadvantage in comparison with many other nations, in that the acquisition of the mechanical art of spelling requires so large a fraction of the time and mental labor expended in acquiring an education.

Yet its difficulty by no means justifies the neglect of spelling, but instead increases its importance as a branch of study. Surely no art is more desirable, and a person's orthography as often as any other one thing becomes an index of his education. Children differ as much in natural ability to spell as in aptitude for music or mathematics, but that is no reason for not cultivating the art in every case to the fullest extent possible. Some suggestions may be given as to the teaching of English spelling.

First. Teach it constantly, and in a variety of ways. Almost every lesson,

but especially those in reading, grammar, composition, and penmanship, may be an indirect lesson in orthography, and often pupils gain more real knowledge of spelling in these incidental ways than by their regular spelling lessons. Yet the former alone are not sufficient for the purpose. If the spelling-book is discarded, the spelling lesson cannot be; but it should be so connected with other studies as to mean something to the pupil. Learning to spell is at the best chiefly a memorizing exercise, but the memory works well only when it works intelligently, and time can be better used than in the memorizing of mere words without regard to their meaning and use.

Written spelling lessons are more valuable than oral, not only because we use our knowledge of spelling almost exclusively when writing, but because the memory is better reached through the eye than through the ear, hence the art is more readily acquired in this way. In practical life all the knowledge we get of the sequence of letters in words is received through the eye. That coming through the ear cannot be relied on, as the sound of a word often gives no clew to its spelling. Train the pupils to depend on their sense of form and proportion, and they will detect a misspelled word at sight as readily as they would recognize the error in a picture

of a star-fish with six rays or of a lily with five petals.

Nevertheless, oral spelling should not be discarded, as it has its uses, chief of which is the aid it lends to pronunciation. Children who read much often know words by sight and understand their use before they have any correct idea of their pronunciation. In either method of spelling, the syllabication of words should receive much attention. Spelling is more than the proper sequence of letters in a word; it includes a knowledge of syllabication, which knowledge comes into use every time we have to divide a word at the end of a line. A person who writes *pro-* on one line and *blem* on the next does not know how to spell *problem* any more than the one who writes it *probblcm*.

Secondly. Take advantage of what little science there is to English spelling, and teach thoroughly a few rules which cover a large number of words and have few exceptions. Experience has shown that all of the following rules are useful, being of almost constant application, and that these five are about all that are worth teaching. The scholars should be drilled on these until the rules and their applications are very familiar.

1. The word *full* used as a suffix always drops one *l*. Example, *handful*.

2. The plural of nouns ending in *y* preceded by a consonant is formed by changing the *y* to *i* and adding *es*; of those ending in *y* preceded by a vowel, by adding *s*. Ex., *ladies, boys*.

3. Silent *c* ending a word is dropped before a suffix beginning with a vowel. *Hoping, whitish, blamable, stony*, will illustrate the wide application of this useful rule. The exceptions are few and obvious, when *e* is retained to keep *c* or *g* soft, or to distinguish the word from another, as *dycing*.

4. After *c* the digraph *ci* and not *ie* is used; after any other letter, *ie*. Ex., *receive, believe*. This distinction is easily remembered by observing that *c, e, i*, is the alphabetical order of these letters, and it is of great use in spelling a large number of words, *neither* and *seize* being almost the only common ones which do not follow the rule.

5. A consonant after a single vowel at the end of a monosyllable or of an accented final syllable, is doubled before a suffix beginning with a vowel. Ex., *planning, robbed, admittance*. This rule has hardly an exception, and is one which is of constant use.

Thirdly. Support, by example and precept, the improvements in spelling that are constantly coming into use. Phonetic spelling would be desirable, but it is practically a new language, and will not come into common use at present. But the language is gradually and constantly changing for the better, anomalies are yielding place to regular forms, and large classes of irregularities in spelling are disappearing from the language. A glance at any old book printed more than a century ago, with its many silent letters, double letters, and useless final *k's* and *c's*, will show how greatly the language has changed for the better in its orthography. This change is still going on, and is destined to continue until reason bears a little more extended sway in English spelling. In this work we all can aid.

As all similar words have dropped the superfluous *u*, there is no reason why the spelling *mold, molt*, and *savior*, should not be exclusively used. For a similar reason *axe* and *plow* are much preferable to *ax* and *plough*. There is no excuse for longer tolerating the termination *re* in the large class of words of which *center* and *theater* are examples,

save in the very few cases like *acre* and *grave* where it is obvious that this spelling is required by the pronunciation. *Program* and *quartet* are examples of another class of words whose spelling is becoming simplified by the dropping of useless terminal letters, and such words as *catalogue* and *though* are destined to

undergo a like curtailment. In the spelling of all words in respect to which good usage is divided, let us throw our influence in favor of the simple and regular forms, and so help to save future generations at least a little of the pains of learning English spelling.

#### AN EDUCATIONAL CREED.

In Superintendent A. S. Draper's report for 1893, of the schools of Cleveland, the following clear statement of his beliefs on the subject of education is found ; it is most admirable :

I believe that education, all-around and generally diffused, is the only safeguard of the Republic ; that to make sure of this end, the American school system has been developed, and that it is the most unique and beneficent educational instrumentality the world has ever known ; that it is incomplete unless it begins with the kindergarten and ends with the university ; that if any part of this system demands better care than any other, that part is at the bottom rather than at the top.

I believe that no one is fit to teach in the schools who has not the soundness of character and the cultivation of mind to be worthy of admission to the best of American homes ; that the teaching service is not competent unless it possesses scholarship broader than the grade or the branches in which it is engaged, and beyond this is specially trained and prepared, and over and above this, is in touch and hearty sympathy with the highest purposes and aspirations of the American people ; and that even then it ceases to be competent when it ceases to be studious

and fails to know and take advantage of the world's best thought and latest experience in connection with the administration of the schools.

I believe that it is not the business of the schools to undertake to cram into a child's head all of the facts it will ever be desirable for him to know, but that it is their business to start the powers of his mind into activity so that he will be able to act on his own account and will have the desire to find out things for himself ; that it is not the business of the schools to discriminate in favor of either sex or any class, or specialize in favor of any profession or employment, but to train for intellectual power, to the end that the child may become a self-supporting citizen, may feel the dignity of honest labor, either intellectual or manual, may be disposed to earn his living, may choose a respectable vocation suited to his circumstances and within the reach of his gifts, and may pursue it contentedly until ambition and experience shall combine to point out a better one.

I believe that severity and caprice and indirection and secrecy have no place in the management of the schools, but that openness and steadiness and firmness and regularity and kindness should prevail, to the end that the child

should become a good citizen as well as an intelligent one, may grow to honor the truth, to respect authority, to value property, to abide in agreeable relations with his fellows, to know the cost and to give stalwart support to the distinguished institutions of the mighty self-governing republic of which he is a part.

I believe in political parties and in religious denominations, but that the public school system has nothing to do with any of these and that all parties and sects, all associations and individu-

als, are to be prevented, if need be, from putting any of the powers or functions of the public schools to any partisan or sectarian or selfish end; that the ground upon which the school system stands is common to all, that, without reference to other divisions, all may meet upon it in absolute equality, and that it is the duty of all citizens to keep this ground sacred if they would fortify the republic against the dangers which may encompass all states based upon the principle of universal suffrage and general eligibility to public office.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

### WILLARD D. CHASE, M. D.

Willard D. Chase, M. D., was born in Claremont and died at his home in Peterborough, September 3, aged 57 years. He had practiced his profession successfully in Greenfield for two years and in Peterborough for 26 years; had served on the school committee, and represented the town of Peterborough in the house of representatives in 1889.

### JUDGE CHARLES BATCHELDER.

Judge Charles Batchelder was born in North Hampton in 1849, and died while en route from Europe to this country on September 4th. He was educated in Harvard College and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar, being the partner of Hon. J. H. S. Frink at Portsmouth, and for the past sixteen years had been judge of the municipal court. He was president of the Portsmouth Savings Bank, and member of the board of education at the time of his death; was for several years United States commissioner, and had held many city offices. No man enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his fellow citizens in a greater degree than did Judge Batchelder.

### DR. MARY L. BRASSIN.

Dr. Mary L. Brassin, daughter of Titus V. and Susanna Wadsworth, was born in Henniker, May 7, 1836, and died in Fresno, California. She graduated at Mount Holyoke Academy in 1861, from the Female Medical College in Philadelphia in 1867, and in 1871 went to Constantinople by invitation of the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions and there practised her profession for many years. She married Dr. John Brassin in Boussa, Asia Minor, in 1873, and seven years ago they removed to California, where she resided until her death. She is survived by her husband and one daughter.

## ISAAC K. GAGE.

Isaac K. Gage was born in Boscawen, October 27, 1818, and died at his home in Penacook, September 10. He was for several years engaged in trade in Lawrence, Mass., and later a member of the firm of Gage, Porter & Company, at Fisherville, now Penacook, and was also extensively engaged in the insurance business, and in agricultural pursuits. He filled with credit the office of postmaster of Fisherville; was a member of the first common council in Lawrence in 1852, and its president in 1853; treasurer of the New England Agricultural Society, trustee of Penacook Academy, secretary of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home. He was an enthusiastic member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, and was the recipient of the degree of master of arts from Dartmouth College. He married Susan G. Johnson, and their golden wedding was celebrated in 1892. He is survived by a widow and four children.

## GILMAN C. GEORGE.

Gilman C. George was born in Dunbarton, and died at his home in Warner, September 12, aged 74 years. He had been a resident of Warner for half a century, and was cashier of the Kearsarge National Bank from 1870 to 1884, and treasurer of the Kearsarge Savings Bank for eight years. He was justice of the peace for 45 years, and notary public for 25 years. In the days of the old state militia he served as captain, and was the first master of Harris lodge of Free Masons. He is survived by a widow and three daughters, one of whom is the wife of Fred Myron Colby, the well known author.

## LUTHER PRESCOTT HUBBARD.

Luther Prescott Hubbard was born in Hollis, June 30, 1808, and died at his home in Greenwich, Conn., September 18. He was educated at Pinkerton Academy, Derry, and in 1827 became a resident of New York city. He served for many years as financial agent of the American Seamen's Friend Society, and for 40 years was secretary of the New England Society of New York city. He was author of the genealogy of the Hubbard family, and is survived by three sons and one daughter.

## SAMUEL HENRY GOOKING.

Samuel Henry Gooking was born in Portsmouth in 1819, and died in Lexington, Mass., September 23. Going to Boston in the '30s, Mr. Gooking engaged in the dry goods trade. During the active years of his career he was one of the most prominent of the merchants of that city, his business associations being with the firms of Sweetser, Gooking & Company, Sweetser, Gooking & Swan, and S. H. Gooking & Company. In social life he was very popular, and his interest in politics was such that he took the stump for the Whig candidate in the William Henry Harrison campaign. He was twice married, and is survived by a widow and two daughters.

## JOHN G. ABBOTT.

John G. Abbott was born in Antrim, November 3, 1854, and died in that town, September 25. He had been engaged in manufacturing since his 20th year;

was for a number of years town treasurer, and for many years a deacon and treasurer of the Baptist church. He was universally respected as an upright business man, and is survived by a widow and two children.

## REV. GRINDALL REYNOLDS, D. D.

Rev. Grindall Reynolds, D. D., was born in Franconia, December 22, 1822, but moved to Boston at the age of four and received his education in Boston schools and in the Cambridge Divinity school, class of 1847. He first preached in Jamaica Plain, Mass., and in 1858 was called to the old First Parish church of Concord, Mass., resigning his pastorate there in 1882 to accept the office of secretary of the American Unitarian Association, a position which he filled with a great degree of success and held at the time of his death. He published a "History of the Concord Fight," "History of Concord," and was a contributor to Johnson's Encyclopedia and the Atlantic Monthly. He received the degree of A. M. from Harvard College in 1860, and that of D. D. in 1894. He is survived by two daughters and by one son who resides in the West.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—On page 223 of this number of THE GRANITE MONTHLY, in the first paragraph of "Our Northern Boundary," by Hon. Edgar Aldrich, the types have attempted to make the distinguished jurist misquote the language of Bacon. The critical reader will notice that instead of "There be *those* things which make a nation great and prosperous,—a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance for *men* and goods from place to place," as printed, the extract should read, "There be *three* things which make a nation great and prosperous,—a fertile soil, busy workshops, and easy conveyance for *man* and goods from place to place."





THE VILLAGE OF LENNIKER.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

NOVEMBER, 1894.

No. 5.

## THE PINE-CROWNED HILL: A SKETCH OF HENNIKER.

*By George H. Moses.*

**T**HEY had talked the matter all over, but not every man was convinced. Out of the sixty thrifty Scotch-Irishmen who had met that cold November afternoon at Joseph Scobey's house in Londonderry, it was but natural that some should fail to indorse the enthusiastic views of the promoters of the enterprise, and the proposition to secure a township from the Masonian lands, now sold to a Portsmouth syndicate, was not to be "railroaded" through.

But finally the question was settled, and it was

Votid that Capt Todd & Capt Barr Shall Go to Portsmouth and Do their Best to Procure a Township.

Each man present subscribed ten shillings to a fund to prosecute the petition, and with characteristic honesty paid the subscription at once. From this fund three shillings, four pence, were taken to pay Scobey for the "wakening," as they called the drink of brandy or rum which each smacked his lips over, and with the balance the two captains set out for Portsmouth.



Main Street Before the Fire.



Dow's Mills.

"Their Best" was evidently nothing wonderful, for, though it was on the 29th of November, 1748, that the subscribers "votid" to send them, nothing was heard of the petition until April, 1752, when another meeting was held, a number of new subscribers were added, the committee was increased to five members, the cost of the "wakening" rose to twelve shillings, and under these inspiring circumstances it was

Voted to prosecute the Afore<sup>d</sup> Petition.

This time they were more enterprising, and on the 13th of May in the same year the petitioners again met and chose a committee to "Go and Vewe" the proposed sites. They also began to gather up the loose ends of their web, and

5ly Voted that each person of this Com-

munity is to pay twenty shillings to the treasurer Cap<sup>t</sup> Barr now or at furthest by the Sixteenth Day of this Instant and those that Dont pay said twenty shillings by s<sup>d</sup> time it will be Lookt on that they forfeite their Right and their ten Shillings formerly paid except they Decide that they Drop to-night and then they are to have Their ten Shillings.

A few cautious Scots withdrew and received their ten shillings, but at the next meeting, June 27, the list was closed against further accessions, and the committee immediately set out for Portsmouth to secure their town. They were successful in their quest, and on Thursday, July 16, 1752, at the house of Ann Slayton in Portsmouth, the Masonian proprietors met and granted their Londonderry petitioners a township called No. Six.

The name No. 6 was not a new one, for it had been conferred upon the township nearly twenty years before by the general court of Massachusetts, who had rewarded certain veterans of Sir William Phipps's ill-starred expedition against Quebec with generous grants of townships in New Hampshire, among them being the No. Six now granted to the Londonderry petitioners. For this bit of altrurian generosity, so far as No. Six was concerned, the Massachusetts legislators made amends by giving the veterans a township in Maine.<sup>1</sup>

The new proprietors of No. Six set briskly about making their possessions habitable. The old grantees had done next to nothing, and the Londonderry people began the work *de novo*. Yet it was a long while before a settlement was made, and in point of fact only one of the proprietors ever settled in the



H. A. Emerson.

town. In 1758 the foundation was laid for the first sawmill in town, but no settlers came to the town for two years



Mill of Contoocook Valley Paper Company.

<sup>1</sup> Waterford.

thereafter, and tradition says that when the mill was nearly completed Indians appeared in the neighborhood, and the workmen returned to their homes in

a native of Boxford, Mass., and had graduated from Harvard in 1733. He taught the first school in Rumford (now Concord), and was the first preacher in



*Hotel Henniker.*

Londonderry, and the mill project was abandoned.

The first settler was the Rev. James Scales who had come into possession of some land in the westerly part of the

Canterbury. He was likewise the first pastor in Hopkinton. In the spring of 1760 James Peters, the only proprietor to settle in town, moved in from Hopkinton and built a house near the Scales's.



*Childs Block.*

town. He built a log cabin, having removed from Hopkinton here, but his residence was brief, for in six months he returned to Hopkinton. Mr. Scales was

There were no neighbors nearer than Putney Hill, Hopkinton, no mill or store nearer than Rumford, fifteen miles away. At Hillsborough, on the west, a few fam-

ilies had settled, but to the north stretched an unbroken forest. For two years Mr. Peters lived alone in town. In 1763 he was joined by his son and

"expended" each time they came together, but much was accomplished, and in coöperation with the settlers, measures were taken to build roads,



Preston's Block.

by several others who came from Marlborough, Mass. From this latter place many others came, so many in fact that when John Wentworth was besought to incorporate the town the place was self-styled New Marlborough.

raise money, and set the town machinery in operation.

Finally, in 1768, on the first day of the year, the proprietors assembled for the last time. They transacted no business, the town had passed from their



Town House.

During these years the proprietors had not been idle and numerous meetings were held at Londonderry. Doubtless the usual amount of "licor" was

control, they perhaps drank a solemn bumper to the success of No. 6, and adjourned without day. On the fourteenth of March in the same year the

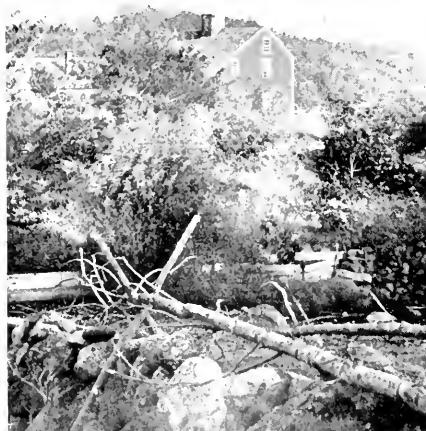


Residence of A. G. Preston.

inhabitants petitioned for a town charter and on the 10th of November John Wentworth, governor and captain-general, was pleased to grant it, though he overruled the petitioners' desire that the town should be called New Marlborough and gave it the name of his old friend, John Henniker, a wealthy merchant of

London. "No other township in all our wide domain," remarks the town historian with some pride, "is known by that name."

Before the charter was secured the settlers were astir to find a minister, evidently in anticipation of the new dignity soon to arrive, and in the summer



Birthplace of Prof. J. W. Patterson.



Prof. J. W. Patterson.

of 1768 Captain Eliakim Howe, in whose hands a ministerial fund had been placed, hired his cousin, the Rev. Jacob Rice, to preach. The proprietors at Londonderry during their term of administration had passed frequent votes as to hiring a minister, but it was the settlers' action which brought results, for they not only settled the town, but also settled this question by settling Mr. Rice,

committee of arbitration consisting of three citizens of Warner—whose decision was not found satisfactory and an appeal was taken to the legislature.

The house was finally built, however, and was first occupied in 1787. It still stands, a noble structure, though it has long ago lost its religious character as a town church, separation of church and state having taken place in Henniker in



Henniker Academy.

who accepted their call on condition that his salary rise and fall as silver rose and fell—a proviso which shows that the currency question is no new issue. Two years later a log church was built and was occupied for worship some weeks before it was covered by a roof. This structure was burned on the evening of the "dark day," May 19, 1780, and was not replaced until the town had passed through the usual controversy over a location and had left the matter to a

1801. Since that time it has been more or less used by different denominations and has always served as a town hall. It was extensively remodeled some years ago and in 1887 its centennial was celebrated by a re-dedication, the event receiving a degree of attention quite in keeping with its merits.

The new town had hardly taken its bearings when the struggle for American liberty began and in the Revolutionary war the people of Henniker did noble



Residence of John Gage.

servicer. No less than 132 men from here fought in the Continental army and at one time the call for troops became so urgent that there was scarcely an able-bodied man left in town except the Rev. Mr. Rice.

The war over, the people of Henniker turned their attention from national to local affairs. A saw-mill had long ago been set up and the necessary potashery was soon numerously in operation. New settlers had come in, and with them had come difficulties. As for those whom they wanted, the townspeople were in a quandary as to how to make them pay an equitable tax; and as for those who were not wanted,

some means must be devised to get rid of them.

The objectional settlers consisted of a few of that thrifty, law-abiding, benevolent class called Shakers, but they were *non grata* to our Henniker friends, and despite the report that the new-comers contemplated the purchase of a large tract of land and the establishment of a "family" in the

community, the town met, and with excess of zeal,—

Voted To Due something relative To



Cogswell Homestead

those People Called Shakering Quakers.

Voted to Chosse a Commity to take care of the Shakering Quakers.

Chose Cap. Howe, James Wallace, Elisha Barnes, John Goodenow, Sam<sup>l</sup> Kimball, for the Commity.

Voted that any person not being Town Resident Shall have no Residence in this Town of the Denomination of Shakering Quakers.

Voted that we will not have any Dealings with the Shakering Quakers Living in this town.

Voted that they shall not



Residence of Hon. George C. Preston.

strool about the Town without giving an account to the Commity if Called on Tue.

The Shakers left the town soon after this, and their places were filled by others. So many others came, attracted doubtless by the fertile intervals of the Contoocook river or by the equally productive uplands, that in 1791 the town was large enough to aspire to county-seat honors, the occasion arising from the division of Hillsborough county into "half-shires." Henniker was the choice of the western portion of the county to



John Gage.



Hon. P. B. Cogswell.

share honors with Amherst, and Concord was the favorite of the eastern representatives. As a compromise, Hopkinton, between the two, was selected.

From now on dated the palmiest days of the town. Agriculture flourished then as never before or since. Manufactures were scanty, but the population was numerous, and for the next thirty years the census showed increasing numbers. Churches sprung up beside the first one; some of them flourished and some of them faded. Schools prospered, and an



Hon. George C. Preston.



Goodenow Homestead.

statesman, and orator, the most brilliant man of a generation, who was born here in Henniker, a scion of one of the sturdy Scotch-Irish grafts from Londonderry stock; the Rev. N. F. Carter, of Concord, historian and teacher; and the Rev. Addison P. Foster, D. D., of Boston, who has won renown in Sunday-school work in the Congregationalist denomination. Henniker's most noted woman and New Hampshire's only true poet, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, was also educated in this school.

The Proctor farm, Miss Proctor's birthplace, lay high up on a hillside, the farm-house peering out through the pines upon the village and the valley of the Contoocook below. This farm, once the best in the town, is now deserted. Not a vestige of the buildings remains. The family is scattered, and all that is now left are the hills, the eternal hills, and the river flowing at their feet, mingling its murmurings with the whispers of the pines. From these hillsides came not only

the inspirations of the poet, but from them breathed the voice of freedom as well, for here lived the family of Parker Pillsbury, the anti-slavery apostle, though he was born before the family came here. Here, however, his brothers were born, among them being the late Hon. Oliver Pillsbury, insurance commissioner of New Hampshire, and here he began his work. The voice of liberty gave forth no uncertain sound along this valley, and the people of Henniker were fired to action by the most stirring and eloquent and famous of all that noble band who prepared the land for the war which followed. Another brother, Gilbert Pillsbury, served the anti-slavery cause in another way, entering political life in Massachusetts, and as a member of the state senate procuring the first election of Henry Wilson as United States senator. He was actively engaged during the war as government agent for the freedmen, and in that capacity found himself in Charleston, S. C., after that city was evacuated. After reconstruc-



Residence of John C. Cogswell.



Emerson's Block.

tion he was chosen the first mayor of Charleston, serving three years.

Reforms found easy lodgment here, and the anti-slavery movement was preceded several years by the Washingtonian temperance wave which deluged this town. More than a thousand signers were secured to the pledge, and from that day to this the sentiment of the community has been for what is elevating and ennobling. Its activities along beneficial lines have been most noteworthy. The academy and its graduates we have noted. Among its teachers have been men afterward eminent, such as Professor John S. Woodman, for many years a member of the faculty of Dartmouth college, and the Hon. William M. Chase, now a justice of the supreme court of New Hampshire. Another member of the same court, Judge Robert M. Wallace of Milford, was born here and was a pupil in the academy when Judge Chase was an instructor. An earlier distinguished teacher in the time was Ich-

abod Bartlett, who rose to a seat in congress.

Not only in religious, moral, and educational work has the town expended its activities. Its culture is only too evident in other directions. In the world of letters Henniker has no need to be ashamed, even if there were no other representative of the town than Miss Proctor. But there are others, though the world of letters cannot exclusively claim them. Two members of a noted family

in the town have erected literary monuments. These are the brothers Cogswell, Leander W. and Parsons B. And yet each of them has made his mark in the world of affairs.

The elder, Leander W. Cogswell, is the most eminent soldier who went from Henniker to the last war. His service was very distinguished, and he rose to be lieutenant-colonel of his regiment, the Eleventh New Hampshire, of which he was in command for at least half of its term of service. In civil life he filled



Residence of Wm. U. Davis.



Congregational Church and Chapel.

important town offices, sat in the legislature, and served as state treasurer and bank commissioner. To the bibliography of the state he added a "History of Henniker" and a "History of the Eleventh New Hampshire Regiment."

His brother, Parsons B. Cogswell, has been for nearly a half century a resident of Concord, where he has identified himself with the highest and best journalistic enterprises which the state has fostered, the *Concord Evening Monitor* and the *Independent Statesman*. Those sterling, reliable journals have known him in every editorial capacity, and the impress of his lofty ideals and rugged honesty can never be effaced from their columns. For more than thirty years he has served on the school board of Concord, and is now nearing the close of a highly successful term as mayor of the city. His published works include a volume of travels bearing the title "Glints From Over the Water," and a most artistic specimen of book-making entitled "Three Dedications," compiled to commemorate the

beneficences of the Hon. George A. Pillsbury to the communities with which his life in New Hampshire was identified.

In addition to these the Rev. N. F. Carter, before mentioned, has achieved no mean renown as a writer of verse,



Rev. A. P. Foster, D. D.

and his biographical compilation of "Native Ministers of New Hampshire" is a monumental work.

Turning to the kindred field of music and the town genealogies present the name of Christopher Columbus Gibson, violin virtuoso and composer, the

world is Mrs. H. H. A. Beach of Boston who was born here, Amy M. Cheney. As early as three years of age she developed surprising musical genius and today is the most noted female composer in America, being the only one to have composed a successful oratorio; while



Methodist Church.

"American Ole Bull," as he is termed, of whom a recent number of this magazine<sup>1</sup> contains an appreciative sketch; while from the same source comes information of Emma Abbott's connection with the town by reason of her grandfather's residence here.

Another famous woman in the musical

her mass in E flat is one of the world's masterpieces in ecclesiastical music. It was to her strains that the World's Fair at Chicago was opened, she having set to music the ode of the occasion.

Henniker's contribution to the country's roll of fame is a theme to dwell upon, for there is abundant material, as



Birthplace of Judge R. M. Wallace.

the evidence shows. But there is more yet. To New Hampshire the town gave a governor, Nathaniel B. Baker, who was born here and from here went to college; and another son of the town, David Andrew Warde, was stricken down in death when the governor's chair was directly before him, having served as president of the state senate with every prospect of promotion.

With the record of a remarkable family this portion of our story will close: Among the many settlers who came to Henniker from Marlborough, Mass., was John Goodenow, who lived here for more than twenty years. His house is still standing, and is remarkable as having been the birth-



Ingalls's Grist-mill.



Residence of H. A. Emerson.

place of quite as notable a family as can be found anywhere. Five of them were boys and they all became lawyers. Two of them never held office but they both reached high places in their profession, and one of them died at the head of the bar in Portland, Me. Of the others, Rufus

King Goodenow graduated from West Point, commanded a company in the War of 1812, studied law, was clerk of the courts in Oxford county, Maine, for seventeen years, and was a member of the Thirty-First congress. Another, Daniel, was speaker of the Maine

and 1832, was Whig candidate for governor, was attorney-general of Maine, and for seven years was a justice of the supreme court of Maine. And another, Robert G., was a bank examiner in Maine for four years, and sat in the Thirty-Second congress. Of the girls of the family the youngest married Daniel P. Stone of Malden, Mass., a millionaire, and from his estate the Stone professorships of philosophy at Bowdoin and Dartmouth colleges received their foundations.



Residence of Dr. G. H. Sanborn.

the Cogswells. It is much like that Henniker, to be sure, when one thinks of its moral attributes, its strength, and its resources; but otherwise it is far different. The Henniker of these other days was a centre of much of the activity of the whole community. Its Fourth of July celebrations were the admiration of the countryside, its Jacksonian jubilations eclipsed all others (at one



Dr. G. H. Sanborn.

Mrs. Stone was born after the family removed to Maine so that Henniker shines only in the reflected light of her munificence.

But the Henniker of to-day is not the Henniker that produced the Goodeowns, the Pattersons, the Proctors, and



Dr. L. W. Peabody.



Eldad Marsh \*



Henry E. Merrick.

of these festive gatherings of Democracy General Franklin Pierce, then twenty-five years old, delivered his first political speech). Its hotel was the best along the entire stage route, the

Henniker Rifles were the crack company of the Twenty-sixth regiment of militia, and later the Henniker Grenadiers succeeded to their fame in the Fortieth, and a Henniker training day



Hon. Oliver Pillsbury.



W. H. Bean.

\* Eldad Marsh, the oldest man in Henniker, was born in 1798, and for 75 years has voted in the old town-house which is pictured in another place.

was an event to be anticipated and remembered.

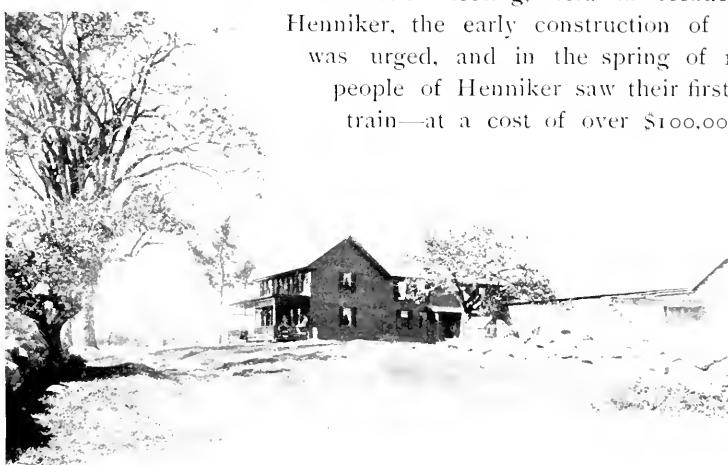
These affairs have passed. The stages no longer rumble up to "the old National." No shrill fife or resounding drum ushers in a training day. The Battle of New Orleans must seek commemoration elsewhere. But in their place comes the daily shriek of the locomotive and the hum of industry rising above the murmur of the river. The old had much to commend it, but the new is in advance.

A condition precedent to the development of the new Henniker was the establishment of railroad connection. The first move toward this end was made in 1835, when the railroad fever was hot within everybody's veins, and when the people north of Henniker were seeking an outlet to Boston. Henniker was on the old stage road to Windsor, Vermont, which was considered the most favorable line for a railroad to follow, and two of the surveyed routes ran through this town. The building of the Northern and the Connecticut River roads gave these plans their quietus, and it was not until 1848

that the local agitation again arose. At that time a charter was obtained from the New Hampshire Central railroad to run from Manchester to Windsor, Vermont, through Henniker and Claremont. Meetings were held in the towns along the line of the projected road, and the people finally subscribed to the stock of the road. At a most enthusiastic meeting, held in Academy hall, Henniker, the early construction of the road was urged, and in the spring of 1850 the people of Henniker saw their first railroad train—at a cost of over \$100,000. This



Mrs. H. H. A. Beach.



Intervale Farm.

road did a good business, but, says Colonel Cogswell in his "History of Henniker," "the Concord and Northern railroads combined to stop its going beyond this town. As a result of that combination a road was pushed up through Warner to Bradford. That movement was an injury to this road. The managers of it became embarrassed and the stockholders were called upon for an extra assessment. Finally the road passed

ings of our people was forever lost. . . . At the session of the legislature for 1848, on the 24th day of June, a railroad was chartered from Contoocook to Hillsborough Bridge, through this town, a distance of fourteen and a half miles, which was opened to this town in December, 1849, a short time before the New Hampshire Central, which has been in operation since that time."



Universalist Church.

into the hands of Joseph A. Gilmore, superintendent of the Concord road, and Robert N. Corning, a conductor upon the same road. They were the nominal owners, though it was supposed the Concord road stood behind them. Determined still further to cripple the business interests of Henniker, on the bright, beautiful Sabbath morning of October 31, 1858, Mr. Gilmore, with a swarm of hands, appeared in this town and commenced tearing up the rails and track. Before the sun went down the track from this place to North Weare, a distance of seven miles, was torn up, and \$100,000 of the hard earn-

The people of Henniker never forgot the dismantling of their railroad, or, rather, they were not permitted to forget it. Messrs. George C. Preston and Henry E. Merrick aroused the flagging public sense of wrong whenever it seemed likely to be lulled into quietude by a reflection on the advantages which succeeded those taken away, and their efforts to secure the righting of the wrong were finally successful in 1893. In that year both these men were in the legislature of New Hampshire, Mr. Merrick sitting in the house from Henniker and Mr. Preston representing his district in the senate. Through their



Shoe Shop.

efforts legislation was enacted giving the Concord & Montreal railroad the right to relay the rails which had been torn up, and the road was reopened during the summer of that year.

Along with this great good fortune in 1893 came a severe blow to the town in the shape of a fire, the most disastrous in the history of the village, which prostrated the business portion of the town. To add to the desolation, when the people were just recovering from the effects of the fire, the shoe factory, the chief industry of the place, shook the dust of Henniker from its feet and set out for green fields and pastures new, where the exemption period had longer to run.

But the new Henniker was not downcast over either of these misfortunes. The smoke was yet rising from the ruins of the market-place when the enterprising owners began planning for better buildings to succeed those which were lost; and the shoe factory had not removed from the town when the people had subscribed the necessary funds to purchase the plant and the new owners had found occupants for the shop.

Yet neither shoe factory nor new places of business sum up the new Henniker. At West Henniker the Con-

toocook Valley Paper Mills still hold the market with their superior product, and various manufactures of wood-shingles, clapboards, lumber, and wooden ware,—furnish employment for scores of hands. A grist-mill, with a threshing-mill attached, is busy the year around, and the Henniker creamery has now high repute for its excellent wares.

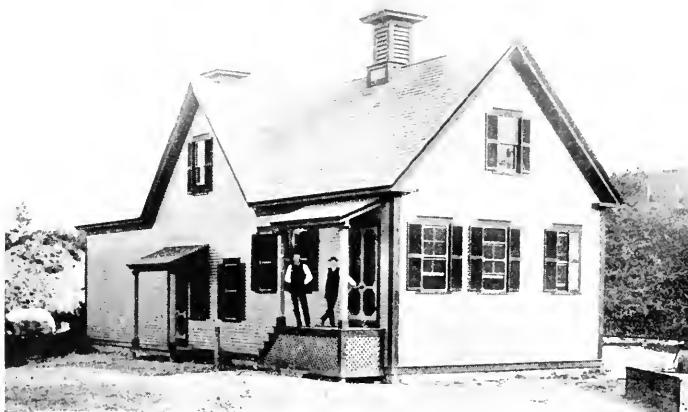
Back of all this is the farming interest, though farming is not what it once was in Henniker. The hillsides throughout the town are dotted with cellar-holes, where once stood farm-houses, and many of the best farms of the generation past have grown up to woodland; yet farming is not gone from Henniker. I said farming is not what it once was here, and I was right; for who of the farmers of a half century ago would have dreamed of keeping two hundred hens, of dating each egg as it was laid, and of marketing



Curtis B. Childs.

them in Boston at sixty cents a dozen? or of having a customer for all their milk and cream come to their very doors for it? or of populating their farms each

ker to preach the gospel of human freedom, but before he could deliver his message Henniker's message reached him, wafted from the wooded hills and



Henniker Creamery.

summer with the numberless summer boarder? These are the changes that have come over the spirit of agriculture's dream in Henniker.

There is much to render the last-named crop profitable in Henniker. A more delightful place for a month's sojourn in summer can scarcely be imagined. The village itself is small and quiet, but it has many conveniences which render it alluring to city folk. It is near at hand and is easily reached from the large centers. It has three churches,—Congregational, Methodist, and Universalist; there are eleven schools; there are good stores; there are excellent sidewalks, and in every direction spread the most enchanting drives; while the river, with its broad sweeps, its placid surface, and its embowered banks, is one of the most charming of New England waterways. The scenic attractions of Henniker have always been of entralling interest to all visitors to the town. More than fifty years ago N. P. Rogers came to Henni-

fertile valleys, and he straightway gave the message to the world.

"We left the river road," he wrote, "on the margin of the Contoocook, and wound our way among the hills to the southward of the beautiful village of Henniker. It brought us at length into a valley behind the high ridge that overlooks the village. We ascended to the summit, where stand the comfortable and pleasant dwellings of our true friends, George and Daniel Cogswell. I could hardly imagine to myself a more



Gage's Mill.

desirable location. A glorious prospect stretched around them.

Off to the south, beyond the deep and narrow valley, rose high, wooded hills, their heavy hard-wood growth touched gorgeously with the first pencil of October. North, the village, shining at their feet, with its painted dwellings and green fields, a wide upland country swelling beyond it, rising in the distance and terminating with old Kearsarge, with its bare head among the drifting clouds."

Another picture of this lovely village has been drawn, almost from the same spot, and in Edna Dean Proctor's words

is mirrored the scene, with the river—  
how

Ceaseless it flows, till, around its bed,  
The vales of Henniker are spread,  
Their banks all set with golden grain,  
Or stately trees whose vistas gleam—  
A double forest in the stream;  
And winding 'neath the pine-crowned hill  
That overhangs the village plain.  
By sunny reaches, broad and still,  
It nears the bridge that spans its tide—  
The bridge whose arches, low and wide,  
It ripples through—and should you lean  
A moment there, no lovelier scene  
On England's Wye or Scotland's Tay  
Would charm your gaze, a summer's day.

### THE FRIENDSHIP OF WOMEN.

*By Milo Benedict.*

That men often fail to establish or to maintain friendly relations with women chiefly because some peculiar and unreasonable prejudice, either natural or acquired, exists between them, I think can hardly be gainsaid.

It is not uncommon for a man to seek an acquaintance with a woman superior to himself in point of delicacy of feeling, quickness of perception, fineness of judgment, and keenness of intelligence, and then to accuse her of as much ambiguity as he can imagine, simply through his own dullness, being oblivious of the fact that human nature is capable of infinite degrees of perfection, and that a man with imperfect vision can never perceive the roundness and completeness of a being with a perfect one. And inevitably does not his inadequate judgment lead him to place all women at once in a line with those doubtful questions, great or small, which have perplexed his soul and baffled his senses

throughout his life? She has become to him a symbol of mystery and uncertainty, and tempts him always into such speculation as he would give to questions of theology or casuistry, perhaps. He can not lay his finger on her spirit and disport freely his knowledge of its quality as he would in handling a garment or any tangible substance. He avows that he reasons, but she has no reason; he feels, but she has no feeling; he judges, but she has no judgment; he admires, but her admiration rests in a circle in which his is not included. This, of course, is because her reason, her feeling, her judgment, her admiration, transcend altogether the scope of his, and hence a full revelation of herself to him is an impossibility. Her consistencies are to him inconsistencies, and what she holds to be order to his senses is chaos. He sets her down as having an attractive blankness, perhaps,—what it is he does not attempt

to define, or if he does he fails. He acknowledges her attractiveness, but her nature is spoiled by surprising contradictions, complications, and caprices.

In his mystification he forms in his imagination a creature of very dubious character, in which appears much that he doesn't understand and little that he does, and this becomes his type of woman, which he believes to be truly representative, though he deplores the fact that the type has so little correspondence with his ideal.

When such imperfect conceptions have taken possession of a man, it is probably only by some super-human power that he can be made to outgrow them. Failing thus to comprehend the subtlety and truth of woman he ends in ascribing to her, partly out of his own generosity of heart, a certain vague excellence which he remembers to have been conspicuous in his grandmother, and which is surely present in his mother, though it is to be believed he holds these two persons to be notable exceptions to the rule.

Such capital defect of insight, such gaps in the range of his sympathies, indicate a warped spiritual condition. His character has been cast in a mould of eccentric form. It is not liquid and flexible all around, but hard and bristling in spots. Because of the partiality of his feelings none of his feelings can be quite true. Because he finds imperfect correspondence between his nature and the feminine nature he disparages the feminine. He may belong to that class which regards a certain hostility to women to be a mark of virility and superiority. This class is certainly a large one, and seems to have founded its principles on the notion that gentleness is incompatible with strength. Take the case of the savage. The

manliest savage is thought by his relatives to be the one who is fiercest and cruelist. But the first evidence of his real improvement is evidenced in his growing gentleness. And if he would comprehend civilized man and woman he must be regenerated with a gentle heart, and all fineness and nobility will come with it. It argues nothing in favor of a man that he is hostile in any degree to woman, but marks him as lacking, let us say, that indefinable something, the possession of which would fill him out and make him complete.

If a man, however, has no defect, may he not readily gain the friendship of women, and may not women prove their fitness for such relationship? We ask these questions because a writer we have just been reading in a recent number of *The Atlantic Monthly*, and at whose instigation we were tempted into writing upon this pretentious subject, declares that, "As a rule it is impossible for a friendship to exist between a man and a woman unless the man and woman in question be husband and wife."

Is this merely a reflection drawn from the writer's personal experience, or is he making a general and incontrovertible statement? Do feminine characteristics disqualify women for the beautiful office of friendship any more than masculine characteristics disqualify men for the same? Or is human nature so large that pure friendship may exist between men and women independent of these differences? To dwell on the characteristic differences belonging to each sex is to magnify particulars. The manish man and the womanish woman are marked deviations from the true ideal, and the deviations, it may be remarked, are all in the line of imperfections.

De Quincey wrote, "Man is ever coming nearer to an agreement." This of course is equivalent to saying, man and women are ever coming nearer to an agreement. We turn agreeably to the words of our wise Thoreau. He says: "Men and women of equal culture, thrown together, are sure to be of a certain value to one another, more than men to men." It seems to us that one of the prime characteristics of woman is her genius for friendship. She seems habitually more in touch with the higher elements than man, who may indeed achieve a tolerable success before the world with only a creditable head for business, while possessed of as little soul, as little feeling (to borrow the humor of Charles Dudley Warner) as a reaper and binder. A woman must have feeling and she must have soul, even in her finger tips. Every part of her frame, every feature should be precious to all discerning eyes for the

soul expressed in them. Her fineness does not spring from poor antecedents. Every perfection of hers must have come, like the rainbow, from a source as wonderful and beautiful as itself. Fineness must proceed from excellence; and therefore every fine woman must be as excellent as she is fine.

Without reference to any opinion confirmed by experience, it would seem a strange anomaly indeed to credit woman with such ideal attributes of character and at the same time discredit her capacity for friendship. Friendship, it is true, is no respecter of sex, and that is why it should not discriminate. Or if it should discriminate at all, why should it not in favor of those who are surest, we believe, of keeping the sacred fire aflame, and of keeping their hearts open to those who need the warmth and solace of sympathy and the enrichment of appreciation?

### THEN AND NOW.

*By B. B. Hunt.*

The spring was new, the blades looked out  
In just a shy young way,  
The cowslips turned themselves about,  
As thinking what to say;

New little thrills from cell to cell,  
Crept with an elfish speed,  
The fronded things along the dell  
Were very blithe indeed.

Then joy from out the morning sky  
Shot glances everywhere;  
Then happiness, with radiant eye,  
Swam lightly through the air;

Then melody all through and through  
 Sent quivering trills and lays ;—  
 Ah, me ! but when the times were new  
 How happy were the days !

Now, now the day wears russet shoes,  
 And loves to sit at ease,  
 Not minding much to gain or lose  
 Amid her fevered trees.

The dews are lazy on the stalks,  
 The blades are languid grown,  
 The corn dames rustle where they walk,  
 The drooping forests moan ;

The brooks in measured tunes go by,  
 The dreaming scents are still,  
 The idle sunbeams love to lie  
 And comb the haze at will.

Yet stroke we soft our good gray hairs,  
 And yield our lips to song,  
 And bring the folding of our cares  
 Where benedictions throng.

## THE MILLS OF GOD.

*By H. C. Pearson.*

All the year round, through whirling winds of rain and pelting drives of snow, the tall pines raised their green crests proudly to the sky and bade seasons, and storms, and Time himself defiance. Their sturdy branches, closely interlocking, denied the curious sun even a glimpse of the mysteries about their bases. Twilight aisles were there, dim, cool, and faintly fragrant, with softly springing carpets and hangings, gray, and green, and black.

Through these secret passage-ways of nature lurched uncouth Bruin ; sly Reynard trotted fearlessly along with ears

a-droop ; and now and then the holy hush was broken by some monster moose with bellowing rush. The harshly strident "caw, caw, caw," of dull black crows, the awful screech of night owls, these were the songs of the solitudes.

And no man knew them save the Hermit.

At noon of every day the Montreal express thundered into the little station at the foot of the mountain, paused impatiently while the leather mail-bag and mayhap a passenger or two were discharged, then onward rushed again further into the northland. Every day

wearied travellers, gazing with idle curiosity through the cinder-covered windows, beheld a strange figure on the wide plank platform, wondered for a moment, and forgot. Twenty years before the lounging villagers had wondered, too. The Hermit's hair and beard were brown and curling then, now they were of the purest white. But the erect form was still unbowed, the piercing eyes still grey and sharp as tempered steel, and the silent lips still sealed.

Not once in all the long years had the loaded train missed his scrutiny. Sometimes the double engines had to fight their way desperately by through the deep snow; sometimes they panted and sweated in the heat of their midday labors. But, summer and winter alike, his gaunt form stalked up and down the platform while he peered into every window in patient, ill-requited search. Then, as the parting whistle screeched he turned on his heel, passed like a haunt through the quiet, single street, and disappeared for another twenty-four hours in the depths of the mountain forest.

This day autumn was giving winter friendly greeting. The white birch skirmishers of the host of pines were shedding the seared leaves that had never hid their gauntness. Down below in the oaks and chestnuts lithe squirrels leaped and chattered, and now and then a flock of partridges arose with booming flutter. The Hermit felt the chill of coming snow in his blood, and hastened his steps along the familiar paths. Arrived at his lonely cabin, a brisk blaze soon leaped and crackled in the broad fireplace, inviting the old man to rest and meditation.

"He will come soon," said he to the flames. "The wind howled it in my ear last night, and the big lynx over yonder

screeched it twice. He must come, for the world is small and twenty years is a long time to wait. He will come soon. I know it. And when he does,—" the steely eyes gleamed like the sword of a soldier.

The dusk fell and with it the snow flakes. Fast and faster they came, some sifting through the pine boughs, some clinging to them in damp, sleety masses. Very wet and uncomfortable a bewildered huntsman found them as he sought in vain to find his way out of the forest. Exhausted and hopeless, he was about to sink down in despair when a faint light shone through the darkness. The Hermit had opened his door. The wanderer, pushing his thankful way in that direction, had fairly entered the cabin before he brushed the snow from his eyes to greet its owner.

One glance,—and he would have fled back to the pathless darkness and the freezing snow; but the old man barred the way, his tall frame tense and rigid, his eyes a-fire in his deathly pallid face.

"At last! At last!" he cried. "Long years have I waited for you, John Gwynne,—long, weary years. I knew you would come to me at last, and you have. Now pray to God while I thank him for delivering you into my hands."

"Mercy! Mercy!" gasped the newcomer.

"Mercy?" echoed the Hermit, "What mercy had you on me twenty years ago, and what on her a twelve-month later? You robbed me of my wife, then killed her with your neglect. I am your avenging angel."

The wretch before him grovelled on the rough floor in abject fear. His bloated face was colorless, from head to foot he shook as if with ague. "Spare me, Frank," he whispered, "spare me. We were boys together, and friends

once. I betrayed you, but I swear to God she tempted me."

"You lie!" the Hermit fairly screamed. "You damnable villain, that fills the list of your crimes. To insult the woman you ruined and deserted, you cowardly whelp!"

With his eyes fairly burning into those of the man upon the floor, the Hermit stepped back deliberately and took up the shot gun that rested in the corner. "I am going to kill you," he said simply; "pray to God or devil as you will."

The doomed creature lifted his voice

in an unearthly wail that for a moment startled even the Hermit. That moment was fatal. A tiger's spring, a vice-like clutch about the knees, and two forms were locked in a death struggle.

Next day some hunters from the village found their way to the lonely cabin. Within lay the Hermit,—dead. And in the farthest corner something in human shape chattered and chuckled and moaned. Blood dripped from wounds upon its face and breast. Wetting its fingers it wrote upon the pine boards of the floor a woman's name.

### NOMAN'S LAND.

*By Edward A. Jenks.*

Somewhere there's a wonderful country :

Do you think it lies over the deep?

It may be far off in the mountains ;

An island, perhaps, fast asleep ;—

Just fancy!—perhaps up above us,

Beyond the bright stars and the blue,  
Great rivers and lakes and green valleys

Are waiting for me and for you.

But how can we get there, I wonder !

No boatman will take us to-day ;

No tally-ho leaves for the mountains ;

Some siren would lead us astray

If we were to start off together—

No compass or chart to our hand—

In the darkest or sunniest weather,

To find that invisible land.

The road to that strangest of countries—

Do you know that I saw it last night ?

It may only be travelled when shadows

Can dance hand in hand with the light.

I lay on the rocks by the ocean

And looked out far over the sea,

When the great Harvest Moon took a notion

To come up and hob-nob with me.

In an instant a flashing of silver—  
 A few low commands from the Queen—  
 A crowd of the nimblest of workmen—  
 Wide layers of mystical sheen—  
 Great rollers in rapid succession  
 Drawn steadily in from the sea  
 By the steadiest teams of sea-horses—  
 And the road was all ready for me.

Was there ever a vision so splendid?—  
 A beautiful Nowoman's hand  
 Driving seventeen dripping sea-horses  
 Post haste from the far Noman's Land!  
 She drove to the rocks like a whirlpool—  
 She whistled and beckoned to me:  
 Oh! who could withstand a Nowoman?  
 She drove like a flash to the sea.

What I saw on that nocturnal journey—  
 What I heard when we reached Noman's land,—  
 The Nochildren's silvery laughter  
 While sifting the silvery sand;  
 The loveliest Nomaidens romping  
 With clouds of the airiest elves,—  
 I must never reveal—it's a secret!—  
 You must go there and see for yourselves!

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## SIGN POSTS OF THE SEA: THEIR ESTABLISHMENT AND USE.

THE COAST SURVEY AND LIGHT-HOUSE SERVICE OF  
 THE UNITED STATES.

*By Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N.*



HE traveller making his first ocean voyage is very apt to heave a sigh of relief upon finally getting within sight of land again, and to rejoice in the fact that all danger is apparently at an end. If, however, the captain of the ship be consulted he will be found to look upon the matter in quite a different light.

His ship once clear of land outward bound, the skipper settles down to the comparatively easy and quiet time of the long sea voyage, having nothing to do but take his sights and avoid collisions. Things change greatly, however, as the ship approaches her destination. The captain's mind is filled with thoughts of rocks, reefs, and the many outlying dangers that make the approach to almost every port a fit sub-

ject for anxiety. Then it is that any errors in navigation will count, and a slight mistake made in some sight taken, perhaps, several days before may make all the difference between a safe arrival in port and a shipwreck.

the weary seaman upon his way. And then, the outer lights passed, with what relief and pleasure does the same skipper, utterly exhausted, perhaps, from weary days and sleepless nights of gale or fog, see slipping by each minor light,



*Dragging for Sunken Rocks.*

Such being the case, it may readily be imagined with what eagerness the captain looks forward to the first sight of those landmarks that all civilized nations have erected for the guidance of "them that go down to the sea in ships," those magnificent structures that tower above the sea to guide

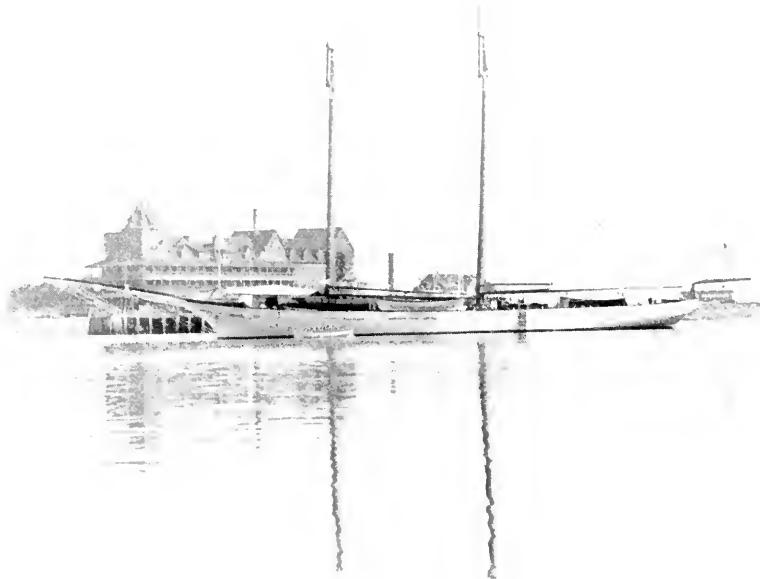
bouy, or beacon, the passing of which means one step more towards the haven of safety and rest.

Each country has its own system of planting buoys, erecting lights, beacons, etc., but the purpose is the same in every case: to point out all rocks, shoals, or other dangerous spots, and to indicate the channels by which ships may safely pass to the harbor within. Every nation issues charts and books showing and describing the sub-marine dangers, channels, and the systems of buoyage and lighting, so that a captain may easily make himself familiar with all the important harbors of the world.

Before a harbor can be charted it is necessary that it be thoroughly surveyed, and in the United States this is done by the coast and geodetic survey, an organization annually appropriated for by congress. The main office of the survey is in Washington, and from



*Point Allerton Beacon, Boston Harbor.*



Schooner *Eagle*,  
*Of the United States Coast Survey.*

this parties are sent out to do work all over the country. The greater part of the shore work is done by parties of civilians, but a small part of that, as well as all the work afloat, is done by the officers and men of the United States navy. There are several small schooners and steamers thus manned which go from port to port and do this work as required.

Let us suppose that a survey is to be made and lights and buoys established in a hitherto unexplored harbor. A proper place is selected for a base line, which can be carefully measured by actual handling of the chain, and the longer this base line can be made the better. Then at one end of this line an observatory is established, with transit telescope, sidereal clock, and all the

instruments necessary for astronomical observations by means of which the latitude and longitude of the spot can be accurately determined. The direction in which the base line runs from the observatory is also obtained by astronomical observations, and thus the base line and the latitude and longitude of one end may be plotted on the drawing board.

This being done, all other prominent points of the surrounding country are determined by observations with the theodolite or plane table and triangulation, the same as in ordinary surveying. Then minor points are determined, and the coast line run in much the same way as a surveyor determines the limits of a field in country work.

The work of the boats is of more

interest as being peculiar to marine surveying, and consists of the determination of the depth of water at every point in the harbor, with special observations for submerged rocks, reefs, or other hidden dangers to navigation. All these when plotted upon the chart show the navigator at a glance what spots he has to avoid, and through what channels he may safely carry his ship.

The shore line around the sheet of water to be surveyed is drawn in upon the drawing board, together with the

This having been done, the sounding work may be begun, and it is carried on by the vessel itself, by steam launches, or by pulling boats, according to the depth of water on the working ground. The vessels do the work in deep water off the coast, and the launches and pulling boats the harbor work. The methods used in the steam launches may be taken for description, as they are typical of the entire work.

The complete working party for such a boat consists of two observers, one



Sounding from a Pulling Boat.

positions of all the prominent objects in the neighborhood. Enough of these points are necessary to ensure that there shall be no point on the sheet where a boat can go where there will not be enough of these objects or signals in sight to enable the observers to accurately determine the position of their boat, and if there are not enough natural objects in the vicinity, signals are erected and located to accomplish the purpose. The usual form of signal is a whitewashed wooden tripod surmounted by colored flags.

of whom is in charge, one recorder, one helmsman, two leadsmen, and one machinist to run the launch. The necessary apparatus consists of two sextants, one three-armed protractor, a clock, and a record book, as well as a rough tracing of the shore line and signals.

The general sounding work is done by running the boat along a system of parallel lines more or less closely spaced according to circumstances, which system is afterwards crossed by one or more sets of similar lines running in different directions. With

soundings taken on all these lines, it is readily seen that a sheet of water would be pretty thoroughly explored. To run a line of soundings, the officer in charge of the boats anchors upon one end of the desired line, determining his position by the observation of angles. One of the signals on shore, the position of which has already been determined, is selected as a centre object, and the angles between it and two other signals, one on either side, are observed by means of the sextants. The three-armed protractor is a graduated circle bearing three arms, the centre one of which is fixed with its edge at the zero of the graduation, while the other two are movable and may be set with their edges at any point of the graduation, to the right or left of the centre. The right arm of this instrument is set at the angle observed

between the centre signal and the one to its right, and the left arm for the left angle. If the signals have been properly selected in the first place, and the protractor be placed upon the tracing so that the edge of each arm runs through the plotted position of the object observed, then the centre of the protractor is over the spot upon which the observations were taken.

Being anchored on the end of the line, a range is selected by which the boat can be steered in the desired direction, regardless of the effect of wind,

currents, or other causes of deviation. The depth of water at the anchorage is noted in the book, together with the time and the angles by which the position was determined, and the boat then steams slowly along the line, the leadsmen getting the depth of water as frequently and regularly as possible. At short intervals the observers determine the position of the boat in the manner already described, thus verifying and correcting the course. The recorder

notes in his book the time and depth at every cast of the lead, and the angles at every observation. By means of these angles the different positions can be plotted on the chart, and the soundings between them must fall along the lines joining the plotted positions. Special work is of course necessary for the development of rocks and irregular shoals.



Bug Light, Boston Harbor.

Wherever two lines cross, the soundings on each one must agree at their intersection, or the spot must be re-surveyed, and thus the systems crossing each other, as already spoken of, afford a very complete check on the accuracy of the work.

A very important matter is the correction of the soundings for the height of the tide. With the surface of the water rising and falling through a distance of several feet twice in every twenty-four hours it will be easily seen that the depth at any given point will be greatly different at different times. The sound-

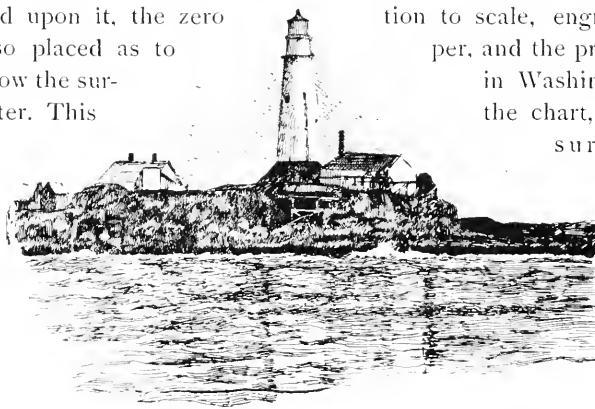
ings as given on the chart are for "mean low water," and all observations are corrected to that "plane of reference." At some convenient spot an upright board is placed in the water having feet and tenths marked upon it, the zero mark being so placed as to be always below the surface of the water. This is watched for months and even years, and a record is kept of all its lowest readings, the mean of which is the

height on the gauge of "mean low water" or of the "plane of reference." Suppose this mean reading to be at the figure two of the gauge, and suppose also that at three o'clock on a certain afternoon a boat working in the vicinity found a depth of water on a certain spot, of 16 feet, the surface of the water at that hour being level with the figure 6 on the gauge. Then to find the depth of water on the spot at mean low water we would have 16 less 6 plus 2, which equals 12 feet, the depth required.

The work described, however, is of the very simplest and most fundamental character, and a book could easily be filled with accounts of current observations, deep-sea soundings, sweeping for detached rocks with a chain between two boats or with a length of gas-pipe under a boat, development of special shoals, tracing of curves of equal soundings, transferring of tidal corrections from one part of a harbor to another,

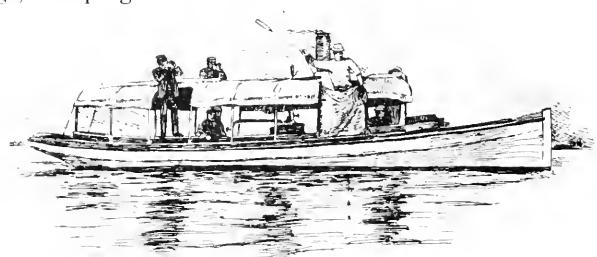
etc., etc., etc., all of which are of great importance, but the details of which would be quite out of place in a magazine article.

The final plotting of the work, reduction to scale, engraving on copper, and the printing are done in Washington, and then the chart, as far as the survey goes, is ready for issue. All the channels and shoals being thus known, the next work is the erection of light-



Boston Light.

houses, planting of buoys, etc. Lightships are moored on dangerous spots at sea where it is impossible to build towers; tall lighthouses are built in such exposed places as Minot's ledge below Boston and Boone island off Portsmouth, as well as in the more sheltered spots on the mainland; smaller and lower-powered lights mark the channels inside the harbors, whistling or bell buoys are placed where there is swell enough to operate them, buoys lighted by gas or electricity mark the important channels, and simple buoys and beacons of all shapes, colors, and sizes serve as guides and warnings to the mariner. These are built and cared for jointly by



Heaving the Lead.

the engineer officers of the army and by naval officers acting as lighthouse inspectors, all working, as does also the coast survey, under the direction of the secretary of the treasury. A considerable fleet of steamers is always at work carrying provisions to lighthouses and

lightships, placing and replacing buoys, and in keeping the whole system in good working order. So Uncle Sam spends his money freely to welcome and guide not only his own home-coming ships but those of his neighbors that come to visit his ports in trade or in friendship as well.

## CONTOOCOOK RIVER.

*By Laura Garland Carr.*

## ABOVE THE PARK FALLS.

If you would know just how it seems  
Within the lotos-land of dreams —  
Where it is always afternoon,  
And breezes lie in languorous swoon —  
Where speeding time and scheming man  
Work little change in nature's plan —  
Then board the *Hustler* some fair day —  
(Take not the larger boat, I pray,  
For jar and thud and bulk annoy,  
And talking crowds the charm destroy)  
And on Contoocook's sunny tide  
One golden hour serenely glide.  
Its mirrored calm no ripples break,  
Save those that follow in our wake.  
The forests crowd close to the brink,  
While deep adown their shadows sink,  
And, close beneath our flowing keel,  
Long water-grasses sway and reel.  
The cow-bells' clang, the wild bird's lay,  
Sound mystical and far away,  
And scattered homes, where mortals dwell,  
In silence rest as 'neath a spell.  
The river turns, the river swerves,  
We wind along the graceful curves  
Where reeds and rushes, lithe and rank,  
As swaying fringes deck the bank,  
Where idle boats on sandbanks lie,  
Or, anchored, rock as we steam by;  
Where ugly snags their stations keep  
Like timid monsters of the deep,

Where lonely bridges darken down  
And awe us with forbidding frown—  
Seeming of loneliness a part—

Not reared for man by human art.  
Now here a strip of cultured land  
Runs down to meet a little strand,  
And there a narrow rift lets through  
A tiny landscape to our view.  
And now a slender wharlet pleads  
A visitor—yet no one heeds—  
For, curving 'round the little bay,  
Our steamer takes its homeward way,  
And charms of wave, of sky, of shore,  
Repeated, thrill our hearts once more,  
And all too soon we come again  
Within the haunts of stirring men.

## BELOW THE FALLS.

Changes are good for men and streams,  
Too much of quiet breeds unrest;  
Contoocook wearies of her dreams,  
And ardent longings swell her breast.  
In silence, gathering all her force,  
She rises over bound and rule,  
Letting her waves, in headlong course—  
Like happy children loosed from school—  
Sweep o'er and down the barring height  
With shouts and leaps and bursts of glee—  
Each outbreak breathing wild delight,  
Each motion saying “I am free!”

And all the time a solemn strain,  
Thunderous and awsome fills the air,  
Like some huge organ's grand refrain,  
Calling all hearts to praise and prayer.

With rush and roar the masses pour,  
Seething and white on sounding ledges;  
Some, clinging closer to the shore,  
Make tiny cascades down the edges,  
With skip and twirl, with swish and swirl,  
With here a turn and there a tumble,  
Some little waves in eddies whirl,  
Some with the grassy ledges fumble.

With babbling din, a height to win,  
 Some upward strive with push and shoulder,  
 But, baffled, on again they spin,  
 'Gainst fretting rock and stolid boulder.  
 In kittenish way their pranks they play  
 With bits of wood and scraps of paper,  
 And sober cans, long past their day,  
 Like puppets now must dance and caper.

And all the time a solemn strain,  
 Thunderous and awesome fills the air,  
 Like some huge organ's grand refrain,  
 Calling all hearts to praise and prayer.

Below the bluffs the crazy stream  
 Bethinks herself and grows sedate.  
 Again we see her surface gleam,  
 Again she takes a sober gait :  
 And where the River Man, of stone,  
 With face clear cut against the green,  
 Leans his grim head, massive and lone,  
 On its rough resting place—serene—  
 The waters huddle in the shade  
 That gathers, darkening like a cave,  
 Then creep along adown the glade  
 Serious and silent as the grave.

## THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A DOMESTIC STORY OF THE FORTIES.

*By Jonas Lie.*

[Translated from the Norwegian by HON. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

## XI.

Everything was white now in the very heart of winter, white from the window panes in the sitting-room to the garden, the fields, and the mountain slopes, white as the eye glided over the mountain-tops clear up to the sky, which lay like a semi-transparent, thickly-frosted window pane and shut it all in.

It was cold here, the warm-blooded captain maintained. He began to amuse himself with feeling and tracing out where there was a draft, and then with pasting long strips of paper with cloth and oakum under it. And then he used to go out from his work, with only his wig, without his hat, and chat with the

people in the stable, or at the barn, where they were threshing.

They were getting on there now with only ma, Thea, and himself; no one understood what Thinka had been for him!

At last he ended in pondering on laying out fox-traps and traps and spring-guns for wolves and lynx in the hill pastures.

Ma was obliged a hundred times a day to answer what she thought, even if she had just as much idea about it as about pulling down the moon.

"Yes, yes, do it, dear Jaeger."

"Yes, but do you believe it will pay—that is what I am asking about—to go to the expense of fox-traps?"

"If you can catch any, then"—

"Yes, if"—

"A fox skin is certainly worth something."

"Hadn't I better try to put out bait for lynx and wolf?"

"I should think that would be dearer."

"Yes, but the skin—if I get any; it depends on that, you see."

Then he would saunter thoughtfully out of the door, to come back an hour later and again and again fill her ears with the same thing.

Ma's instinct told her that the object of his first catch was really her; if she allowed herself to be fooled into giving positive advice, he would not forget to let her feel the responsibility for the result, if it resulted in a loss.

To-day he had just again been pondering and going over the affair with her, when they were entirely unexpectedly surprised by the sheriff's double sleigh driving up to the steps.

The hall door, creaking with the frost, flew open under the captain's eager hand.

"In with you into the sitting-room, sheriff!"

Behind his wolf-skin coat Thinka emerged, stately and wrapped up in furs.

"Your most obedient servant, kinsman, and friend."

The sheriff was on a business trip farther up, and asked for hospitality for Thinka for two or three days, till he came back again; he would not omit to claim her back again promptly. And, in the next place, he must ask of his father-in-law the loan of a small sleigh for his further journey; he should be quite up in Nordal's annex this evening.

Thinka already had Torbjoerg and Thea competing each for one of her snow-stockings to get them off, and Marit was not free from eagerly peeping in at the door.

"You shall, in any event, have a little something to eat and some tea-punch while the horse breathes and they get the sleigh ready."

The sheriff did not have much time to waste, but the sun of family life shone too mildly here for him not to give a half hour, exactly by the clock.

He made one or two attempts to get his things off, but then went to Thinka.

"You have tied the knot in my silk kandkerchief so well that you will have to undo it yourself again. Thanks, thanks, my dear Thinka. She spoils me completely. Nay, you know her, captain."

"You see what she has already begun to be for me," he said later, appealing with a pleasant smile to his father-in-law and mother-in-law at the hastily served collation—he must have his tea-punch poured out by Thinka's hand.

When the sheriff, carefully wrapped up by his young wife, was followed out to the sleigh, Thinka's tea stood there almost untouched and cold; but ma

came now with a freshly-filled hot cup, and they could sit down to enjoy the return home in peace.

He is certainly very good—ma thought, had guessed that Thinka was homesick.

"The sheriff is really very thoughtful for you, Thinka, to let you come home so soon," she said.

"Fine man! would have to hunt a long time for his like!" exclaimed the captain with a full, strong bass. "Treats you like a doll, Thinka."

"He is as good as he can be. Next week Jomfru Brun is coming to make over a satin dress for me; it has only been worn once. Gölcke will have me so fine," said Thinka, by way of illustration. The tone was so quiet that it was not easy for ma to tell what she meant.

"The fellow stands on his head for you; don't know what he will hit upon."

Besides his wish to meet his wife's longing for home, the sheriff may possibly also have determined to take her with him from a little regard for the younger powers in the principal parish—Buchholtz and Horn. They had begun to visit at his house somewhat often, and evidently to feel at home there after a young, engaging hostess had come to the house.

Towards evening the captain had a quiet game of picquet.

It seemed as if comfort accompanied Thinka. Her mediatorial and soothing nature had come to the house again: it could be traced both in and out.

Father came again in the forenoon for a little portion of sweet cheese and whey cheese, when they were cooking salt meat and peas in the kitchen, and ma found first one thing and then another done for her and was anticipated in many handy trifles, notwithstanding that Thinka also had to finish

an embroidered pair of slippers that Gölcke had expressed a wish to have.

But it was not all so very bad with that. She got well along on the pattern while her father was taking his noonday nap, and she sat up there and read him to sleep.

The captain found it so comfortable when he saw the needle and worsted flying in Thinka's hand,—it was so peacefully quiet—it was impossible not to go to sleep.

And then he was going to have her for only three days.

While her fingers were moving over the canvas, Kathinka sat having a solitary meditation,—

Aas had sent her a writing when he heard of her marriage. He had believed in her so, that he could have staked his life on her constancy, and even if many years were to have passed, he would have worked, crept, and scraped in order at last to have been able to have her again, even if they should then both have their youth behind them. It had been his joyful hope that she would keep firm, and wait for him even through straits and poor circumstances. But now that she had sold herself for goods and gold, he did not believe in any one any more. He had only one heart, not two; but the misfortune was, he saw it more plainly, that she also had.

"Huf! I thought I heard you sighing deeply," said the captain, waking up: "that comes from lying and struggling on one's back. Now we shall have some coffee."

Even if Thinka could not answer Aas, still she would try to relieve her heart a little to Inger-Johanna. She had brought her last letter with her to answer in this period of calm at home, and was sitting up in her room, with it before her, in the evening.

Inger-Johanna is fortunate, as she has nothing else to think of, she said to herself, sighing and reading:

"And you, Thinka, you also ought to have your eye on your part of the country, and make something out of the place into which you have now come; it is very likely that it is indeed needed up there, for there is no doubt that society has its great mission in the refinement of customs and the contest against the crude, as aunt expresses it.

"I am not writing this for nothing, nor wholly in the air; I stand, indeed, too near to many conditions to be able to avoid thinking of the possibility of sometime being placed in such a position. If I said anything else, I should not be sincere.

"And I must tell you, I see a great many things I should like to help on. It must be that a place can be found for a good many ideas which now, as it were, are excommunicated.

"Society ought to be tolerant, aunt says; why then cannot such views as Grip's be discussed peacefully? The first thing I would do would be to go in for being extravagant and defend them. In a woman, nevertheless, this is never anything more than piquancy. But ideas also must fight their way into good society.

"I ponder and think more than you can imagine: I feel that I ought to put something right, you see.

"And I am not any longer so wholly struck with the wisdom of men altogether. A woman like aunt keeps silent and pulls the strings; but you can never imagine how many are led by her strings. She is, between ourselves, a little diplomatic, in an old-fashioned way and full of flourishes, so that she almost makes it a pleasure to have it go unobserved and by a round-about way. Straight

out would many times be better, I believe: at any rate, that is my nature.

"And still a little warning with it, Thinka (of how I feel, I speak, as if I were in aunt's skin). Remember that no one ever rules a room except from a place on the sofa: I know that you are so modest that they are always getting you off on the chairs. You are not at all so stupid as you think, you only ought not to try to hide away what you mean.

"If I should sometime meet Grip again, I should convince him that there may be other ways to Rome than just going headforemost at it! I have got a little notion of my own since he last dictated to me, with his contempt for society, and was continually its superior. But I have not seen more than one or two glimpses of him on the street the whole winter. He is certainly so taken up by his own affairs; and it isn't proper, uncle says, to invite him to soirees, since he has given in his adhesion to strong ideas, which one does not dare to hint at without provoking a very serious dispute. In one or two gentlemen parties he has been entirely too grandiloquent,—drank too much, uncle thought. But I know so well why. He must hit upon something, he used to say, when he gets tired and bored too much, and at the Dürings there is a dreadful vacuum."

Thinka had read the letter through: there might be much to think of, but she was so taken up by Aas,—she was never done with that.

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During the monotony of winter, in the middle of February, a letter was received, which the captain at first weighed in his hand and examined two or three times,—white, glossy, vellum paper, C. R. in the seal—and he tore it open.

Yes, to be sure, it was from Roennow, his brilliant, running hand with the peculiar swing, which brought him to mind as his elegant form, with a jaunty tread, moved up and down.

"S. T.

"CAPTAIN PETER JAEGER :

"Highly esteemed dear old comrade and friend: I shall not preface this with any long preludes about position in life, prospects, etc., but go straight on with my prayer and request.

"As you have seen that my cards are lucky,—really more as they have been dealt than as I have played them!—you will certainly understand that in the last two or three years I have found it proper to look about for a wife and a partner for life who would be suitable for my condition. But during the whole of my seeking there was hidden in the most secret corner of my heart a black-haired, dark-eyed girl, whom I first saw by the card-table one winter evening up in Gilje, and since, always more and more impressed, whom I have seen again and again during her development to the proud woman and lady, whose superior nature was incontestible.

"Now, with my round six-and-forty years, I shall not hold forth with any long tale of my love for her, although, perhaps, there might be a good deal to say on that point also. That I am not old inwardly, I have at all events fully found out on this occasion.

"It goes of itself that I do not address my prayer to you without having first satisfied myself by a nearer and longer acquaintance that your daughter also could cherish some feelings responsive to mine.

"That the result has not been to

my disadvantage, is apparent from her precious reply to me, received yesterday, in which I have her yes and consent.

"In the hope that a proper conduct and intention will not be misconstrued, I herewith address the prayer and the question to you and your dear wife,—whether you will trust to me the future of your precious Inger-Johanna?

"What a man can do to smooth and make easy her path of life, that I dare promise, on my *parole d' honneur*, she shall never lack.

"I will also add, that when the court, towards the end of May or the early part of June, goes to Christiania, I also shall be on duty and go too. I shall then be able again to see her, on whom all my hope and longing is placed.

"In anxious expectation of your honored answer,

"Your most respectfully,  
always faithful friend,  
"CARSTEN ROENNOW."

Here was something better to think about than to talk with ma about fox-traps and spring-guns.

There would not be any after-dinner nap to-day.

He rushed out into the yard with great force,—another man must thresh in the barn; the manure must be drawn out; they must hurry here.

He came in and seated himself on the sofa and lighted a lamplighter, but jumped up again while he held it to his pipe. He remembered that a message must be sent to the smith to mend the harrows and tools for spring.

There was no help for it, he must go down and tell the news to the sheriff himself.

## XII.

During the first days of March Inger-Johanna wrote :

"This comes so close upon my former, because I have just received a letter from Roennow about something on which I would gladly, dear parents, have you stand on my side, when you, as I foresee, receive aunt's explicit and strong representation and reasons in the opposite direction.

"Roennow already writes as if it were something certain and settled that we shall have the wedding in the summer in June or July. Aunt wants it at her house, and hopes that in any event you, father, will come down.

"Roennow urges so many amiable considerations which speak for it that I do not at all doubt that aunt in her abundant kindness will take care to make it doubly sure with a four-page letter full of reasons.

"But against all this I have only one thing to say, that I, at the time I gave my consent to Roennow, did not at all foresee such haste without, as it were, a little time and breathing-space for myself.

"It is possible that others cannot understand this feeling of mine, and especially it seems that aunt considers that it does not exactly show that degree of heartiness of feeling that Roennow could expect.

"But to the last, which is certainly the only one of the whole number which she can urge which is worth answering, I will only say, that it cannot possibly be Roennow's intent to offend my inmost feelings, when he learns how I feel about it.

"I only ask for suitable time, for instance, till some time next winter. I should so much like to have this year,

summer and autumn at least, a little in quiet and peace. There is so much to think over, among other things my future position. I shall have studied the French grammar completely through, and I should prefer to do it at home alone, and generally prepare myself. It is indeed not merely like jumping into a new silk dress.

"Oh that, oh that, oh that I could be at Gilje this summer! I sat yesterday thinking how delightful it was there last year on the high mountains!

"No, aunt and I would not come to agree permanently. Her innermost, innermost peculiarity (let it be never so well enveloped in amiability and gentle ways of speech) is, that she is tyrannical. Therefore she wants now to manage my wedding, and therefore, which can now vex and disturb me, so that I haven't words for it!—she has in these days got my good-natured (but not especially strong-minded, it is a pity to say!) uncle to commit the act, which is far from being noble, of dismissing Grip from his position in the office. It is just like robbing him of the half of what is demanded to enable him to live and study here, and that only because she does not tolerate his ideas.

"I let her know plainly what I thought about it, that it was both heartless and intolerant; I was so moved.

"But why she pursues him to the seventh and last—for with aunt there is always something for the seventh and last—that I should still like to know."

—Regard must naturally be paid to Inger-Johanna's wish to postpone the wedding. And so there was writing and writing to and fro.

But then came Roennow's new pro-

motion, and with it this practical consideration which weighed on the scales, that housekeeping must be begun on moving-day in October.

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There was a general brushing up at Gilje from top to bottom, inside and out. The rooms up-stairs must be whitened and everything put in order for the arrival of the newly married, to remain this summer the whole of July after the wedding.

And when Inger-Johanna should come she was to meet a surprise—the whole of the captain's residence, by order of the army department, newly painted red with red-lead and white window sashes.

The captain's every-day coat had a shower of spots at all the times in the day as he stood out by the painter's ladder and watched the work,—first the priming and now the second coat, then came the completion, the third and last. The spring winds blew, so that the walls dried almost immediately.

He was a little dizzy off and on during all this, so that he must stop and recover his balance: but there was good reason for this because the parish clerk this year had not taken enough blood, he had become so much stouter! —and then perhaps he pushed on too hard and eagerly: for he did long for Inger-Johanna's return.

He talked of nothing but Inger-Johanna, of her prospects, beauty and talents, and how ma could not deny, that he had seen, what there was in her, from the time when she was very small.

But ma still thought privately, while he was going about boisterous and happy, and he was not so stout and more healthy, when he had more anxieties and had to take the world

more hardly. She had taken him into the secret of Aunt Alette's misgivings in respect to Joergen's capacities for scholarship.

"I have not been able to avoid thinking, Jaeger, that Joergen might not find happiness in that line."

"In what line then?—be a shoemaker and lie on one knee and take the measure of us others perhaps—Oh ho, no," stretching himself with super-abundant conviction, "if we can afford to keep him at his studies, he can easily learn. There are many more stupid than he who have attained the position of both priest and sheriff."

One day the captain hastily separated a letter from Aunt Alette out from his official mail, and threw it on the table for ma to read through at her convenience. If there was anything in it, she could tell it to him, he shouted back as he went up the stairs to his office; he had become a great deal stouter and more short-breathed lately, and took a firmer hold on the stair rail.

"MAY 1, 1844.

MY VERY DEAR GIRL:

"It is with a certain sad, subdued feeling that I write to you this time: nay, I could even wish to characterize it by a stronger expression. It comes to my old ears as if there was a lamentation sounding over so many bright hopes bowing their heads to the ground: and I can only find consolation in the firm faith cherished through a long life, that nothing happens save as a link in a higher wisdom.

"Just as I have hitherto tried to present everything relating to Inger-Johanna as clearly before you as I could only see it myself, so I find it most proper not to conceal from you the struggle which she plainly is going

through against a feeling, from whose power I hope there will yet be salvation from the fortunate circumstance that it has not yet had full time to come into being properly and ripen in her.

"It is there and it produces pain, but more, is my hope, as a possibility which has not put out sufficient roots, than as a reality, a living growth, which could not, without injury to her inmost being, coldly be subdued and stifled again.

"But never has shrewd calculation celebrated a more sorry triumph than when the governor's wife believed that she could find a remedy by keeping the one concerned at a distance, and at last even by persecuting him in order to make it impossible for him to support himself here. When it is considered that Inger-Johanna during all the treatment that Grip has endured for his ideas, has plainly sympathized, almost zealously with them, the result would not be difficult to foresee.

"And one cold frosty morning early this winter Inger-Johanna came here in great mental excitement to make an examination into his condition through Joergen. It was then also at her appeal that Joergen asked him to teach him four hours a week.

"On this occasion I saw clearly, what before I had only suspected, but which had not escaped your sister-in-law's sharp eye, that student Grip, without Inger-Johanna's having any idea of it, had taken her attention as a continually more and more attractive person.

"It is not any use to conceal it, it is a crisis which must be fought through, before she finally becomes any other person's, if her position is not to be a false one, and she does not come to support a life-long sorrow.

"That the news of her betrothal has

fallen like a discouraging disappointment of a hope (even if a remote one) of this young man, I regard as far from improbable.

"I certainly do not forget the two serious young faces, which for a moment stood looking at each other, when they met in my room one afternoon. There was not much said.

"She knew that he had been wronged, and she hinted something to that effect.

"'Possibly miss,' he said harshly, while he took hold of the door knob. So many soap bubbles burst.

"Inger-Johanna remained standing looking down on the floor. It was as if an entire change had come over her; I am sure it dawned upon her what he felt.

"The discharge from the governor's bureau has plainly enough been welcome to many of the families which immediately after so singularly, quickly seized the opportunity to dismiss him as tutor. A man of such strangely discordant ideas had long been thought not quite desirable to receive. And the example had been given.

"From an honest heart I offered him a loan, so that he might live in peace for two or three months and study, until he could again get his places to teach; but either he was too sore and proud, or else he thought that Inger-Johanna had a hand in it.

"He has certainly taken it very much to heart that the total want of means of existence has now compelled him to give up the school which was his pride so that he is now in a certain way an object of ridicule, and this has capped the climax.

"He goes about unoccupied, Joergen reports, and asks for credits at eating houses and restaurants, where he sits out the evening and night.

"I understood well enough that it was not just for the sake of her old aunt or for the thing, but to hear about him, that Inger-Johanna sat with me so often and learned the old fashioned stitch with pearls and gold thread. She was in such an excited condition and so abstracted, and jumped up when Joergen came home towards evening and, more's the pity, as often as not, had been looking for him in vain to read with him.

"That pale, darkly brilliant face stands so before me, Gitta, with which she one evening broke out: 'aunt—aunt—*aunt Alette!*'

"It was like a concealed shriek.

"Where he is living now, Joergen has not succeeded in finding out: possibly for want of means he has been turned out of his lodgings.

"I narrate all this so much in detail, because it is to be believed and hoped, that the severest part of the crisis, so far as she is concerned, is over now.

"Since that evening spoken of, when she felt that she had forgotten herself, she has at least not talked about him, nor, as I know certainly, addressed a word to Joergen. She has evidently esteemed his character very highly, and has now suffered a disappointment.

"It is not well to be young and have a great deal of life that can suffer. I tell you, it is as it is with your teeth: there is no peace until you have them all in your table drawer."

No, all this was not anything for father, ma thought.

— — — Great-Ola was standing with a crow-bar. There was a stone which was to be placed in the wall. But the frozen crust of earth was hard up there

on the meadow, although the sun was so roasting hot, that he was obliged to wipe his forehead with his pointed cap, every time he rested.

The under officers had turned back to the office during the forenoon with their pay in their pockets, one after the other; and that it was pretty bad going with holes in the highway, was evident from their splashed wagons, which were as if they had been dripped in the mud.

He had just got ready to put the crow-bar under again, when he suddenly stopped. There was something which attracted his attention—a cariole with a post boy walking by the side and a little, yellow horse covered with mud up to his belly.

With pieces of rope for reins, and the creaking cariole thills, the horse toiled up along the Gilje hills in zig-zag, incessantly stopping to get breath. The sun was burning hot down there on the frozen earth with a vengeance.

The post down from Drevstad; he knew both the horse and the lumbering vehicle.

It was not that which would have taken his attention so seriously: but some one was sitting in it—a lady with hat and veil. He did not understand—that way of carrying the head—was n't it—

He took two or three slow, thoughtful steps, then started on the jump, and over the wall rushed down with a jump, which would have touched the roof in a high studded room.

"No, in the Lord's name, if it is n't Inger-Johanna herself," he ejaculated, as he suddenly stood by the side of the horse. "What will the capt—"

At the sight of her he suddenly had a misgiving that perhaps everything could not be so well.

"And such a team!" he said recovering himself, "is that fit for Inger-Johanna?"

"Good morning, Great-Ola, is father at home and mother?"

"No, I am not so very well, but shall be better now."

She became silent again.

Great-Ola walked on leading the horse by the reins, when Inger-Johanna drove into the yard.

There stood her father under the painting ladder looking up. He suddenly shaded his eyes and was at once with her by the cariole.

"Inger-Johanna!"

She hugged him tightly out there, and the captain dreadfully perplexed, drew her in the hall to ma, who was standing there dumb.

"What is the matter, what is the matter, Inger-Johanna?" he burst out.

"Go in—go into the room a little, Jaeger." She knew how little he could bear.

"Let her talk with me first and then we will come in to you—it is surely not anything irreparable."

"Father, ma, why should not father understand me?"

"Come, come, child," the captain made haste to say: he had hardly any voice left.

And she sat down there in the sitting room, with her father by her side on the sofa and her mother on a chair, and told them how she had fought and striven to make herself fancy that her life's task lay with Roennow.

She had created for herself a whole pile of illusions.

But then, on one day,—and she also knew which one—they became as if they became like extinguished lights for her—black as coal and empty, wherever she looked—not what she had thought,

not what she meant—like throwing myself into a desert.

"And aunt insisted that I should choose the pattern of my wedding dress. I think I should have gone into it blindly, with my eyes shut, nevertheless,—for I thought of you, father, what you would say, and of you, mother,—and of the whole world outside, what it would say, if I thus, without any trace of reason, sent my breaking off. And then I considered that everything was settled. I had thrown myself into the water and was only sinking, sinking—I had no right now to do anything else than drown. But then"—

"Well," a short cough like a flash of lightning; the captain sat looking on the floor with his hands on his knees.

"Then," resumed Inger-Johanna with a low voice, still paler, and violently impressed with her subject,—"Nay, there need not be any secret for you, father, and for you, mother, since you otherwise would not understand me:—it came almost like a flash of lightning upon me, that I for wholly one year, and perhaps for two, had had my whole soul bound up with another."

"Who is it?"

"Grip," she whispered.

The captain had sat patiently and listened—entirely patiently—till the last word. But now he flew up and placed himself before her; he struck his hands together on the backs, and stretched them out, utterly without self-control.

"But, kingdom of heaven," he broke out at last, "where are you!—what are you thinking of? You can't for a single moment ever think of comparing such a—Grip! with a man like Roennow?—I tell you, Inger-Johanna, your father is absolutely, totally—you—you might just as well rise up and strike me dead at once."

"Listen, father!" came from Inger-Johanna; at the same moment she sprang up and stood before him. "If Thinka and the other have not saved themselves, no one shall trample on me."

Ma continued sitting with sharp, compressed face.

"Such pure insanity!" The captain struck his fist against his forehead and walked up and down the floor disconsolately. "But now I see it;" he stopped again, nodding to himself. "You have been spoiled, dreadfully spoiled—spoiled, since you were little—And then we get it again, only because I think so much of you."

"The whole world could contradict me, father. I have only my right way to go—to do as I have done—write to Roennow, give full explanation, and tell it to aunt. And," she leaned against the sofa and looked down bitterly as the remembrance came over her, "aunt has done what she could, I can assure you—thought, as you do, father, that it was pure insanity. She thought so much of me that she did not care how much wretchedness it was for me if the match only came off. So vain and young as I was, she thought, her only object was to get Grip cried down and pursued, so that he should stand with-

out means, hemmed in on all sides without any way out, a man as it were an object of ridicule, who was obliged to give up his purpose—only his father over again. It was so easily done, as he stood for his opinion unsupported, and so readily it would be taken up, as she knew."

She stood there so self-assured, tremblingly lost in her own thoughts, with downcast eyes and dark brows. She had become thin and slim.

"And now I have come home here with more sorrow than I can tell you or explain,—so anxious."

There was a silence, during which strange emotions were working in the captain.

"Do you say that we are not fond of you—will do you any harm? Well, then, perhaps, that I might not consider it so right hereafter, what you have done. I say perhaps; but now I tell you, that, if you must do it, then we shall stand by it, just as you yourself wish with the affair. You understand it at all events. Oh, I think, you have not even sat down, child. Let her have something to eat, ma, at once."

He started out at once. There was a good deal to be got out up in her room, so she should not see that repairs were going on.

## EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

*Conducted by Fred Gowing, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.*

### THE RELATION OF THE SCHOOLS TO CITIZENSHIP.<sup>1</sup>

Every one will admit that education in itself is not a necessary blessing. Like a great many other things which are intended for good, it may be per-

verted. The result obtained by it will depend upon the direction given to it and the use made of it. It is like the explosive that drives the bullet from the

<sup>1</sup>An address delivered at institutes at Groveton and Gorham.

gun, whether the right mark is hit depends upon the correctness of the aim. A man whose powers have been trained and developed, who has been taught how to apply his native and acquired resources, will be a far greater curse to his generation, if he misapplies his strength, than the same man would be if uneducated. His education becomes weapons of offense against the good of society. What was intended as a help to him and to others becomes an injury to both; what was meant to elevate and ennable drags down and destroys. Society has occasion to fear the ignorant masses, but still more should it fear them when they are led by those who turn to its overthrow the very means that were meant for its upbuilding. When, therefore, society establishes schools for the education of its children, it ought to see to it that their function is not limited to the imparting of knowledge and the quickening of mind. It needs to defend itself against a perversion of education by attempting to give education a direction helpful to society. An essential part of training should be the imparting of the knowledge of the uses to which training is to be put, and of the way in which it should be used. Let us tell our children that we establish schools, that we build up an elaborate system of education, and constantly seek means to make it more perfect, and that we require them to spend years in work that is tedious and to them often apparently unprofitable, not mainly that they may know how to read and write, to have a glimpse into the fields of knowledge, or even in after life to be able to earn an easier or a better living for themselves, but that they may become better members of society, better citizens of the state, in short, better fitted to uphold

the institutions without which social life relapses into barbarism.

The state is not like the individual open to arguments of sentiment and affection. A father may make sacrifices for the education of his child out of the love he bears him, out of the wish that the child may have a better chance in life than he had, but no such motive can actuate the state. The state owes no man a living. Its one purpose in educating and protecting its citizens is self-perpetuation and improvement. It admits no selfish motives in this, as it has no existence and no gain outside the welfare of its citizens collectively, but because of its unselfishness, and for the common good, it demands from them at all times a rich devotion. All its services to them are that they may be better qualified to do its work. When, therefore, the state opens its schools and compels its children to come and be taught, it is because it knows that these children will be the men and women of the next generation, and that if they are not prepared for their future duties as citizens its very existence will cease. Whatever may be true of monarchies, it is beyond all question that a republican government can have no higher duty than the preparation of its citizens for the intelligent discharge of their civic duties, and that it cannot admit on their part any claim which can take precedence of its own. The relation of the schools to citizenship is therefore fundamental. They are to instruct and inspire.

At the close of last May I attended a school exercise appropriate to Decoration Day. It consisted of patriotic songs, recitations of pieces descriptive of stirring events in our history, anecdotes about famous men, quotations of patriotic sentiments, and exercises and

marchings in connection with the flag. Each pupil was provided with a little flag, and carrying this he took his part in the programme. The children entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion, and as I listened to them I was stirred by the grand thoughts which they repeated, with the memories which they called up, and with a new sense of appropriation for myself of the honors symbolized by our flag. I could see that the children, too, were affected by their own utterances. They had, of course, no memories, but their kindling eyes and flushed cheeks responded to the thoughts of patriotism, of self-sacrifice, and of pride in national honor contained in the words they spoke. The impressions of childhood are fleeting; but I am sure that though every word that was spoken that day be forgotten by every child that was there, yet there will remain with every one a permanent sense of relation to his country, a feeling of obligation to patriotic duty represented by the flag, and a consciousness of participation in the rights and honors which the fathers bought with tears and blood. Patriotism is the vital element of good citizenship, and in such an exercise as I have described the seeds of patriotism are surely sown. To every boy and girl, that day, was given a new impulse; around every one was thrown a silken cord to bind him to his fatherland. To every one the flag became less a combination of harmonious colors and pleasing forms and more of an emblem of those intangible and vital forces that bind together the social and political structure. The white and crimson bars and the stars upon the azure field stood in their minds for more than the original and the existing states. They became associated with great lives and great deeds. Names like those of

Washington, Lincoln, and Grant seemed to be written upon them. Principles which these men maintained with voice, or pen, or sword became more real, and their country as an object of love and service less of a shadowy unreality, and began to assume the character of a true possession.

The fitness of such exercises is especially evident when we consider that to very many children the lessons of patriotism and citizenship will never be given except in the schools. It is not enough that there should be Fourth of July orations and patriotic speeches on set occasions. They are listened to by few, and seem to have a perfunctory character. The hustings indeed offer opportunity for exhortation to service to one's country; but such exhortation is so often colored by partisanship as to have little effect. The place above all others where love of country ought to be inculcated is the home; but how little of it is done there. Fathers and mothers, you who trace your descent through generations of native-born ancestry back, it may be, to the Mayflower, how much do you do to prepare your children by precept and example for their duty as future citizens? Are they growing up to manhood and womanhood under your direction with the belief that they owe a duty to society and the state, or do they learn by example, if not by precept, that political duty is done by casting a ballot once a year, or once in four years, and that even this arduous task, under the pressure of personal interests, may be left to others, except as heavy taxes or the whip of party exigency may drive to special effort? Do you teach them that voting is only the crowning act of good citizenship, and that it ought to follow an active interest in all public matters? Do you tell them that good

government is only possible when the citizens are good, and that the virtue and fidelity of officials will never rise above those qualities in private life? Do they learn from you that they have no right to expect others to do the duties which are common to all, when they shirk their share in them, and that if they leave to others what belongs to them they must expect the inevitable result of negligence, dishonesty, and ultimate disaster?

Such teaching is undoubtedly given in many families, but there are multitudes to whom no such thoughts ever come. Even if all native American families were careful to instruct their children in the principles of political duty, there are great numbers that do not know that there is such a duty. Consider the millions who have come to us from other lands, who have never heard the mention of civic responsibility. Many of them have grown up under a paternal government, accustomed to have their actions and, as far as possible, their thoughts prescribed for them, taught to avoid responsibility and to entrust the affairs of government entirely to a ruling class. If they desire and secure naturalization, it is often not because they appreciate the true meaning of citizenship, but because their vote is a source of power, with it they may make some trade with the local boss to their own advantage, or they may sell it outright. Government conveys no thought to them except that of restraint on the one side, and of chance or aggrandizement on the other. We will not blame them, for they have never had the chance to learn that democracy and monarchy have divergent aims, and that under the former privilege and responsibility go hand in hand. But it is very clear that they cannot teach their

children that which they do not know. In their own case they have no help from inheritance, tradition, or memory, and they cannot give the impulse to citizenship that is based upon these. But when their children grow up they will not need naturalization. They will be native Americans, having the right of suffrage, competent to hold office, and politically the equals of all other citizens. The use which they will make of their power will depend entirely upon the meaning they give to their rights. If in their mind citizenship means only the right to get, the opportunity for office, or place, or money; if it means only the defense of their property and protection to their persons, without returns except in the form of taxes which government extorts; if it carries no corresponding thought of service or responsibility, then it is an evil and not a good. The problem of immigration is not primarily an economic problem, one of labor and wages, but one of citizenship. How are the multitudes of strangers to be prepared for duties which, whether they seek them or not, are thrust upon them? We talk of the spirit of our country and the elevating influence of free institutions, but these are of no avail against ignorance. An idea cannot influence the mind till it is lodged in the mind, and the ideas that underlie representative government and that make freedom possible, are not gained by chance. They do not grow out of the soil, nor are they a perfume in the air that enters with the breath. They must, like other ideas, be taught, and to the class which I have mentioned the only place where they can be taught is the public schools. Ignorance is the supreme foe of democratic institutions, the dry rot that brings certain ruin.

That we may appreciate this fact the

more perfectly, let me recall to you the theory of our political life. We have a popular government. Its support is the people expressing their will in lawful forms. Whatever they wish must in the long run become law. Their views and wishes finally crystallize through the ballot into legal enactment or political custom. Waves of popular feeling, violent local excitements, may rise and fall without making permanent impressions, but the persistent thought of the people works itself out to a definite end. No one can forecast the future without taking this into the account, for to whatever forces the popular judgment may be subjected for good or ill, and however it may temporarily vacillate, it will ultimately come to equilibrium according to its own mass, and the position which it then takes will determine the character of the government. The quality of the government will not rise above or fall below the general average of public sentiment. If I may illustrate by a question of present interest, on which people are divided, our civil service will be put upon a basis of permanent tenure, above the reach of party brokerage, or it will remain as a part of the spoils system, as the sentiment of the people shall determine. If it be their wish that the public business should be conducted on the principles which bring success in private business, then civil service reform will prevail; but if they wish that positions in the public service should be the reward of fidelity to party, then reform will dwindle and die.

It has always been our belief that the final judgment of the people will be right. We may not go so far as to say that the voice of the people is the voice of God, but, in order to keep our faith in our political theory, we must hold that the sound common sense of the

people will reach conclusions that are substantially correct on all important issues. Yet such a belief is not an axiom, it is at best a probability that may be confirmed or disproved by trial. There is no inherent force in human thinking that surely draws it to the pole of wisdom. That the whole is not greater than the sum of all its parts is not more true in mathematics than in ethics or economics, and wise public policy, honorable and efficient administration, and purity in public official life cannot issue from a low state of popular intelligence and morality. There are always men and influences that educate and lift public opinion, but there are also those of an opposite tendency. In settling the balance between the two, we have chosen the method of counting noses. In such a count, numbers only are of moment. One ballot is as effective as another. In the last resort, the man of high intelligence, who has given careful attention to questions of government, has no more power than he who is ignorant. For every thoughtful vote there is a large proportion of thoughtless or vicious ones that proceed upon no knowledge of public interests, and that often represent only the resources of the bribe giver or the influence of the demagogue. Now the effort that must always be put forth is to increase the number of honest and intelligent voters, of those who are able and willing to think. Men need to be instructed in the things that are essential to a sound judgment. They must be taught that which will enable them to apprehend the questions presented to them. It is true that right judgment and right action are not always the results of knowledge, but knowledge gives more hope of such results than any other thing of which we know. Our fathers

believed this, and therefore they established schools and colleges by the side of their churches, and intended that political privilege should not outstrip the fitness for it. They never imagined the infusion into the state of such a mass of ignorant and alien thought as we have to deal with to-day. In the early days of our country, the people were comparatively homogeneous, their interests largely identical, and their feelings kindred. Now the reverse is true. There is division of interest, not merely from the diversity of the people who have come to us, but from the extent of the territory over which they are scattered, and the great variety of local conditions under which they live. These divisive tendencies can be counteracted only by a better knowledge of the needs and relations of the whole country, and a better understanding of our common government.

Let me recall three events that have lately been going before our eyes, illustrative of this tendency to division, and of this ignorance of the nature and working of our political system.

Every one has felt the severe financial depression that has been upon us for nearly a year. It is not necessary to inquire into its causes, it is enough to recall the fact that our national legislature, called together especially to devise means of relief, was in session nearly a year before it completed its legislation looking to that end. During a considerable portion of this time, while business was prostrate, while credit was shaken, while uncertainty of the future paralyzed every interest, and while the country cried out for some settlement that would restore credit by giving it an assured basis of calculation, one branch of the legislature was busy, not in attempting to pass or defeat any

clear and definite line of party policy, but in unseemly discussions over patronage, over questions of courtesy, and, above all, in patchings and accommodations of a measure that are based not upon a fixed economic policy, but upon the attempt to harmonize clamorous local interests. The good of the country at large was eclipsed by sectional claims for recognition. Let me not be misunderstood in the point I make. I have nothing to say about conflicting party platforms. I do not support here either free-trade or protection. It is inevitable that men should differ in opinions, and should form themselves into parties according to the stress which they lay upon the arguments supporting those opinions. When they have taken their positions, it is right that they should maintain them with all honest and honorable methods of party conflict. Indeed, it is their duty, with a teachable mind, to hold fast to their principles, and constituencies reasonably expect that their representatives, within the limits of conscience and honest judgment, should uphold the principles they were chosen to support. And it is often true in public as in private life that there must be compromises, not of principles but of methods. The ideal or the theoretical course can seldom be taken. A policy cannot be outlined and adhered to irrespective of existing conditions. It ought not to be a Juggernaut car to crush as victims the holders of opposite views. But the compromise of opposing policies, resulting from the effect of argument and the recognition of conditions instead of theories, is one thing; that which comes from trades and dickers, from log-rolling, and from the pressure of special interests and personal relations is a very different thing. It is this latter kind of compromise which

was the spectacle of the country for so long. The two great parties represented at Washington hold two distinct and well defined policies on the questions now prominently under discussion. These policies are firmly and honestly believed by men on both sides, who stand by their positions and have the courage of their convictions. The clear representatives of the views embodied in the McKinley tariff or the Wilson bill would at any time have ended the uncertainty by action, and the delay came from those who had no general policy except to temporize and placate powerful interests for purposes of expediency.

These facts which may be studied in the daily press emphasize two points. The first is the danger arising from the divisive tendencies that come from clamorous sectional interests, and the tendency to resulting corruption in legislation. Larger interests are neglected because lesser ones are more insistent, and legislators are ready to champion portions of the country as against the whole. To score a point against an opponent because of his locality, becomes of more moment than to maintain a principle. The spirit of that noble reply of Webster to Hayne, which has been the declamation of school boys since it was uttered, a spirit which led him to place country above all local jealousies, is passing away. With it has gone moral courage. There are noble men in both parties, who may be held up as models of unassailable honor, who dare utter their convictions without regard to votes or passing politics, or any consideration except what they regard as the truth, but how many there are with whom public opinion associates nothing but selfishness, political trickery, and moral cowardice! Instead of clear and decisive

words their opinions are given in phrases as ambiguous as those of the Delphic oracle, and capable of varying explanation as events shall require. Their chief object is to avoid committing themselves or going on record, and statesmanship passes into politics, which becomes a game in which the one object is to see who can make the most for himself.

Another point is the readiness to flout the experience of mankind. The cry is constantly raised that we have nothing to learn from others, that the rest of the world is effete, while we are striking out in a new path where there are no guide-posts except our own hopes. Such confidence is only ignorance masquerading under the mask of patriotism. True patriotism will not shut its eyes to the fact that though conditions have changed and improved for us, the essential qualities of human nature and therefore of government are unchanged. The principles of morals, of economics, of finance, of trade, and of everything that affects the business relations of society, remain the same under a democracy as under a monarchy. The experience of the past in these respects is of as great advantage to us as to any, and in these days especially, when rapidity of communication is making the world one vast neighborhood, there is no exception in the application of those principles which history so plainly makes known. It is not patriotism, but ignorance that would isolate us and endeavor to repeat those experiments in public policy and industrial and economic relations which have elsewhere proved disastrous. There are many propositions made in all honesty of conviction and purpose that are nothing but the children of ignorance, and as was lately so

forcibly said by Mr. Hewitt, "there is no enemy of the public welfare so great as the fool who steps in where angels fear to tread."

The second illustration which I would have you note is that movement known as "Coxeyism." Briefly stated it was the organization of small bodies of men, claiming to represent the unemployed, for the purpose of marching on Washington to demand of congress certain measures of relief. Their demands nowhere had definite and authoritative statement, but they seem to have included the unlimited issue of money and of bonds based upon the wealth of the country, and the supply of work to all who wished it in the construction of roads or public works. They attempted to give dignity to their movement by calling themselves an army and their leaders generals, with such subordinate officers as might be desirable. How they were to present and enforce their demands did not at first occur to them, nor did they think that the march of an army on Washington with demands of any kind was revolutionary. Our political system makes provision for the working of the popular will, any short cut that goes counter to the lawful methods leads to revolution or rebellion. To go to Washington singly or in companies was not unlawful, to present petitions to congress was an equal right, but to make demands whose force rested upon the presence of an "army" formed to make those demands was the beginnings of insurrection. Some of the leaders of the movement recognized its true character and did not hesitate to avow it. Speaking at Buffalo John Ross said, "we demand our rights, and we will insist on them . . . even if we have to fight for them." That was incipient rebellion.

In the beginning it was announced that only peaceable methods would be used, but the logic of the situation, if not the character of the men, soon led to open defiance of law. Trains were seized, property was destroyed, officers of the law were killed in the discharge of their duty, and in some places the militia had to be called out to quell what did not differ in fact from open rebellion.

The number of men composing these "armies" was not in the aggregate large, and the country had no occasion to fear them, but there are two aspects of the movement that deserve attention. The first is the public attitude toward it. The American people love a joke, its sense of humor is very broad, and it at once seized upon the salient humor of this exhibition. The army and its generals gave unlimited scope to the merry wit of the newspaper correspondents, and they enlarged their reports that they might poke fun at the unhappy "industrials." But the publicity which they conferred upon the movement gave it an importance which it could not otherwise have attained, and the ridicule that was poured upon it developed what it was intended to destroy. Good men, too, in their sympathy for the real suffering existing in the country, and in part represented by the army, did not see the real nature of the movement, and by their words and contributions countenanced what was subversive of government. For a company of men peaceably advancing on Washington to "demand" its rights is as truly the foe of law as is the same company when it steals a train, and shoots the defenders of the train, that it may make a speedier journey to the capital. In either case the peace of society is threatened, and for that

there cannot be too great anxiety. Order is a possession not less precious than liberty, and when the two have come in conflict the history of the world shows that society has surrendered liberty rather than order. The dictator has always appeared to defend society against its own evils, and to give it security at the expense of liberty. Law and order are the foundation on which liberty is built, and when they are subverted liberty falls with them.

The second aspect of the movement is the change that it indicates in the ideas which are held of government. The motive that led Coxey's army on to Washington was the belief that the government has some occult powers of relief, that it is paternal. The old notion that government is from the people and by the people, with no authority except the lawful expression of their will, has passed into the notion that it is an independent entity, clothed with unlimited powers, to be appealed to in distress, and out of its bounty bound to give relief. The logical result of the system of favors shown to special interests and the support of particular classes has been to make people think that they have only to show a need to establish a claim for help, and that if our government claims to make all equal in the eye of the law, there should be no favored classes, but all should share alike in having that measure of support that will ensure comfort or at least release from suffering. It is not surprising that the ignorant and the vicious, observing the unequal distribution of governmental favors, should demand a share for themselves. But paternalism is the deadly enemy of democracy, it transfers responsibility from the individual,

destroys his sense of duty, and cuts the nerve of patriotism. Coxey and his fellows may have imagined that they are good Americans, but if they had understood the real nature of representative government they would not have tried a movement that struck at its very root.

The third event deserving consideration is that "industrial war" that disturbed so much of the western part of our country in the month of July, but that was focused in and about Chicago. You are familiar with the details of that great disturbance. A great corporation, the Pullman company, whose business was the manufacture of cars, disagreed with its employés on the matter of an increase of wages. The employés struck. When the company showed by its books that it had been conducting business at an actual loss in order to keep its works open and declined to arbitrate, a labor organization, foreign to both parties, the American Railway Union, desirous of showing and extending its power, interfered and demanded that the company retreat from its position. As the union had no direct means of enforcing its demands it attempted to bring an indirect pressure upon the corporation by inaugurating a sympathetic strike. In the hope of bringing the Pullman company to terms by establishing a boycott it called upon all the railroads using Pullman cars to discontinue their use. The railroads having contracts with the Pullman company declined to break their contracts, and the Union thereupon ordered a strike of all the workmen belonging to it. The irrational character of the strike was shown by the fact that the men were withdrawn equally from the roads that did not use the Pullman cars and from

those that did. It was a blow in the dark. The inevitable result of such a strike, violence, rioting, destruction of property, and bloodshed, soon followed. I do not need to recall the progress of events; they are fresh in your minds; nor do I wish to dwell upon the many social and economic questions that it made prominent. Some of them have been ably discussed by Judge Cooley in an address before the American Bar Association, and published in the last number of the *Forum*. It is enough here to allude to one or two.

The strike of the A. R. U. and Coxeyism had the same origin. Under varying circumstances and with varying concomitants both sprang from the determination to obtain by extra-judicial means what could not be obtained by lawful ones. Coxey's armies demanded in revolutionary ways measures that were impracticable and destructive; the Railway Union demanded that corporations should repudiate their lawful obligations to other corporations and to the United States government, and in supporting their demands resorted to acts which Senator Davis of Minnesota justly characterized as approaching dangerously near the line of civil war. Coxey led the way in defying the law; the second movement naturally outdid the first, and turned suggestion into act. In both cases local authorities were criminally negligent in maintaining law and order. There was not a state through which the Coxeyites marched that did not have on its statute-book stringent laws for the suppression of vagrants and vagabonds. Every one of these laws was violated by the vagrant armies; but so far were the local officers from enforcing the laws that in many cases they actually assisted the armies, partly perhaps with the hope of sooner getting rid

of them. The inertness, to use no harsher term, of the authorities of Chicago and the state of Illinois almost surrendered the city into the hands of the mob, from which it was delivered only by the prompt action of the United States courts and the unflinching support given them by the general government. When President Debs of the A. R. U. was brought before the court for contempt of its orders, he testified that the failure of the strike was due to the prompt and sweeping injunctions issued by the courts and enforced by United States troops. Such testimony was a cause of both regret and satisfaction—regret that the authority of the courts had to be invoked, satisfaction that when invoked it was so efficiently vindicated. The country rejoices to-day over the defeat of the strike, for it was not a struggle between capital and labor, between grasping avarice and oppressed poverty, but it was the assertion of an authority that was regardless of public rights and subversive of government. Its fundamental demand was the abrogation of contracts, and its only weapon was to hinder others in the exercise of their rights and the discharge of their obligations. The law of violence was substituted for the constituted order of the state, and the vote of an irresponsible organization for the law of the land. Yet though it is true that many of the law-breakers did not belong to the company of the strikers, and though many of them were of foreign birth and some of them anarchists, we must not believe that they actually intended treason. To believe that would be almost to despair of the republic. But it is a serious matter that they were not able to distinguish practices that are treasonable. Under the impulse of passion they forgot citizenship and the

rights of others, and were ready to shatter the state that they might carry out the behests of an organization.

I have dwelt at length on these three phases of current events because they seem to me to be signs of the times deserving consideration. They indicate on the one side a lessened sense of responsibility in public life, and on the other, a state of unrest that, rising from causes, finds its expression in ways that show great ignorance of our accepted political theories, or fatal disbelief in them. The question naturally arises, How can these tendencies be checked? The answer is, In the work of the public schools. Men cannot be expected to act with intelligence unless they have been taught, and there is no place where they can be taught except in the schools. In former time very much instruction was given in the home: now there is very little, and in many homes none at all. Yet there are multitudes of children growing to manhood who will take active part in the life of the country, and who need to be informed of their coming duties and stimulated to perform them. There is no place where they can go for such information and stimulus except to the school. They may have their interest quickened, and may acquire a certain familiarity with political machinery from the recurrence of elections with their attendant excitement; but such influence is uncertain, and not always helpful. They need instruction that while it opens their minds also directs them: that couples the idea of duty with that of opportunity, and service with that of knowledge.

The function of the school in training for citizenship has of late years been more fully recognized, and subjects have been introduced into the courses of study that look to that end. The study

of civil government, of the Constitution of the United States, as well as the greater stress laid upon history in general and ours in particular, have a direct bearing upon citizenship. It is not to be expected that many subjects of this kind can be put into courses that are now all too crowded for the time allotted them. It is an unfortunate fact that the majority of children finish their school life by their sixteenth year, having but ten or eleven years in which to acquire their educational equipment in both discipline and knowledge. Time and experience will doubtless show that great improvement can be made in the courses and work of the schools, but it can hardly be expected that very much addition can be made of special subjects. And it is not so necessary that such additions should be made as it is that the school should have the definite aim of preparing the pupils for their life as citizens. Happily the very qualities that a good school tends to develop also tend to make good citizens. The habits of order, obedience, respect for authority, punctuality, promptness, and exactness in the performance of duty, interest in one's work and recognition of the claims and rights of others, make a model scholar and a model citizen. Such things make the life of the school, and the teacher who fails to produce them fails of success.

But over and above the inculcation of such habits, over and above the giving of ordinary instruction, the teacher has great opportunity to set before his pupils the relations of their work to their future life. Occasions are constantly arising when it is possible to establish connection between the present and coming service. Patriotism is better developed by example and illustration than by precept, and the life and

work of the school give abundant chance for such illustration. As the scholar advances to the higher grades of the school great pains should be taken to arouse his interest in current events, to make him understand that what will by and by be history is now enacting before his eyes. To many young people the events of the present have an air of greater unreality than those of the distant past. To those their diligent attention is directed; to these they give no thought. A good knowledge of the past is often the key to present difficulties; but the present must be understood in order to make the knowledge operative. From the nature of the case, early training and the subjects of study that are largely disciplinary must be abstract: but it is of immense advantage to a pupil if he can associate in his thought the oftentimes dry tasks of the school-room with some definite object toward which he is striving. It is a great stimulus to him, as he nears the close of school life, if he can feel that his life is purposeful and broadening into that of his country. This enlargement of his horizon is a process that cannot be definitely laid down in a course of study. It is not a matter of books mainly, it is one of atmosphere, of influence, and of the tone of the school. It will depend greatly upon the teacher, who should not be a politician or a partisan, but one who sees the relations of his work to the state, and through the hum-drum of daily recitations discerns the growth of men and women. The strongest force in education is the personality of the teacher. Text-books, methods, and facilities are as nothing compared with the mind that is aglow, and that is able to give the kindling spark of enthusiasm to others. If it lives in active sym-

pathy with the larger life of the times, it will bring those about it into the same sympathy.

We must not forget that in the development of education in this country the preparation for citizenship is the only great primary function left to the schools. It was not always so. In early times religion had an equal place. The bible was the common text-book, supplemented by the catechism and enforced by constant and definite religious instruction. But this has changed. The bible is no longer a text-book and religious instruction has ceased. The schools have undergone a complete secularization, and the disappearance of religion has left citizenship, that is, the right discharge of civil and social duties, as the one thing for which the state educates its children. There is one portion of our fellow citizens that does not wholly accept this change. The Roman Catholic church disapproves of what it calls "godless" schools, and its position is one that the Puritans of two hundred years ago, and their descendants of a hundred years ago, would have fully endorsed. Yet though their views would have coincided on this point they held different ideas on the relation between church and state, and the logical result of the Puritans' view is the result of to-day. Strong as was their belief in religion and in its application to daily life, they distinguished sharply between the spiritual and the temporal. They did not always dissociate the two in practice because they had not learned that the two could not work together without encroaching one upon the other. They tried the experiment of a working union, and the experiment failed. Sometimes the state oppressed the church, but oftener the church ob-

structed the state. As time went on it became evident that such a union was incompatible with the principle of perfect liberty of individual action. Any power that interfered with the citizen's relation to his government was inconsistent with the theory of free institutions. That theory called for absolute freedom of the citizen in all his public and civil relations. His duty to his country must not be subject to any conflict of motive, or constrained by what might appear as a division of allegiance. When, therefore, experience showed that a danger to popular government existed in the union of religious and secular education the two were immediately separated. It is possible that in the fear of any unfavorable influence we may have been too sensitive about whatever has a religious bearing, but the fear arises from the strength of the belief that the schools cannot serve two masters. The logic of our theory and our experience teaches that all that relates to citizenship should be kept apart from religion. We do not less believe in religion, it still remains the essential ground of character, but it is not to be enforced by the state. We give it to the church and the home, and we demand that they shall not intrude their teaching of it upon the province of the state. It may be called the American idea of the school that its one purpose should be to prepare for citizenship. We give up some things that we may hold others more firmly. We do not the less believe in the value of religious training because it does not harmonize with the preparation for civil life.

We can say, truly, that each is essential, that each has its place, but that the two must not be united. I do not forget the fact that men weigh argu-

ments differently, and that some regard the relations of men to the church as of more importance than their relations to the state. They, therefore, give precedence to religious training, even if thereby they subordinate the state to the church. But those who believe that such subordination is harmful to both, and that each can pursue its work harmoniously only when it is done independently, can never accept the principle of sectarian schools. Free schools and free government stand in the relation of cause and effect. The church has a sufficient field for its work without entering that of the state.

There is one danger to which our schools are exposed in some sections of our country that deserves consideration, not because we have occasion to fear it here, but because there are some portions where it is a vital issue. It is the desire to use in them some other language than the English language. There are towns and whole districts in the northwest where the English language is an unknown tongue. In many others it is but slightly spoken. The inhabitants of these districts, though they may have newspapers in their own language, are yet shut off by the strongest kind of barrier, from association with the rest of the country. Community of interest and of feeling is impossible where there is not an easy interchange of ideas. Difference of language insures diversity of opinion. It is of the utmost importance that the English language should be retained as the one language of the schools, and every attempt to substitute another for it under any plea should be resisted to the bitter end. No person can become a patriotic citizen of a country whose language he cannot speak, and no popular government can remain stable

whose component parts have no common bond of language. We have entered the outer circles of the maelstrom of political dissolution when different sections of the country are sufficient to themselves in language, or are separate in national interest. Our government can continue only so long as the different members which compose it believe in the principles on which it rests, and are familiar with their operation and are ready unitedly to uphold them.

One who forecasts the future of our country has occasion both to fear and to hope. He cannot shut his eyes to dangers, he ought not to forget encouragements. By either thought he should be roused to patriotic duty. He may

not be chosen to active participation in public life, but he owes the effect of his interest and thought to all those things that tend to the general good. Foremost among such things are the public schools. On their work here and throughout the country will largely depend the character of the next generation. That generation will control our institutions, and in turn hand them on to their successors. The institution that prepares them for their work, that trains and broadens and leads them up to citizenship, calls for the most jealous care and the most constant watchfulness. Let us thank God that we have a noble system of schools, and pray that they may ever remain true to their high mission.

#### HISTORICAL SKETCH OF HENNIKER ACADEMY AND HIGH SCHOOL.

*By F. L. Pugsley.*

The building known as Henniker Academy, shown in the foreground of the accompanying illustration, was erected during the summer and fall of 1836, under the direction of a building committee consisting of Abel Connor, Horace Childs, and Col. D. C. Gould. Mr. Childs is now eighty-seven years of age, and is the only surviving member of the committee or of the original board of trustees.

The following act of incorporation was obtained from the legislature of June, 1836, through a committee consisting of Hon. Joshua Darling, Rev. Jacob Scales, and Samuel Smith, Esq., in coöperation with the representative of the town, Col. Imri Woods:

##### ACT OF INCORPORATION.

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives in general*

*court convened.* That Jacob Scales, Joshua Darling, Nathan Sanborn, Samuel Smith, Page Eaton, Abel Connor, Horace Childs, Daniel C. Gould, and their associates, successors, and assigns be and they hereby are incorporated and made a body politic and corporate by the name of Henniker Academy, and by that name may sue and be sued, prosecute and defend unto final judgment and execution, and shall have and enjoy all the powers and privileges and be subject to all the liabilities incident to corporations of a similar nature.

SEC. 2. *And be it further enacted.* That said corporation may establish an institution in the town of Henniker for the instruction of youth: may erect, own, and maintain suitable buildings therefor, and may hold personal and real estate to any amount not exceeding ten thousand dollars.

SEC. 3. *And be it further enacted.* That all such gifts, donations, bequests, and legacies as may from time to time be given or



Henniker Academy

bequeathed to said corporation may be received, held, and possessed by said corporation.

*SEC. 4. And be it further enacted,* That Jacob Scales, Joshua Darling, Nathan Sanborn, or any two of them, may call the first meeting of said corporation, to be holden at some suitable time and place in the town of Henniker, by notifying the members thereof at least ten days prior to said meeting by posting written notifications at two or more public places in said town, where the matter of holding future meetings may be regulated and business relating to said corporation transacted.

*SEC. 5. And be it further enacted,* That said corporation, at any meeting duly notified and holden, may make rules, regulations, and by-laws not repugnant to the constitution and laws of this state for the management of the interests and resources of said corporation, and may appoint such and so many officers as they may think proper, and prescribe their powers and duties.

*SEC. 6. And be it further enacted,* That nothing in the foregoing act shall be construed to prevent this or any future legisla-

ture from altering, amending, or repealing the same as the public good may require.

Approved June, 1836.

In accordance with section 6 of the foregoing act, by-laws were enacted for



Horace Childs.

the government of the board of trustees, for the conduct of students, and for the general management of the school.

#### BY-LAWS.

The object of this institution is to afford instruction to young persons of both sexes in all branches taught in academies in New England. It is to be arranged in one or more departments, as circumstances require and admit. The instruction shall be under the direction of a principal and such assistants from time to time as the trustees shall think necessary.

#### *Of Trustees.*

1. The number of trustees shall not exceed twelve, of whom a majority shall belong to Henniker. All vacancies shall be supplied by their own choice.

2. The annual meeting of the board of trustees shall be holden at the close of the fall term.

3. A president, secretary, and treasurer shall be chosen at each annual meeting; also a committee of three shall be chosen annually to transact the prudential business of the institution and to give advice to the principal in matters of peculiar interest or difficulty, and to give their approbation of the books to be used in the academy.

4. Any five members shall constitute a quorum.

5. Meetings of the board may be called by the president or at the request of any three trustees.

#### *Of Terms and Duties of Students.*

1. There shall be four terms of eleven weeks each, in a year, beginning on the second Tuesday after the commencement at Dartmouth College and followed by a vacation of two weeks.

2. There shall be a public examination each term or semi-annually, as the trustees may elect.

3. No person shall be employed as principal who is not a credible professor of religion.

4. The public exercises of each day shall

commence with the word of God and prayer, and all members of the institution shall be present at these exercises unless excused by the principal, and it shall be the duty of all students to attend public worship on the Sabbath unless excused by the principal.

5. Students shall not be allowed to visit each other's lodgings, nor to walk nor ride for amusement on the Lord's day.

6. All playing of cards or dice or any other games of chance for gain or amusement and all profane language are strictly prohibited.

7. No student shall spend his time by loitering at any store, shop, tavern, or place of similar resort.

8. No student shall be absent from any exercise prescribed without permission of the teacher or rendering a satisfactory excuse, and all instances of tardiness shall be carefully noticed.

9. Silence and strict attention to study and instruction are required during the hours of attendance.

The first term of school was opened in the spring of 1837, Mr. Breed Batchelder being principal. The persons acting as principal from that time to 1867, when the school was closed, are as follows: J. Webster Pillsbury, fall of 1837; Charles D. Fitch, for one year, fall of 1838 to 1839; Franklin George, fall of 1839 to winter term of 1840; Samuel Badger, winter of 1839-'40; Rev. Isaac Stevens, spring of 1840; Rev. Mr. Roe, winter of 1840-'41; Mr. Wing, spring term of 1841; Mr. Isaac D. Stewart, afterwards Rev. Isaac D. Stewart, fall of 1841; Richard Lane, winter of 1841-'42; Daniel Foster, spring of 1842; William Cowper Foster, fall of 1842; John S. Woodman, fall and winter of 1843; Augustus Berry, fall terms from 1846 to 1850; Mr. Winchester, fall of 1851; Henry E. Sawyer, fall of 1852; A. M. Johnson, spring term of 1853; Ned Howe, spring and fall terms of 1854; M. S. Thompson, fall terms of

1855 and 1856; Hiram Rice, spring term of 1856; Mr. Page, fall term of 1857; Thomas L. Sanborn, three terms per year from the fall of 1858 to the



John C. Cogswell.

spring of 1862; James L. Vose, 1863; Henry Colby, fall term of 1865; Mr. Johnson, 1866-'67.

This list is taken from the "History of Henniker," by Leander W. Cogswell, as are also the following two paragraphs:

"The school for several years was quite prosperous, and a large number of students attended from this and adjoining towns. Lectures were given upon the various branches taught, much to the edification of the students and the people, who were always invited to these entertainments. A lyceum was established and kept up for many years, in the debates of which many of the leading citizens took a prominent part with the students. The instructors were able and faithful, and a good deal of interest was exhibited upon the part of the people towards making the terms

profitable and pleasant to all. But as the population of the town diminished, and a good many of the founders of the institution died or moved from town, the interest was allowed to abate, and for many years only one term was taught during the year. Mr. Sanborn, after graduating, set himself at work to again build up the school, and succeeded to a degree that was very pleasing not only to himself but to the people of the town. The breaking out of the War of the Rebellion again broke up the school. But few terms have been taught since, and those have not been very fully attended."

"A large number of students have pursued their studies here, either fitting themselves for college or pursuing their studies so far that a short time at some other academy found them prepared for higher institutions. Hon. James W.



L. W. Cogswell.

Patterson, Hon. James W. Childs, Rev. Augustus Berry, Rev. Nathan F. Carter, Rev. Henry E. Sawyer, Miss Edna Dean Proctor, Rev. Addison P. Foster, Rob-

ert M. Wallace, Esq., Frank B. Medica, Esq., William B. Fisher, Esq., together with a large number of others whose names are not given, but who are filling high and honorable positions in the great drama of life, have attended this institution."

From 1867 to 1884 the school was closed. The people, however, were dis-



Geo. H. Dodge.

satisfied, and sought to provide some arrangement by which the use of the building could be obtained for a high school. How their purpose was accomplished is shown by the records of the trustees, from which we quote: "At a meeting of the trustees held at Academy Hall in Henniker, on Saturday, February 23, 1884, at two o'clock in the afternoon, there were present, Horace Childs, Jeremiah Foster, L. W. Peabody, John H. Albin, H. A. Emerson, and W. O. Folsom. Meeting was called to order by president. John H. Albin presented a plan for entering into an arrangement with the town for a school in the academy, which was as follows:

"The town of Henniker, in the county of Merrimack and state of New Hampshire, party of the first part, by its special committee and the trustees of Henniker Academy, a corporation established by law and located in said Henniker, party of the second part, hereby enter into the following business arrangement with each other, agreeably to the provisions of an act of the legislature entitled 'An act to enable the town of Henniker, or any school-district therein, to contract with the trustees of any academy in said town for school purposes. Approved July 13, 1883.'"

The most important provisions of this contract were, substantially, that the town should appropriate annually \$500 for the support of the school, and that tuition should be charged at such rates as the committee elected by the town and board of trustees should fix. Also, that the town should have the right to repair the upper story of the building suitably for school purposes, and have a right to use the first story, whenever necessary, for a hall. This contract was for a term of five years, with the provision that it could be continued for another such term should the party of the first part so elect. The contract was duly executed, and at the expiration of the five years the trustees voted to put the matter of the further letting of the building for school purposes in the hands of their executive committee. Thus the building has been continued in the use of the town for a high school until the present time.

After the execution of the contract the school was opened in the fall of 1884 with Ira W. Holt, a graduate of Dartmouth College, as principal, and has since, without interruption, continued successfully with three terms per year. Professor Holt was regarded as

an excellent teacher. He remained principal until the close of the spring term of 1886. He then went to Massachusetts, and is now principal of the high school at Arlington in that state. During the two years of his principalship here the school numbered on an average about forty pupils. His successor was Dorman B. Pike, also a graduate of Dartmouth, who had charge of the school from the fall of 1886 to the end of the spring term of 1889. He was a successful teacher, but has since

Vermont, and has since been principal of Leland and Gray Seminary.

The fall term of 1891 was begun by Clarence Gardiner, who fitted for college at Colby Academy, New London, this state, and graduated from Brown University. Owing to ill-health, however, he resigned after five weeks, and about a year later died at his home in New London.

Mr. Fremont L. Pugsley, of Rochester, N. H., a graduate of Bates College, class of 1891, was then elected principal. Professor Pugsley fitted for college at New Hampton Literary Institution, New Hampton, N. H., and was, for one term, just before entering college, principal of the high school at Woods-ville, N. H. He came to Henniker at the opening of the winter term of the high school in November, 1891, and is still the principal. He has proved a very faithful and efficient teacher, a strict disciplinarian, and the school has increased in membership and has been very successful.

Professor Pugsley has prepared three courses of study for the school, and they are now pursued regularly by nearly every student. The courses are for four years, and are English, English and Latin, and College Preparatory. They have received the approval of prominent educators in this and other states, among whom are President Tucker of Dartmouth College and the faculty of Bates College, and students now preparing for college in this school may enter either of the above colleges upon presenting a certificate given by the principal.



Fremont L. Pugsley.

been engaged as a travelling agent for literary works.

Mr. Pike was followed by Mr. Aubrey B. Call, who graduated from Bates College, Lewiston, Me., in the class of 1889. Professor Call remained in charge of the school for two years, and was much liked by his pupils. He removed to

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

### DANIEL H. ROGERS.

Daniel H. Rogers, of Brookline, Mass., was born in Alton, and died, October 4, aged 79 years. In early life he removed to Boston, and engaged in the dry goods business on Hanover street. Some thirty years ago he entered the state treasurer's department as a clerk, serving in that capacity for twenty-five years, and a large part of the time as chief clerk of the department.

### FRANCIS KNIGHT.

Francis Knight was born in West Milan, June 19, 1813, and died in Boston, Saturday, October 6. He established a teaming business in 1837, and at the time of his death was the oldest person so engaged in Boston. It was a matter of pride with him that he had had on his books the account of one firm for over fifty years. He is survived by a widow and three sons, the second of whom is head of the well-known firm of Mills, Knight & Company, printers, of Boston.

### WILLIAM H. HODGDON.

William H. Hodgdon died in Kensington, October 7, aged 74 years and 7 months. His grandfather served in the Revolutionary War; his father, Caleb Hodgdon, in the War of 1812; one brother, in the Mexican War, and three brothers beside himself in the War of the Rebellion, the deceased being a member of Company D, 14th New Hampshire Volunteers, and at the time of his death the oldest member of Moses N. Collins Post, No. 26, G. A. R., of Exeter.

### MERRILL GREELEY.

Merrill Greeley died in Plymouth, October 7, aged 62 years. He was for many years proprietor of the Greeley Hotel, Waterville, a popular White Mountain summer resort. The latter part of his life had been spent in Plymouth, where he was president of the Electric Light company, and prominent in Masonic and Odd Fellow circles.

### ROBERT L. HUCKINS.

Robert L. Huckins was born in Madbury, and died in Charlestown, Mass., October 28, aged 53 years. He was appointed an officer in the Massachusetts state prison in 1873, and at the time of his death was deputy warden, a position which he had held since August 1, 1889. He was an excellent executive officer.

### HON. JAMES BURNAP.

James Burnap was born in Nelson, and died at his home in Marlow, October 28, aged 78 years. He received a common-school education, and was apprenticed to his uncle, Asa Spaulding, a tanner. For many years he carried on an extensive business in Marlow as a tanner, and had large manufacturing and banking interests in Keene. He was a member of the house of representatives in 1861 and 1862, of the state senate in 1876 and 1877, and of the governor's council in 1879. He is survived by a daughter, Miss S. Abbie Burnap.

### HON. EDWARD WALLACE.

Edward Wallace, son of Rev. Linzey and Abigail (Gamwell) Wallace, was born in Berwick, Maine, January 5, 1823, and died in Rochester, October 29. He was educated in Phillips Exeter Academy, and in 1858, with his twin brother, began the business of E. G. & E. Wallace, shoe manufacturers, at Rochester, which has become one of the most important industries of that section. Mr. Wallace was a member of the house of representatives in 1870, and of the senate in 1871. He was twice married.





MERCEDES CHURCH, PANAMA.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

VOL. XVII.

DECEMBER, 1894.

No. 6.

## THE ROAD-ENCIRCLED PLAIN: A SKETCH OF KINGSTON.

*By George H. Moses.*

**K**INGLISH royalty left but little personal impress this side the water, despite the years they claimed suzerainty over the western continent.

And with the irony of events perhaps the strongest of them made the least impression. For example, William of Orange, the Protestant champion, is held in remembrance among us only in connection with his Stuart wife, and to William and Mary were forts built and colleges projected. The king alone was held in honor only in glittering generalities—as in the case of Kingston.

This was the fifth municipality to receive royal charter in New Hampshire. Only Portsmouth, Dover, Exeter, and Hampton preceded it. The order in which the first two of those towns should be named I leave for the discriminating reader to determine.

The township was granted August 6, 1694, and was bounded in strict accord with that early and lordly disregard for space and acreage which characterized the first real estate agents of New England, and out of its ample proportions

have come no less than three other townships—East Kingston (1738), Sandown (1756), and Danville (incorporated as Hawke in 1760). To neither of these children did the mother surrender its crowning glory, and around Kingston Plain still clusters one of the loveliest villages of New England.

Where now stands the ample parade ground which gives the village its colloquial title, was once a mighty forest of magnificent pines. Upon these the first settlers fell with the eager axe, and soon the smoke from the burning logs marked where next the pioneer's cornfield would establish the out-posts of civilization.

Hostile Indians destroyed the charm of life in the wilderness and many a family sought refuge in the older settlements, where the stockade was more spacious and the attendance of the guard more constant. Not all were dismayed, and to the few who braved all the hardships such a situation engendered many were added, for the rich meadows of Great Pond were strong attractions to the venturesome folk of those days.

The fears of the timorous ones were not without foundation, for the new settlement was exposed to all the rigors of frontier, and the skirmishing savage was



Residence of Rev. W. A. Patten.

by no means friendly to the young settlement, of which it was enough for the partisan red man to know that it was under the British flag, for which he had only the fiercest and most bitter

attending church in a regular "meeting house." Perhaps it was the well known piety of the settlers that laid them open to attack. At any rate the Indians determined upon a massacre of the pioneers, and set upon a Sunday as the most fitting day for the deed. They accordingly secreted themselves beneath the church, intending to fall upon the people at their devotions, when the



Rev. W. A. Patten.

imprecations. The hostility of the Indians toward the infant town was hard to die out, and was evident even after the town had arrived to a considerable size and had achieved the dignity of



Col. Ora P. Patten.

whole town would be together and the men would be unarmed. But the wily foe reckoned in vain: for on that particular Sunday when they had been marked for the slaughter nearly every man in Kingston appeared at the church door with his gun. No one of them could ever give a reason for his precaution that day, and it was not until long after the almost eternal wars of the French and English were ended that the hardy men of Kingston knew what their town had been spared and learned from one of the hidden enemy that the discomfited red men, balked of their prey, had stolen away from beneath the meeting-house to the forest, under cover of the parson's fervor.

The anger of the Indians was doubtless more easily aroused against Kingston than almost any other place, because the shores of Great Pond were the rendezvous of the savages, and must have been the scene of many a pow-wow, as the deposits of Indian relics in the vicinity were very rich, and some of the finest collections in New England are adorned with treasure trove from the Kingston



Homestead of Josiah Bartlett.

mounds. At any rate the Indian anger against Kingston was fifty years in dying out, and during that time several of the inhabitants were ambushed and killed. At length a price was set upon the scalp-lock of every Indian, and after many weary years peace settled upon the land.

In 1725, however, the condition of the town was not enchanting, as the "selectmen of Kingstown" certified to the governor and council, from whom they besought an abatement of the province tax.

"We request that your honors," say the town fathers, "would consider our sad surcomstancies,—living in a frontier

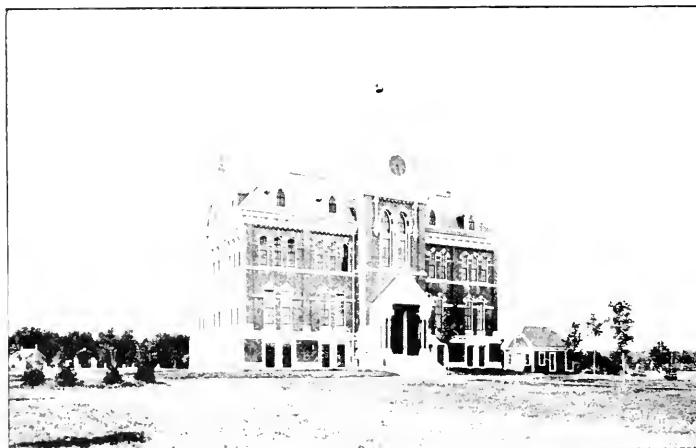
town,—so small, & exposed to ye Indian enemy, & our rates so heavy that we cannot tell how to pay it. Therefore we humbly pray your honors to consider us & to medigate sumthing of our Province Rates. We have Lately lost sundry men of considerable estates,—some by



Residence of Stephen Nichols.

the enemy, & some by sixness. We are so exposed to danger of the enemy dayly, —whenever we goe to work we are as it were upon duty."

years later, in 1735, swept over the town and carried off scores, among them the wife and two children of the beloved and scholarly first minister of the town,



Sanborn Seminary.

Of the nature of this "sixness" which had carried away several of the men of the town there is no knowledge. One may hazard a guess, however, that it was that dread scourge, diphtheria, which, in epidemic form, ten

the Rev. Ward Clark, whose own health failed soon after, and he returned to Exeter, his native town, and died after a long illness. His dwelling house and home place, as he himself described it, he left as a bequest to his "beloved people at Kingston" for perpetual use as a parsonage; but the gift was turned aside from the use of the Congregational order in the town by the ingenious ruling of the court, to which some of the people of the town appealed for a judgment on the parson's will at least a century after he had died. The property has now been sold and the proceeds make up a fund, the income of which is divided among the churches of the town for the support of preaching.

But we were speaking of the epidemic. Kingston was unduly prosperous in 1735. For ten years it had had a settled minister. It had built a new meeting-house, "55 foots long and forty-five foots wide, and high enough for two tiers of gallery." There were eighty-one families in town,



Prof. C. H. Clark.

and on a directory which the minister had made there appeared fifty surnames.

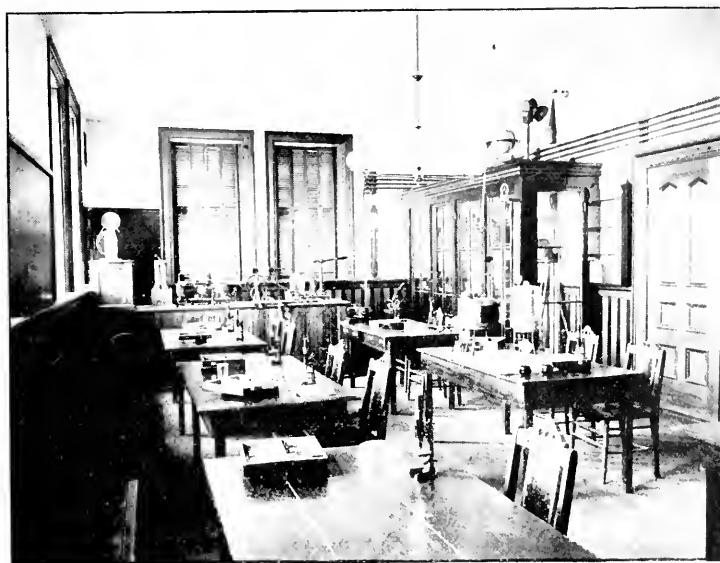
It was while the town was in this hey-day of its pride that the scourge fell upon the people. It began in June, and in little more than a year it had carried away 113, ninety-six of them being under ten years old. In quaint language the town clerk makes record of the calamity. "This mortality," says he, "was by a kanker quinsy, which mostly seized upon young people, and has proved exceeding mortal in several other towns. It is supposed there never was the like before in this country."

The disease baffled all medical skill, until one day a young practitioner set out upon a new theory of treating it and was so successful that the new departure was warranted. In a medical work which a native of Kingston ran across in Germany has been found the outline of the



Prof. W. T. Webster.

age to break away from the limitations of existing professional treatment was full of courage forty years later in



Physical Laboratory, Sanborn Seminary.

successful treatment and the statement that the first recorded case of malignant diphtheria was found in this town.

The young doctor who had the cour-

another cause. His name was Josiah Bartlett, and it is written in a far loftier place than a German medical work, written with his own hand in letters of

imperishable fame on the Declaration of Independence as one of the two signers for New Hampshire, and by tradition the first person to sign the valiant document. After the declared independence had been achieved he was a governor of the state, and a chief of her courts. He was buried here, and in the quaint old burying ground he lies. Above him a simple slab relates:

THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED  
OVER THE SACRED RELICS  
HIS EXCELLENCY JOSIAH BARTLETT ESQ.  
LATE GOVERNOR OF NEW HAMPSHIRE  
WHO DIED  
MAY 19th 1795  
IN THE 65th YEAR OF HIS AGE  
AND  
HIS VIRTUOUS COMFORT  
MRS. MARY BARTLETT  
WHO DIED  
JULY 14 h 1789  
IN THE 59th YEAR OF HER AGE

*Fragrant is the recollection of friends  
The most delightful Flowers Shall be scattered upon  
their valuable Remains  
When we recall the sacred spot to mind the congenial  
tear shall sparkle in the eye of Sympathy  
and their Virtues shall be embalmed in the warm  
bosom of Affection.*

The humble tomb which thus invites the "congenial tear" is beaten by the storms of nearly a century, its affectionate lines are now barely to be deciphered, brambles grow thick around it, a tattered flag indicates that once a year, at least, a flower is laid above the patriotic dead; but the town's best claim to greatness is little recognized at home. "The crooked oak," dead and gray and gnarled and ugly, is a point of interest, to which the visitor may find ready direction—but the grave of Josiah Bartlett is not so well known, and from men at work in the burying-ground when I was there I was able to learn the location of the tomb

only after they had settled it among themselves that the now living members of the family had had a grandfather more or less remote who had borne the name.

In the public square at Amesbury,



William C. Patten.

his birthplace, stands a more stately and conspicuous memorial to the patriot, and, fashioned in bronze, the calm, benignant face looks out over the hurrying crowd, none of whom regard him with congenial tears, but all of whom, no doubt, know him and his work.

After the abatement of the scourge Kingston prospered lustily. Under the conditions then existing church and state throng together, and the prosperity of the one marks the growth of the other. It is fortunate for the present writer that such is the fact, for almost the only accessible records of the early days of Kingston are found in the books of the church, which tell of the formation of a new parish in the east part of the town in 1739; of the erection of a new town (Sandown) out of Kingston, and the loss

of ten church members to the first church therein; of another new town (Hawke, now Danville) in the west part, and a shrinkage in the church roll at home, of the dismissal of thirty-three members who joined a church in Brentwood, and of the departure of a colony from Kingston to settle in Salisbury (N. H.) by virtue of a patent from the honorable, the Masonian Proprietors. Among these latter departures were the father and mother of Daniel Webster, and it is yet a melancholy pride in Kingston to reckon how near Daniel Webster was to being a native of the town. Another famous family which went to the Masonian township was the Bartletts, from whom are descended Rev. Samuel Colcord Bartlett, D. D., LL. D., lately president of Dartmouth college, and his gifted brothers, one of whom rose to a seat on the supreme court of New Hampshire.

The blessing of the mother went with all these departing children, and a share of her substance as well, for the people of Kingston took a great interest in all the colonies which went out from the town. They shared their parsonage property with the parish at East King-

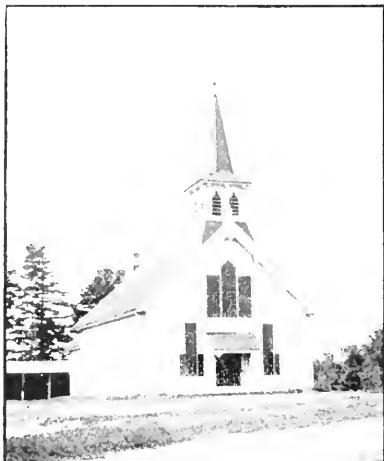
ston, and voted "to assist to build a meeting-house in Salisbury like that in East Kingston, and a pulpit like the one in Hawke, and that Ebenezer Webster, Joseph Bean, and Capt. John Calef must see that the work is done in a workmanlike manner."

Despite these losses the town flourished, and after the manner of our forebears in nearly every New Hampshire town tried many ways of getting rich other than that which nature plainly intended to be followed. One of the short cuts to wealth which Kingstonians attempted was the smelting of iron from the bog ore which was taken from the bottom of Great Pond. But the amount of ore obtained was so small and it was obtained with so much difficulty that the enterprise did not pay well and was abandoned.

The first commodity, of course, as in every frontier town, was lumber, and after roads had been built large quantities of timber, some of it stripped from Kingston's own ample forests, and some of it taken from other soil, were carted away to Exeter and Portsmouth. The common, a large open plain in the cen-



Bartlett Statue, Amesbury, Mass.



Congregational Church.

tre of the village, was used for the storage of the surplus stock and out of the profits of the trade seven stores were supported in town.

Not all of this commerce is gone now, though it has sadly dwindled. Along the scant water-power which the town contains are scattered a few small mills,



Universalist Church.

which devote their energies to reduce the already small amount of sapling pine which promises, if unmolested, to re-forest the plains of Southern New Hamp-

shire. The amount of their out-put is probably considerable in the course of a year, but the aggregate is pitiful in size and volume as compared to the forest



Union Church.

giants which made the town once prosperous and attractive.

In time Kingston learned the truth, and iron furnaces, tanneries, and all other signs of a diversified industry passed, and the cultivation of the soil took first place in giving sustenance to the people. In later years, however, farming has been hard pushed for supremacy by carriage making, in which industry Kingston is the second town in



Masonic Hall.

went forth councillors to the New Hampshire state house, bankers to Boston's exchanges, business men to Canada's



John E. Gale.

the state, Concord alone excelling her. William Patten was the pioneer carriage-maker in Kingston, and the first chaise ever made in New Hampshire (except



Major E. S. Sanborn.



T. O. Reynolds, M. D.

one at Portsmouth) was made by him here.

The Patten name is a famous one in Kingston, and from the parent stock

metropolis, and clergymen to various pulpits. A historian of the town, too, bore this name and was in this line.



Charles Burr Oakes

but he is gone now and his work is lost.

The Pattens led reforms in Kingston fifty years ago, and reformers then were not held in high esteem. Colcord Patten headed the first temperance crusade in Kingston and for his stand in the matter was submitted to annoyances great and small. The tails of his horses were shaven, his windows broken, his house was finally burned over his head, and the grave-stones of his kindred were overthrown in the village cemetery and cast out of the enclosure. In

Revolution-

ary times, Kingston, like almost every



Residence of Charles E. Morrill.



Residence of C. H. Clark.

here, of course, that Josiah Bartlett went forth to stand among the councils of the brave in their hour of might, but with him the list of patriots begins and ends, though there were doubtless many others whose part in the struggle was as necessary if not so conspicuous as his.

In the years following the establishment of the republic Kingston plumed



Kingwood Farm.

herself as the rendezvous of one of the regiments of state militia. For this function the town was well fitted. The common, which in the earlier days had

all the pomp and trappings of May training and fall muster. Perhaps I err in saying it was not first the scene of war, for in earlier times when the meeting-house ornamented the plain two factions in the church fell to wrangling and on one Sunday, at least, two preachers held forth from the sacred desk at once, each addressing a rival faction. Certainly this was not dove-like peace.

The common is still intact. Kingston Plain is yet a reality, and the main



Alice I. Hazeltine

served as a common pasture for the settlers' cows, and which in after time had been the site of the first church, and which a little later yet was trans-



Miss Brooks.



Miss Emily W. Tapley.

formed into a lumber exchange, was now for the first time turned over to warlike uses and was made gay with

road, dividing to encircle the greensward, sweeps by on either side and passes through what is one of the loveliest villages in New England. It is a wealthy place, they tell me. And I am quite ready to believe it as I see the comfortable houses of the fine old colonial type, large and roomy, set well back from the street for the most part, with their stately old elms by the roadside, their neat flower gardens in front, their white picket fences, and their refreshing green blinds.



Gen. S. H. Gale.

Fronting the common and half hidden by lilac bushes, shaded by four magnificent black walnut trees which were certainly in at the birth of this century and may reasonably hope to see it die, stands a spacious mansion with an air of evident self-esteem. It is the home stead of Josiah Bartlett and the black walnuts were brought by him from Philadelphia on the occasion of his attending his first session of the Continental Congress. The slips of the black walnuts were brought by him and his colored servant all the way on horseback.

Across both common and street and set well back from the highway is the town-house, the lower floor being occupied by the town schools. These are maintained on the old academy foundation, are sustained upon the original charter, and are controlled by a board of trustees, just as the institution was two score years ago when Edward F.

Noyes, afterward governor of Ohio and United States minister to France, was fitting for college here and Col. Thomas W. Knox was teaching here in blissful ignorance of the rambles in store for him with his "Boy Travellers."

Kingston academy was one of the old-time stock company institutions of learning, and in its day was the kind mother of many a sturdy lad who has since made his mark in the world. Its alumni roll awakens memories of more than one famous family of the days when talent was hereditary. Jonathan Fifield Sleeper taught here and here his son, John S., afterward editor of the Boston *Journal*, was born. Here Professor John P. Marshall of Tufts college was born and educated, and also Professor Warren T. Webster of Adelphi academy, Brooklyn, and his brother, William Franklin, who held the chair of chemistry at Brown university. Professor Henry French of Brown is another native of Kingston who studied in the old academy.

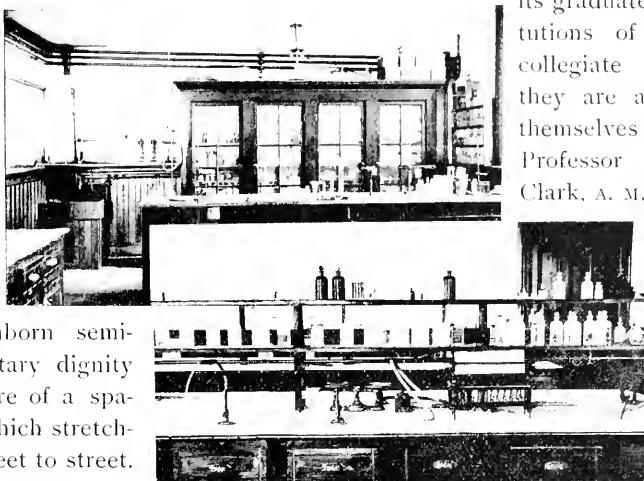


L. G. Hoyt, Esq.

The decadence of the old academy has no mourners, for in its stead has come a noble gift to the people of Kingston. A little down the street and on the opposite side from the academy,

dead relative really intended the munificence which his will and testament declared.

For six years the school has been in operation and in that time it has sent its graduates into institutions of the highest collegiate rank where they are acquitted themselves honorably. Professor Charles H. Clark, A. M., is the prin-



Laboratory Interiors.

stands Sanborn seminary in solitary dignity in the centre of a spacious lot which stretches from street to street. Within the corridor of the stately pile stands a marble bust with an inscription beneath which tells of Major Edward Stevens Sanborn, whose bust it is and whose generosity erected the building and endowed the seminary. The building was erected in 1883, but it was six years after that before the first class was received within its walls. It had taken that long for the courts to convince clamorous contestants that their

capital, and has been ever since the school was opened. Mr. Clark is a graduate of Bowdoin college and studied in Paris and Berlin. Under his wise guidance the seminary has set out in a broader educational path than most schools of like grade care to tread. Himself an ardent scientist, he has kept the school up to the demands of the modern educational systems and

it is probable that in no school in the state can there be found more thoroughly equipped laboratories or more enthusiastic, painstaking, and genuine scientific research. The classics are not slighted, however, and in every respect Sanborn seminary is



Kimball's Carriage Factory.

found to meet the educational requirements of the studiously disposed. Here in this peaceful village is the atmosphere of scholarship. The drooping elms, the quiet streets, the surrounding forest, the silvery lake, the romantic groves, all conduce to study—of books, or nature which is here stretched wide open before one.

Flanking the seminary and skirting the shore of a beautiful sheet of water and lining a street which forks away from the parade at its farthest reach, stand two churches and the Masonic hall. The two churches are the Congregational and the Methodist Episcopal. Another, the Universalist, stands farther down the road and at East Kingston is still another; while every one of the half dozen hamlets in town boasts another. Architecturally they are of their type typical. Spiritually they are of their type typical, also; and the rural church of New England has been recently enough portrayed in print to bear omission here.

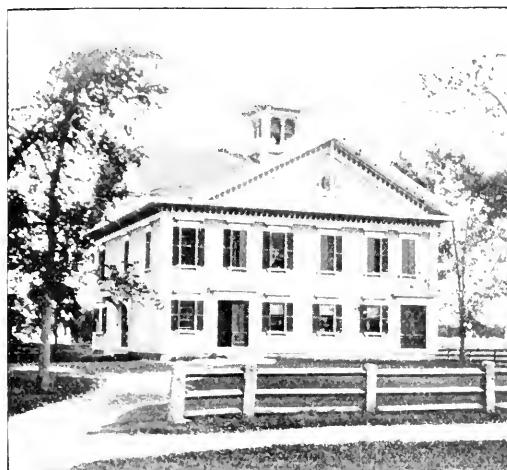
The Masonic building is a credit to the place and would do honor to a much larger constituency. It was erected through the exertions of a few devoted brothers and is probably unique among buildings of its class. It was dedicated without a debt.

Commercial Kingston is not much to boast of. Its carriage business has already been mentioned as second to

but one place in the state. Take out its few saw-mills and count in the brick-yards at East Kingston and the sum total is not imposing. But there is one industry in Kingston that, while not of great magnitude, deserves to be singled out as unique. It is the manufacture of sterilized milk for babes and invalids. The process is a secret one and is carried on at Kingwood Farm under the direction of Mrs. Frances Fisher Wood of New York city. At Kingwood Farm sterilized milk was first produced in this country in commercial quantities, and the experiment was made by Mrs. Wood after having first observed the effect of the preparation upon her own child. Kingwood milk is taken from a herd of registered Jerseys and is of great richness and purity. It is treated in

a building erected and fitted up for the purpose, and the herd is quartered in a stable which has all the latest wrinkles in the way of sanitation and equipment.

The men of Kingston are of the reputable sort that one would expect here, and are thrifty withal. I have said that the place is wealthy; it is also energetic. Its industries are not great, but they are not allowed to be sluggish; and in the course of events it has naturally come about that a good many comfortable fortunes have been rolled up about Kingston Plain. In politics,

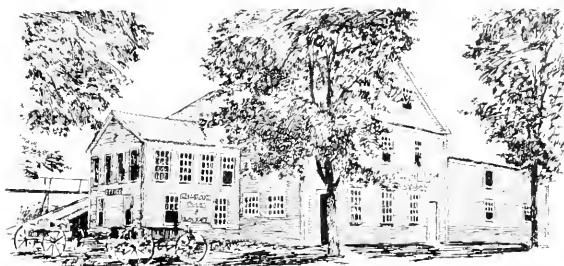


Town Hall and Academy.

too, when a Kingston man has set out upon honor bent, he has more often than not achieved it. Of the present generation the Hon. Amos C. Chase represents both the Kingston man in business and the Kingston man in politics. As a carriage manufacturer he earned a reputation for his wares

Burr Oakes is another Kingston boy who has made a notable place for himself in the world, his connection with financial operations in the West being both varied and extended.

This town is two hundred years old, but it probably has not aged much in the last fifty years. It looks out calmly



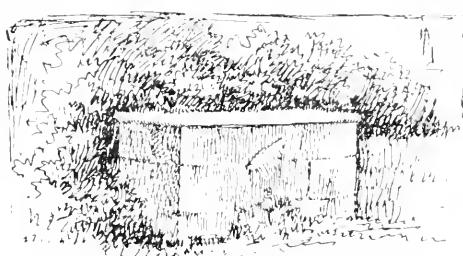
One of the Factories.

and amassed a competence, and as a politician he passed successively through both branches of the legislature and sat in the governor's council. A native of East Kingston, who is just now coming forward in the political arena, is General Stephen H. Gale of Exeter, who has just been elected to the state senate and is just quitting service on Governor Smith's staff. A bright young Kingston man who has many things in store for him is the present solicitor of Rockingham county, Louis G. Hoyt, Esq.

It is the Kingston man abroad, however, who has added to the renown of the town and gained fortune for himself. One such a son of the old town is Charles E. Morrill of Chicago, who as Western manager of the Valentine Varnish Company has doubtless reached a higher position in the business world than any other son of the town. His summer home is at East Kingston and more than one generous deed betokens his affection for the place of his birth. Charles

into the years of its third century. Its two hundredth birthday passed without notice, in the lordly disregard of anniversaries which centuries produce. When next May rolls round its foremost citizen will have been dead an hundred years. That anniversary may likewise fail of notice; it will be all the same in another century. But the life of a town does not depend upon anniversaries or departed statesmen; it is rather in the character of its citizenship, the advantages it offers its youth, its moral purposes.

Judged by this standard why may not Kingston live to disregard its millennial?



Tomb of Josiah Bartlett.

## THE GARDENS OF NODDY.

(A MOTHER-SONG.)

*By Edward A. Jenks.*

Down in the Gardens of Nid-nod-Noddy,  
Whither my pretty baby's going,  
Nicest things and sweetest things for every baby body  
Are growing—growing——growing.  
Little white pearls, like peas in a poddy,  
Out through the rosy gates are peeping,  
Down in the Gardens of Nid-nod-Noddy,  
Where my baby's creeping.

Still are the Gardens of Noddy, and shady—  
None can be warmer or lighter :  
Mama is the sunlight and starlight—the lady  
That makes the gardens sweeter and brighter  
For every little baby boy and every little maidy  
That listens to the song she is humming  
(Down in the gardens where the birdies keep shady).  
“Nid-nod-Noddy’s coming !”

Daffodils and poppies, hollyhocks and clover,  
Down in the Gardens of Noddy,  
Nod their pretty sleepy heads, over and over,  
To every little sleepy-headed body  
That wanders through those dreamy aisles to find a cosy cover  
Where the Nodheads in their hammocks are swinging—  
Where are buttercups and daisies, golden-rod and clover,  
Sleepily—sleepily——singing.

Bees are stealing honey, and all about us flying,  
Looking for my pretty darling, maybe,  
But if in Mama’s drowsy lap they find him snugly lying,  
They’ll dare not kiss my blue-eyed little baby.  
In the Noddy gardens all the sights and sounds are dying—  
Mama’s loving eyes have ceased their beaming ;  
All the world has drifted off, like summer clouds aflyng—  
Baby’s dreaming—dreaming.

## AN OLD HOMESTEAD.

THE HOME OF DEACON JACOB HARRIS IN ASHBURNHAM, MASS., 1769-1826.

*By William S. Harris.*

Just over the Massachusetts border, on the watershed between the Merrimack and Connecticut valleys, rises the rounded, symmetrical form of Watatic Mountain, which can be seen from many elevated positions throughout the southern half of New Hampshire. Watatic is the culminating point of the hill town of Ashburnham, Mass., and reaches an altitude of about 1,850 feet above the sea. From this summit, in the northeastern corner of the town, the line of the watershed runs south and west, over Little Watatic Mountain, 1,500 feet above the sea, and Meeting-house Hill, but 200 feet lower, dividing the town midway, the eastern and southern sections draining into the Nashua river, and the remaining portions into Miller's river.

Between Little Watatic and Meeting-house Hill, where the line of the watershed crosses a low, broad swell of land, 1,100 feet above sea-level, is situated the old Harris homestead which forms the subject of this sketch. The ancient house, built by Deacon Jacob Harris about 1769, and forming the family homestead for more than a half century, remains in 1894 with but little change, and is now the oldest house in the town. The outlook is beautiful in every direction. In front, a mile away to the south, is Meeting-house Hill, where in former days the people of the town went up to worship, and where now many generations repose in the ancient cemetery upon its summit. Toward the north is Little Watatic in plain view, with the

towering peak of Monadnock upon one side and Great Watatic upon the other peering over the nearer hills.

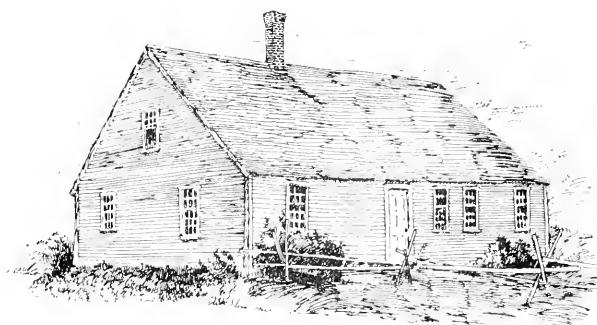
The tract of land which in 1765 was incorporated as the town of Ashburnham was granted in 1735 to sixty proprietors, most of them soldiers who had served under Capt. John Withington of Dorchester in the expedition into Canada in 1690. On this account the grant was called Dorchester Canada. A few settlements were made at once, and in 1739 was erected the first meeting-house, which was the first framed building in the place. Following the custom of the time, the house of worship was placed on a lofty hill for greater security against the Indians. At a meeting of the proprietors in 1736, the location chosen by a committee for the meeting-house was accepted, and the record says: "The Meeting House Lot Contains 10 acres lying square and it Lieth on a Hill 180 Rods South of a Greate Pond and has a very fair Prospeck."

A very fair prospect, indeed! The "Greate Pond," long called Meeting-house Pond, but now dignified with the name of Lake Naukeag—a mile and a quarter in length, dotted with its seven islands, several of them now bearing pretty summer cottages, lies directly at the foot of the hill, while beyond the lake, rising grandly over the nearer slopes and foothills, is the noble form of Mount Monadnock.

Troubles with the Indians, and the insecurity of the frontier, hindered the

growth of the new settlement of Dorchester Canada, and its meeting-house was long unfinished and unoccupied, the first settled minister, Rev. Jonathan Winchester, from Brookline, being ordained pastor in 1760. When the French and Indian War came to an end with the Peace of Paris in 1763, the infant settlement, like others similarly situated, rapidly grew by immigration from the older towns toward the seaboard, and in 1765 the colony attained to the dignity of a town with the name of Ashburnham. In the decade from

Oct. 26, 1769, and about that time cleared up his farm from the primitive woodland and built his house,—a house which was destined to be his home until near the close of a long and honorable life, and the birthplace of his seven children. The house as it now appears is long and low, of one story, of steeply sloping roof, facing south, with four windows on the front, three of them on the east side of the front door. The old chimney, of such enormous proportions as the custom of those early times demanded, was some years ago taken



Harris House.

1760 to 1770, large numbers of immigrants settled there, Harvard being one of the towns most largely drawn upon. Among the many who at this time went from Harvard to Ashburnham was Jacob Harris, who came in 1767, being then a young man of twenty-six. He was born in Ipswich, the ancestral town, in February, 1741, and his father, Richard Harris, removed thence to Harvard two years later, his object being to get away from the sea so that his sons might not become sailors. A few years after Jacob came to Ashburnham and before the Revolution, his younger brother Nathaniel followed his example and settled in the same town.

Jacob Harris married Elizabeth, the daughter of Rev. Jonathan Winchester,

down and a small modern one substituted, thus adding much room to the interior of the house and detracting much from its antique appearance outwardly. The windows are of the old style, with nine small "seven-by-nine" panes in the lower sash and six in the upper.

Deacon Harris was one of the substantial men of the town and church, was highly respected and often called to positions of trust. He was second sergeant in the town militia company, formed in 1774, and in 1778 he was a member of the "Committee of Correspondence." He had already, while a young man at Harvard, had some experience in military affairs. When only eighteen he was in the company of Capt.

Aaron Willard of Lancaster, under Gen. Jeffry Amherst in the campaign of 1759 against the French and Indians. In 1762, he was one of the soldiers stationed at Crown Point under Capt. Thomas Farrington of Groton to garrison that fort. He was selectman of Ashburnham in 1781, moderator of the town meeting, 1796, assessor for fifteen years between 1779 and 1798, and member of the school committee two years, 1812-'13. Jacob Harris and Elizabeth Winchester, whom he married the same year, joined the church in 1769. In 1788 he was chosen deacon, which office he held until his death thirty-eight years later.

The first wife of Deacon Harris, Elizabeth Winchester, died June 21, 1782, aged 31 years and one day. Her children were Betsy, Samuel, Jacob (who died young), and Sally. His second wife, whom he married Aug. 21, 1783, was Mrs. Anna (Meriam) Warren, widow of Samuel Warren. She died Sept. 13, 1790, aged 36 years, and leaving three children, Martha, Jacob, and Eunice. His third wife, whom he married Oct. 11, 1792, was Mrs. Ruth (Pool) Pratt, widow of Edward Pratt. She died Nov. 11, 1817, aged 66 years. Her daughter by her first husband, Ruth Pratt, born in New Ipswich, N. H., Aug. 29, 1779, married, April 17, 1798, Samuel, son of Deacon Jacob Harris, who became a minister and was pastor of the church in Windham for twenty-one years.

Near the centre of the old cemetery on Meeting-house Hill reposes the dust of the three wives of Deacon Harris and his two children, Jacob and Sally, who died in Ashburnham. Not far away are the graves of the Rev. Jonathan Winchester and his wife "Madam Sarah Winchester," that of the former, who died in 1767, being marked by a

stone erected by the people of Ashburnham and bearing an elaborate eulogy of the revered pastor.

What varied scenes of joy and sorrow, of life and death, has this old house witnessed! What memories and fancies cluster around an old homestead made sacred by the lives and labors of successive generations of our ancestors! This house was the birthplace of the seven children of Deacon Harris, six of whom grew up to maturity and usefulness. The oldest, Betsy, born Sept. 25, 1772, lived to nearly the age of 93, and the old house doubtless witnessed her marriage, on Feb. 13, 1798, to Jonathan Meriam of Gardner. On this occasion she wore the ancient white silk wedding dress which had been originally worn by her grandmother, Sarah Craft, when, on May 5, 1748, she had been married in Brookline to Rev. Jonathan Winchester, and worn again by her mother, Elizabeth Winchester, when she married Deacon Jacob Harris in 1769. Portions of this remarkable wedding dress are carefully preserved, and, along with a plate which belonged to Rev. Jonathan and Madam Winchester, figured at a wedding of one of their remote descendants in 1891.

Samuel Harris, born Aug. 18, 1774, married, as already stated, Ruth Pratt, his step-mother's daughter. He studied for the ministry with Rev. Dr. Samuel Worcester of Fitchburg, and Rev. Dr. Seth Payson of Rindge, N. H.—father of Rev. Dr. Edward Payson—was licensed to preach in 1803 and ordained to the pastorate of the Presbyterian church in Windham by the Presbytery of Londonderry, Oct. 9, 1805. He continued pastor in Windham, respected and beloved, abundant in labors and successful in his ministry until the failure of his voice necessitated his dis-

mission, which took place Dec. 6, 1826. After a few years of rest he was again able to preach and supplied in Dublin, N. H., two years, 1830-'31, Hudson, N. H., two years, and in other places, but retained his residence in Windham until his death, which occurred Sept. 5, 1848. About 1820 he represented the Presbytery of Londonderry in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church, making the journey to Philadelphia, the place of meeting, on horse-back.

Rev. Samuel and Ruth Harris had twelve children, of whom the two oldest sons, Edward Pratt and Samuel, were born in the old homestead in Ashburnham. The former, born Nov. 17, 1802, graduated at Dartmouth College in 1826, studied law, and was a successful practitioner at White River Junction, Vt., and later for many years in Rochester, Mich., and was the father of Judge Edward W. Harris of Port Huron, Mich. Samuel, born Dec. 7, 1804, was a printer in Boston for many years, and a useful and highly respected man.

Sally and Eunice, daughters of Deacon Jacob Harris, did not marry. Martha married Joshua Moore of Westminster, and one of their children is the Hon. John M. Moore of Gardner, for twenty-three years a member of the school committee of that town; in 1855 the youngest member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, again elected in 1870, and in 1881 and 1882 member of the State Senate. Jacob Harris, Jr., married, April 8, 1817, Sophy Smith, a daughter of Joshua Smith, a prominent citizen of Ashburnham. He settled on the homestead with his father, who, the

next November, after the death of his third wife, deeded to him the farm, containing about fifty acres. About this time an addition was built on to the house, comprising the two rooms on the west end, next to the road.

Here they lived until the spring of 1826, when the farm, which Deacon Harris had cleared up from woodland and which had been his home for fifty-five years, was sold, and the family, consisting now of the venerable deacon aged 85, Jacob, Jr., his wife Sophy, and his sister Eunice, removed to Windham, a town already familiar to them from being the home of the Rev. Samuel Harris. Here the remainder of their lives was spent, and here repose their remains. The father died on the 26th of the next September. Jacob, Jr., was a highly respected citizen of his adopted town, and was a ruling elder in the Presbyterian church from 1833 to his death in 1860. Eunice died in 1877, aged 87, the last member of the family born in the old homestead.

The cause of higher education, as well as religion, has found many friends among the descendants of Deacon Jacob Harris. He himself taught school: of his six children who lived to maturity, all taught except Sally, who was feeble in health. Of the ten children of Rev. Samuel Harris who grew up, every one taught more or less except Samuel, who was early apprenticed to the printer's trade. In one line of descent from Deacon Jacob to the daughters of Hon. Edward W. Harris, there have been five generations of school teachers bearing the same family name.

## PASSACONWAY.

*By W. D. Spencer.*

Where the aged, stately forests,  
    In the days of long ago,  
Peopled all the sloping hillsides  
    And the quiet vales below,  
Was the home of Passaconway,  
    Chief of all the Pennacooks,  
Who had wisdom that was greater  
    Than all wisdom found in books.

Never was there such magician  
    In the country north or south,  
And his fame had gone before him,  
    Speeding on from mouth to mouth,  
So that chiefs of distant nations  
    Came to pay the homage due  
To a monarch who had secrets  
    That no other mortals knew.

Etchemins and Abenaquis  
    Kneeled before him in their awe,  
Feeling that his wrath was fatal,  
    Knowing that his word was law :  
Power was his to burn the waters  
    That before his wigwam shone :  
To create a living serpent  
    From the dead one's skin alone.

He could change himself at pleasure  
    To the nature of a flame,  
And could make the trees about him  
    Dance, whene'er he spoke their name ;  
He could raise a fair green leaflet  
    From the ashes of one dead ;  
But of all his many wonders  
    Not one half could well be said.

Yet there is one little legend,  
    That was told among the rest,  
Which, though now almost forgotten,  
    Seems to be by far the best :

Passaconway had a daughter,  
 Whom he loved next to his sons,  
 For she was in truth the fairest  
 Of her nation's fairest ones.

Far away in Newichwanic  
 Dwelt a noble chieftain's son,  
 Who had often come to woo her  
 And her heart at last had won :  
 But her father loved to see her  
 Flitting near his wigwam door  
 And his heart was all unwilling  
 To behold her there no more.

So time passed, the winter coming  
 Burdened all the trees with snow  
 And anon the budding springtime  
 Thrilled with life the earth below ;  
 All the world seemed truly happy  
 To these people of the wilds  
 But the face of Passaconway  
 Troubled at his loving child's.

One bright day when she had wandered  
 Far beyond the village ground,  
 Seeking for an early flower,  
 Noting every woodland sound,  
 From the green leaves just above her  
 Leaped a panther hungry-eyed,  
 Crushing with its powerful body  
 All her senses, so she died.

As they broke to Passaconway  
 News they felt their chief must know,  
 From his eyes, so unaccustomed,  
 Drops like rain were seen to flow,  
 But he would not give permission  
 That they should avenge the sin,  
 Though his son, young Wonolancet,  
 Would among the first have been.

Soon he calmed their wilder passions,  
 Telling them that there was one  
 From among the Abenaquis  
 He had loved to call his son ;

And that this one, as avenger  
     Of the maiden loved by all,  
     Should pursue the wily panther  
         And his hand should cause its fall.

Thus the old magician waited  
     While a half a moon went by,  
     When, one day, from Newichwanie  
         Drew the lover chieftain nigh :  
     Then the aged Passaconway  
         Went to meet him all alone,  
         Fearing lest the ears of others  
             Might suspect his lowest tone.

As he spoke the young chief's fingers  
     Pressed more tightly to his side,  
     Where a shining hilted dagger  
         In its leathern noose was tied ;  
     But his eyes were shining brighter  
         Than his hilt of English steel,  
         And his rage was great within him,  
             Such as wounded creatures feel.

So when he had learned the markings  
     That the wily panther bore,  
     Deep into the depths of woodland  
         All unknown to him before,  
     Rushed the brave at paces headlong,  
         Where at last he found the foe,  
         And in fighting with the monster  
             Fell beneath its fatal blow.

Yet his hand had dealt a death-blow  
     In the creature's tawny side,  
     Whence her life blood quick outpouring  
         All his face with crimson dyed ;  
     Here they lay locked fast together,  
         Where no Indian ever came  
         To behold the signs of struggle,  
             Or to call the hero's name.

Then the lonely Passaconway,  
     When he knew that both were dead,  
     Set beside his wigwam doorway  
         A wild rose-bush, it was said :

This he tended through the springtime  
 Till the season in its wake  
 Caused two beautiful white roses  
 From two tiny buds to break.

And when these at last had faded  
 And were falling to decay,  
 He, preserving every petal,  
 Laid it secretly away ;  
 But 'twas said, these were the spirits  
 Of the lovers, man and wife,  
 Who had blossomed in the rose-bush  
 To a sweeter, purer life.

## OUR ATTEMPT AT MANSFIELD.

*By Milo Benedict.*

On my list of places in New England to be explored, Mt. Mansfield has long stood at the very top. Only a few days ago (the last of September, '94,) I had the extreme satisfaction of treading on the very foot of the grand old mountain, but for reasons which I shall presently explain, I was prevented from making any further exploration in the direction of the summit; and later when I had retired far back upon the plain the old "Man," without smiling, remarked with mild rebuke: "The multitude is satisfied with distant recognition of me; fond admirers draw near for a season; but the true lover does not falter till on my very chin he plants his foot!"

I had indeed made an attempt to plant both my feet on Mansfield's chin; but on the occasion of my visit to the mountain, such an act would have been not only futile, it would have resulted in the loss of my life. True lover though I am, I could n't give up my life for a stone heart, however simple a thing it might be to do so for one of flesh and blood.

The excursion had long been planned. The date was fixed, and I was to decide our going by being at a given place at a given time. I was in New York state near the famous Au Sable Chasm, and was to be at Burlington, Vt., on a certain evening, provided I could see in the sky premonitions of a fair day following.

There were no newspaper opinions about the weather I could get hold of, and probably I should not have heeded them if there had been any; for in any case where a knowledge of the weather is absolutely a matter of moment no one ever goes to the weather bureau, but to the weather itself. So I climbed to the top of a high fence, from which elevation I could see over vast stretches of country and into limitless sky. Everything was beautiful and serene. I only questioned whether it were not too beautiful and serene to be desirable. Somehow the most beautiful things, like fine strains of music, have an almost fatal tendency to end suddenly. We had had a series of matchless days—that is, each one surpassing its predecessor, and now

it did not seem as if Nature, by any power within her, could produce anything more perfect than the present moment. Perfect days seemed an established precedent, and I could find no sign abroad that there was anything coming to disturb this rare equilibrium of the elements.

I went to Lake Champlain and sat on an old scow that had been shoved up on the sand several feet from the water, and waited for the steamboat. There was not a ripple on the broad lake, and the line where the sky and water met in the north could hardly be distinguished. Such exquisite tints, such tender, soft lights, such vast and beautiful repose! This seemed to be Nature's supreme moment, and again I feared she might immediately do something desperate, perhaps purposely to shake up complacent and unappreciating humanity. I saw the steamboat far away like a white swan, turning the point. But even before she appeared I heard the low thunder of her paddle-wheels when she could not have been nearer than twelve miles. Rarely does one hear like that! Through the opalescent sky two big white gulls were sailing with that marvelous ease so fascinating to the eye, and so characteristic of birds that live mostly on the wing. Conspicuous in the north was the great Bluff Point Hotel casting a long, faint shadow across the glassy water, and in the east there was Mt. Mansfield, the object of my journey, standing like a sentinel, and wearing the color of a turquois.

When I arrived at Burlington my friend praised our prospects, and we made arrangements to leave the house at sunrise. We breakfasted by gas-light. The carriage was ready at the time appointed, and having stored under the seat luncheon, grain, blankets, extra-heavy coats,

field-glass, and telescope, we drove away in an atmosphere so dense that our hat-brims dripped water into our faces. Our clothes soon became very wet, but the water didn't dampen our spirits. "This is really a good sign," I said to my friend. "Some of the finest days of the season begin in this way. A wet blanket, then a blotting paper, and then a poem. I think we shall have the poem at dinner on top of the mountain." The wheels of our carriage left white lines behind them, and by that we knew that we were the first travellers abroad. Many an early housewife thought we were driving the milk-wagon, and in the air the fumes of many a breakfast wafted strong into our nostrils. Here was the floating essence, very rich and nutritious, of broiled sirloin; at another place the elixir of Old Government Java was wasting on the air; then a pan of doughnuts tempted our palates, and a broiling ham with fried eggs tried to mix with the fog. Then there was hash made of various materials, and brown-bread, and hot rolls, and the smoke of toasted biscuits, and the fat ghosts of crisp slices of pork—the most delicate parts of all these things were floating about us; indeed we could have gathered enough for a full meal as we went along. But as every desire for food had been abundantly satisfied before starting we were constrained to keep our mouths shut for fear of over-eating.

As we drove by the new barracks we looked about to see some of the newly arrived guards. But it was too early for them, and the only one on guard was the spider in his beaded web on the wire-fence. The mist now began to separate and move away in white clouds. The sun's pale disc appeared. There was evidently to be a change in the weather. There was a breeze! A breeze, how-

ever, we were sorry to admit, from the wrong direction. It was east. It cleared up the meadows, gave the sun full play upon the gorgeous hills and pumpkin fields. It chopped the clouds into flying chunks, made the crows fly out of their course, brought down showers of leaves, besides making our carriage draw at times very hard. But that was not the worst of it. It created the biggest, densest cloud I ever saw, and planted it over the back of the very mountain we were headed for. "You want to keep right along past the school-house and turn off to your left right into the field there. Do n't mind if ye do n't see no road, but keep a goin'. It's good five miles to the top," said the man at the cheese factory, delivering his speech with extraordinary gestures.

We kept accordingly right along. Civilization was now at our backs. We travelled to the last house close up to the mountain, where we intended to leave our horse and start on afoot. It was a rude building, with the windows boarded up. We were much surprised to find the place inhabited, there was an air of such painful desolation about it. On the hill near by there was a sturdy old man beating a brush-fire. We shouted to him something about the road, and he replied, "Yes, you're on the right road; but ye better keep off the mountain to-day."

"I guess he's right about it," said my friend. The old man came down and explained further.

"No man could go up there to-day, sir. You hear that roar, do n't ye? There's a terrible hurricane there to-day, sir, the worst we've had for years. You'd lose your trail sure to-day, sir, in that big cloud, and ye could n't get anywhere near the top, sir. Ye'd be blown off like a feather. Ye could n't crawl

on your hands and knees before that hurricane. That's a fact, sir. Why, my son went up there with three other fellers last week and there was n't no wind here to speak of, and when they got up they had to lay down on the rocks to keep from bein' blown over the precipice. My son never got back till midnight, and the other fellers didn't get back till morning, sir. And they were pretty well used up, I can tell ye. One of 'em didn't have hardly a rag o' clothes on him, sir, hardly a rag! And he was all bruised up and bleedin'. They knew there was some wind, but they did n't expect nothin' like what they found. If it blew so then, what d' ye think it would be to-day?"

We did not need to be told that there was a gale on the mountain. That formidable cloud, the edge of which was descending rapidly towards us and mysteriously disappearing at a certain point, was as forcibly expressive as the old gentleman himself about the condition of the weather. We had no intention of going into the cloud, but we had indulged in a hope that it might blow off and leave the summit bare before noon; then we could make the ascent.

"No, sir. You won't see the summit to-day, sir. I never saw a cloud like that blow off in one day with the wind as it is now, sir, and I've lived here thirty years."

All we could see of the mountain under the white cloud was as dark as night. The trees and rocks wore a ghastly, livid look, as if smitten with fright.

"Shall we go a little way up?" asked my friend.

"If you wish. But as for myself, I am perfectly satisfied to look on at this safe distance. I think it would be decidedly hazardous to set foot in that

direction. The old man's thirty years' experience ought to make his predictions pretty reliable. He says the cloud is there for all day and possibly longer, and may we not as well give it up? It's a grand sight, what we see, and I think we are well paid for our efforts."

We took a long look, and then turned around. We dined in Jericho, and

arrived home several hours earlier than we were expected.

The next morning we were not surprised to find in the newspaper an account of a terrific storm working great damage all along the coast, and extending over large portions of New England and the Middle states. The old man was right. It was a hurricane.

## TO MY BROTHER ON THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING.

*By Walter M. Rogers.*

[A poem read at the golden wedding of John P. Rogers, son of John and Nancy Rogers, of Plymouth, N. H., formerly a citizen of Plymouth, but now residing in Boston, Mass.]

My brother dear, whose mortal span  
Outruns the allotted age of man,  
We gather at your board to-night  
While Time's gray mile-stones mark its flight.

Through vistas of the vanished years,  
Sunshine and shadow, hopes and fears,  
Alternate in the passing show  
Of half a century's onward flow.

We greet you here with loving hearts  
And loyalty which time imparts;  
While memory's reproducing power  
Recalls again your nuptial hour.

Fifty years! how long it seems!  
Shadowy as the land of dreams.  
The scythe of Time has cropped the flowers  
Whose fragrance filled those earlier hours.

Yet memory treasures to the last  
"The raked up ashes of the past,"  
As round the broken vase and vine  
The lingering rose scents still entwine.

The plow-share passes not in vain  
Through soil which later yields its grain,  
Nor vainly human hearts must share  
The furrowing plow of earthly care.

In closer bonds our hearts are tied,  
As Time's swift currents onward glide;  
Our souls in deeper love shall blend,  
Till life's last mile-stone marks its end.

## THE FAMILY AT GILJE.

A DOMESTIC STORY OF THE FORTIES.

*By Jonas Lie.*

[Translated from the Norwegian by Hon. SAMUEL C. EASTMAN.]

### XIII.

The captain's house, freshly painted red, stood there on the hillside through the summer, and looked out over the country; it had become like a beautiful ornament.

But Great-Ola did not see how it was. Since the painting the captain was not like himself in some way or other. It did not have the right good luck with it. He came out there one time after another, and forgot what he came after, so that he must turn back again. Not a bad word to be heard from his mouth any longer, far from that, he did not box one's ears.

The captain did not feel safe from dizziness this year. He went about continually making stops, and the one who must always go with him on his different trips over the grounds, stop when he stopped and go when he went, was Inger-Johanna. It was as if he seemed to find strength for himself in her erect carriage, and besides wanted to make sure that she was not going about grieving.

"Do you believe that she will ride or drive?" he asked ma out in the dining-room. "She stands there, planting here and there and taking up and putting down in the garden: she is not accustomed to that now, Ma, you see, I think, she is going there so seriously. But can you imagine what will become of her? Huh," he sighed.

"Nay, can you imagine it?" He took a ladle of whey out of the tub—"drink good whey, that thins the blood and prolongs life, Rist says,—so that she can be captain's daughter the longer here at Gilje—I have thought of it, Ma. I am not going down to the sheriff's birthday on Thursday. Thinka is soon coming up, and—

"Oh, it is good to drink when one is thirsty."

On that same above named Thursday, the captain went about more than commonly silent and taciturn. Not a syllable at the dinner table from the time he sat down, till he rose again and peevishly, heavily trudged up the stairs in order to take his after-dinner nap as it now should be, sitting and only for a moment.

He did not know whether he had closed his eyes or not; it did n't matter either.

He rushed out of the office door—

Suppose, they are now talking among themselves, Scharfenberg and the others. Just as amusing as to run the gauntlet through the whole country to travel down there.

He stood absorbed before the great clothes-press out in the hall, when Inga-Johanna came up there.

"Will you see something?" said he—

"Your long boots when you were small."

She did not like to go into the house-keeping, but developed a great activity in outside affairs. For the present the garden must be enlarged, the beds must be measured and spaded and the hedge planted, for Thinka's coming upon a visit.

With a straw hat on she was in the garden from early morning. It was such peace in being able to work in the fresh air, and in escaping from sitting over the sewing, and thinking.

—The captain went about shrinking from the drill.

Ma had several times decided to send for Rist; but now she and Inger-Johanna in consultation determined to make a serious thing of it.

Such a calming down always followed, when he came.

Of course he should go to the drill-ground,—a little lively marching in rank and file took off the fat so effectually and put the blood swimming round in order as it should go. “ Still you have never yet talked about your head swimming when you were in camp, Jaeger. It is just the right treatment, if you want to be allowed a glass of punch again on this side of Christmas.”

While Gülcke was on the circuits, Thinka came up on a visit.

The sisters were at home again together, talking as in old time; but neither of them wondered any longer what there might be in the outside world.

They knew that so well, both of them.

He felt so comfortable, the captain said, when he saw Thinka sitting there with her knitting-work and a novel, either out on the stairs or in the sitting-room.

“ She is herself satisfied with her lot now, is n't she? ” he said to Ma.

He came back to it so often; it was as if he had a secret disquietude on that point. By getting an insight into the

matter through Inger-Johanna he had to a degree got his eyes opened, at least to the extent of a suspicion, to the possibility that a woman could nevertheless be unhappy in a good match.

Then on the other hand his constant consolation was that such as Inger-Johanna must be exceptional examples of humanity—with her commanding nature and intolerance of living under any one's will.

But the ordinary run of girls were not endowed with such lofty feelings and thoughts—and Thinka was as it were made for taking care of and looking after some one.

All the same the question still lay and writhed like a worm in his stomach.

—“ Inger-Johanna! ” said Thinka out on the stairs, “ notice father, how unnerved he looks now, he is walking down there by the garden fence—and is all the time forgetting his pipe: it is not half smoked up before it goes out.”

“ So you think he is so changed,” said Inger-Johanna musing and resuming conversation, up in their room in the evening. “ Poor father; it is so absolutely impossible for him to get over it; I was destined to be a parade horse. But do you believe he would now demand it again of any of us? ”

“ You are strong, Inger-Johanna, and I suppose you are right. But he has become so good,” Thinka said, sighing; “ and it is that what makes me uneasy.”

As the time drew nearer he went about, dreading more and more to go to the camp, so that Ma finally began to believe that perhaps it was not advisable for him to go, since he had himself so little courage or desire for it. During the day he used to go about quite alone, so that he might come to shun people all altogether.

And the first real gleam of light she

had seen for a long time on his countenance was when she notwithstanding proposed him to write to the army-surgeon for a certificate of sickness.

It went on smoothly enough after it was first set in motion. And yet he seemed to repent it, so to speak, when his leave of absence actually lay upon his desk.

He went about annoyed and thought about them all down there. Now Captain Vonderthan would naturally dishonor him before the people on the parade drill-ground; and this one and that one were speculating, he supposed, even now, whether he would not possibly go upon half pay. But he should be sure to disappoint them by lasting as long as possible if he should drink whey the year round.

The time, which was so absorbing and disturbing to his mind, when the drill was taking place, was over at last, and he had already by Ma's remonstrances by degrees reconciled himself to a possible trip to the principal parish, when a scrap of a letter from Joergen was brought in the mail, which put them all in great distress.

He could not endure any longer to sit there as the poorest in his class, and had shipped on board a vessel, which was going to sail that evening for England. From there he hoped to find some means of getting over to America, where he would try to become a blacksmith or a wheelwright or something else. He should not fail to write home to his dear parents what his fate was.

"There, Ma," said the captain with deep trembling voice, when at last he had got a little over his stupefaction, "that Grip has been expensive for us. It is nothing but his teaching."

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The autumn was already far advanced. The snow had come and gone twice, and

had now been swept off by the wind from the slippery, hard frozen road.

The slopes and mountains were white, with red and yellow tones of the frost-touched leaves of the foliage still in many places, and the lake down below was shining coldly blue, ready to freeze over.

There was a humming over the country road on the black frost, so that there was an echo in the quiet October day; one crow was standing and another started up from the hedge post at the sound.

It was the wheels of a cariole, and in it was sitting, with a long whip hanging down behind his back, in cloak and large overshoes, the Captain of Gilje.

He had been ten miles down and had his yearly settlement with Bardun Kleven.

It is true the bailiff had not been willing to let him go out of the house, without compelling him to taste a little brandy in a small tumbler, with a little ale in addition, and a little something to eat. But he had been prudent. It was almost the only trip he had made away from home for a long time, except his visit to the sheriff.

Old Svarten ran over the long flat stretches in the heavy, strong trot to which he was accustomed; the road showed that he was sharp shod with full caulks. He knew that he was not to stop till he had done the three miles to the foot of the steep ascent up the Gilje hills.

It was probably because he was newly shod and the lumps of mud so large and frozen hard; but now he stumbled.

It was the first time it had happened. Perhaps he felt it himself, for he kept on at a brisker trot—but then slackened up by degrees. He felt that the reins were loose and slacker; their folds fell longer and longer down over his shoulders.

The whip-lash hung down as before over the captain's back, only still more slantingly.

He had begun to feel such cold shiverings, just as if he had suddenly got cold all over—and now he had become so sleepy—had such a longing for a nap.

He saw the reins, the ears and hanging mane over the neck of Svarten nodding up and down before him, and the ground beneath him flying away——

It was just as if a crow flew up and made it dark right over his face: but he could not get his arm up to catch it—so let it be.

And there stood the grain-poles, like crooked old witches, crouched down—they wanted to avenge themselves—with straw forelocks they resisted him more and more like goblins and would forbid him to get his arms up to take the reins and drive to Gilje. They were swarming between heaven and earth, as it were, swimming, dancing—were bright and dark. Then there was something like a shout or a crash from somewhere. There was Inger-Johanna come——

Svarten had got the reins quite down over his fore legs: a little more and he would be stepping on them.

From the gentle trot, into which he had at last fallen, he began to walk.

Then he turned his head round—and

remained standing in the middle of the road.

The whip-lash hung down as before. The captain sat there immovable with his head a little tipped back——

They were still on the level, and Svarten stood patiently looking toward the Gilje hill, which lay a bit further on, until he turned his head round again two or three times and looked into the cariole.

Now he began to paw on the ground with one forefoot, harder and harder—so that the lumps flew about.

Then he neighed.

A good hour later in the twilight there was a conversation in an undertone out in the yard, and the sound of a cariole wheel which moved slowly.

Great-Ola was called down to the gate by the man down yonder at the Soergaard: he met the cariole with the captain down in the road.

"What is it?" Ma's voice was heard to say through the darkness from the porch.

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At the entrance of the church-yard, a week later, the old black horse and the young black horse stood before an empty sleigh.

A salute before and after the lowering into the ground informed the country that here lay Captain Peter Wennechen Jaeger.

#### XIV.

About twenty years had passed, and the traffic down in the country store and inn showed an entirely different style both in building and goods. There had also begun to be a route for travellers and tourists in the summer up through the valley.

The snow drifted, so that it lay high up on the steps this Sunday afternoon.

But in the little warm room behind the shop there was jollity. He had come up again, he, the delightful Grip; and now he was sitting there with the shopkeeper, the bailiff's man and execution server.

Only let him get a little something to drink.

"Your health, you old execution

horse!" came in Grip's voice—"when I think of all those whom you have taken the skin off of without ever getting any part in the roast, I can get up a kind of sympathy for you; we are both of us cheated souls."

"Although I have not acquired the learning and sciences,"—began the grey-headed man who had been spoken to, somewhat irritated—"but I insist on"—

"Everything lawful, yes—oh—oh—never mind that, Reierstad,—consider that science is the sea of infinity, and a few drops more or less do not count either for or against. Just peep out a little into the starry night and you will have a suspicion that the whole of the planet, my friend, on which you parade in such a very small crevice, is only one pea in the soup—soup, I say—it is all the same. Is n't that so, Mr.—Mr. Simensen?

He always appealed to the shop boy, who with his small pigs eyes smiled very superciliously and was evidently flattered.

—"And in regard to the last information, one ought to have a little something to re-inforce the oil in the lamp with, Sir."

It was the execution-server, who had stood treat first—a pint and a half bottle of spirits.

The execution-server had a kind of ancient deferential respect for Grip. He knew that he had belonged to the higher sphere, and that he still, whenever he liked it, might show himself both in the houses of the sheriff and of old Rist, places which he never left without improvements in his outfit.

"I will confide a secret to you, Reierstad. If you are a little of a genius, then you must drink—at least it was true in my time. It was a great havoc

of that kind, you see, on account of empty space. Did you not notice something of that?"

"Hi, hi, hi," neighed Simensen.

"Yes, you understand what I mean. Simensen?—a good glass of punch extract in this frost—of yours in the shop would taste so good now, would n't it? I am not at present flush of money: but, if you will have the goodness to put it down."

Simensen caught hold of the idea of course. "All right then."

"As you grease the wheels, the carriage goes you know very well, my dear Simensen—and well there comes the fluid—

"Will you know why we drink?"

"Oh, it can't be so very difficult to fathom that."

"No, no: but yet it may perhaps be placed in a higher light, what a man like you will not fail to appreciate—you know there is a great objection to new illumination fluids besides—you see here!" He seated himself comfortably—"you live in a thin coat and cold, poor conditions,—are ashamed of yourself at heart—feel that you are sinking as a man day by day. If there is a discussion, you don't dare to assert yourself; if you are placed at a table, you don't dare to speak. —And then—only two drams—two glasses of poor brandy for spectacles to see through!—and ein, zwei, drei, marsch! The whole world is another!—you become yourself, feel that you are in that health and vigor which you were once intended for; your person becomes independent, proud, and bold, the words fall from your lips, your ideas are bright, people admire. The two glasses,—only two glasses—I do not refuse however the three, four, five, and six, your health! make the difference—you know what

the difference, is Simensen!—between his healthy and his sick man, while the man, whom the world struck down—well yes—

“But the two glasses carry him always farther—farther—inexorably farther, you see,—until he ends in the work house. That was a big syllogism.”

“Yes, it certainly was,” said Simensen nodding to the execution-server; — “it took half a bottle with it.”

Grip sat there mumbling.

The strong drink had plainly got more and more hold on him; he had been out in the cold the whole day. His boots were wet and in bad condition.

But he continued to drink: almost alone he had disposed of the punch extract.

“Come, come, don’t sit there so melancholy—or there won’t be any more to get,” Simensen warned him.

“No, no—no, no—more syllogisms you mean—something Rejerstad also can understand.”

He nodded his head in quiet, dull self communion.

“Came across an emaciated, pale child, who was crying so utterly helplessly down here. There is much which screams helplessly—you know Reierstad!—if one has first got an ear for the music, and has not a river of tears—there, you drink, drink. Give me the bottle.”

“It were best to get him to bed over in the servants’ room, now,” suggested Simensen.

“Perhaps the pig is drunk,” muttered Grip.

Monday morning he was off again, before the daylight, without having tasted anything; he was shy so early, before he had got his first dram to stiffen him up.

Grip had his own tactics. He was known over very nearly the whole of the country south of the Dovrefjeld.

As he had had fits of drinking and going on a spree so he had had corresponding periods, when he had lived soberly in the capital, studying and giving instruction. Again and again he awoke the most well-grounded hopes in his few old comrades and friends who remained there. A man with such a talent at teaching and such a remarkable gift for grasping the roots of words and the laws of language, not only in Greek and Latin, but right up into the Sanscrit,—might possibly even yet attain to something. Based on his total abstinence for three and four months and his own strong self control, they would already begin to speak of bringing about his installation at some school of a higher grade, when at once entirely unexpectedly it was again reported that he had disappeared from the city.

Then he would pop up again after the lapse of some weeks—entirely destitute, in one of the country districts, shaking and thin and worn out from drink, from exposure, from lying in out-houses and in hay lofts seldom undressed and in a proper bed.

Along in the afternoon he appeared on the sheriff’s farm.

Gülcke was the only one of the functionaries of his time, who still kept his office, after Rist had left. He was still there nursed by a careful wife, who had ever surrounded him with a well being of pillows, visible and invisible.

Grip knew what he was doing; he wanted to find the mistress, while the sheriff was in his office.

She was sitting in an easy chair snugly behind the double windows in the sitting room with her knitting work and the “Wandering Jew” before her, while

her clever sister Thea, an unmarried maiden woman now in the thirties, was looking after the dinner out in the kitchen.

Thinka took the care of the house upon herself after Froeken Gölcke's death, and was her old husband's support and crutch unweariedly the whole twenty-four hours together.

And these greasy, worn books of fiction with numbers on their backs from the city were the little green spot left for her to pass her own life on.

Like so many other women of those times to whom reality had not left any other escape than to take any such man who could support her, in these novels she was reading—in the midst of a very hard, wearing everyday life—she passed a highly-strained life of fancy. Passions were anticipated there which she herself might have had. There were loves and hates, there were to be seen two noble hearts,—in spite of everything,—happily united; or picturesque heroes were consoled, who in despair were gazing into the billows.

There—in the clouds—was continued the life with the unquenchable thirst of the heart and of the spirit, for which reality had not given any firm foothold,—and there the matronly figure, which had become somewhat large, cozily round and plump, and which was once the small slender Thinka, transferred her still unforgotten Aas from one heroic form to another—from Emilie Carlen to James, from Walter Scott to Bulwer, from Alexander Dumas to Eugene Sue.

There in the domestic, bustling sister's place lay the sewing, with a ray of sunshine on the chair.

The dark inlaid sewing-table was Thea's inheritance from Ma. And the silver thimble, with the shell old and worn thin inside and out, broken and

cracked at the top and on the edges, she used and saved, because her mother had used it all her time. It stood, left behind like a monument to Ma—to all the courageous stabs she had given and received, in her nobly slaving, sacrificial—shall we call it life?

It was more at a pressure than by regularly knocking that the door to the sitting-room was opened, and Grip cautiously entered.

"You Grip? No, no, not by the door, sit down up there by the window. Then my sister will get you a little something to eat,—oh, you can manage to taste a little bread and butter and salt meat, can't you?"

"Well, so you are up this way, Grip?"

"Seeking a chance to teach, may I say, Frue," was the evasive reply. "I am told you have heard from Joergen over in America," he hastily added to get away from the delicate subject.

"Yes, only think: Joergen is a well-to-do, rich manager of a machine shop over in Savannah. He has now written two letters and wants to have his eldest sister come over;—but Inger-Johanna is not seeking for happiness any more"—she added with a peculiar emphasis.

There was a silence.

Grip, with a very trembling hand, placed the plate of bread and butter which the girl had brought, on the sewing-table. He had drunk the dram on the side of the plate. There were some twitches on his lips.

"It gives me pleasure, exceeding great pleasure," he uttered in a voice which he controlled with difficulty. "You see, Frue, that Joergen has come to something. I count that as one of the few rare straws which have grown up out of my poor life."

Sleigh-bells sounded out in the road: a sleigh glided into the yard.

"The judge's," Thinka said.

Grip comprehended that he would not be wanted just now, and arose.

Thinka hastened out into a side-room and came in again with a dollar bill—

"Take it, Grip;—a little assistance till you get some pupils."

His hand hesitated a little before he took it.

"One—must—must—"

He seized his cap and went out.

Down by the gate he stopped a little, and looked back.

The window had been thrown open there.

"Air out well after Grip," he muttered bitterly, while he took the direction of the valley, with his comforter high up around his neck and his cap, which down in the capital had replaced his old, curled up felt-hat, down over his ears; in the cold east wind he protected his hands in the pockets of his old thin coat, which was flapping about his thin form.

It was not an uncommon route, whether he went over the mountains in his widely extended rambles in the summer, or, as now, in the short, dark mid-winter, when he was obliged to confine himself to the highway.

This country district had an attraction for him, as it were: he listened and watched everywhere he came for even the least bit of what he could catch up about Inger-Johanna, while he carefully avoided her vicinity.

"The young lady of Gilje," as she was called, lived in a little house up there, which she had bought with one of the four thousand dollars, which old Aunt Alette had given to her by will.

She kept a school for the children of the region only, and read with those of the captain, the newly-settled doctor, and the bailiff's.

And now she had many boys to care

for, for whom she had got places in the country round about, while in the course of years she had striven to get several younger geniuses from there put into the way of getting on down in the cities.

She was imperious, and gave occasion for people's talk, in her unusually independent conduct; but to her face she met pure respect. She was still at her fortieth year delicate and slender, with undiminished even if more quiet fire in her eyes, and hair black as a raven.

She sought for talents in the children like four-leaved clover on the hills, as she was said to have expressed it; and when Grip, down at Thinka's, talked of Joergen's happy escape from his surroundings being one of the few green leaves in his life, he then suppressed the most secret thought he cherished, that her little school was an offshoot propagated by his ideas.

—In the twilight the next afternoon a form stole up to the fence around her schoolroom—the longing to catch, if possible, a glimpse of her drove him nearer and nearer.

Now he was standing close to the window.

An obscure form now and then moved before it.

An uncertain gleam was playing about in there from the mouth of the stove. The candles were not yet lighted, and he heard the voice of a boy reciting something which he had learned by heart, which he did not know well: it sounded like verse—it must be the boys from the captain's farm.

The entry door was open, and a little later he was standing in it listening breathlessly.

He heard her voice—her voice.

"Recite it, Ingeborg—boys are so stupid in any such thing."

It was a poem of the Norwegian his-

tory. Ingeborg's voice came out clearly :—

- .. And it was Queen Gyda,  
The flower of King Harald's spring,  
I wonder if so proud a maiden  
Walks under the wooded mountain side.
- .. Of noble birth she was, and haughty ;  
She would not share,  
The Hordalund and Rogaland girls  
She sent away from the king.
- .. She wanted the whole kingdom  
To the extremest point of land,  
A whole king for a queen,  
For the woman the whole man.”

He stood as if rooted to the floor, until he heard Inger-Johanna say :

“ I will now light the lamps, and give you your lessons for to-morrow.”

Immediately he was away before the window.

He saw her head in the light of the lamp just lighted—that purity in the shape of her eyebrows and in the lines of her face—that unspeakably beautiful, serious countenance, only even more characteristically stamped—that old erect bearing with the tall, firm neck.

It was a picture which had stood within him all these years—of her who should have been his if he had attained to what he ought to have attained in life—if it had offered him what it should have—and if he himself had been what he ought to have been.

He stood there stupefied as if in a dizzy intoxication—and then went away with long strides, when he heard the children coming out into the entry.

His feet bore him without his knowing it.

Now he was far down on the Gilje hills, and the moonlight began to shine over the ridges. He still hurried on ; his blood was excited ; he saw,—almost talked with her.

A sleigh came trotting slowly behind him with the bells muffled by the frost.

It was old Rist, who was sitting nodding in his fur coat, exhausted by what he had enjoyed at Gilje.

“ If you are going over the lake, Grip, jump on behind,” he said by way of salutation, after looking at him a little.

“ I tell you, if you could only leave off drinking,” he began to admonish—

Before the lamp thus—it ran in Grip's thoughts—she passed the shade slowly down over the chimney, and a gleam glided over her delicate mouth and chin—the dark, closely-fitting dress—and the forehead, while she bowed her magnificent head—she looked up—straight towards the window—

“ And if you will only try to resist it—at the same time the fit comes on—which is the same as the very Satan himself.”

Grip was not inclined to hear any more, and it was cold to hang on over the lake.

He jumped off and let old Rist continue his talk, in the idea that he was standing behind him.

It was a cold biting wind out on the ice—

For a while he saw his own shadow, with his hands in his coat pockets moving away, while the moon sailed through the clouds—the lamp shone so warmly on her face—

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Three days afterwards, towards evening, Inger-Johanna stood at the window looking out. Her breast heaved with strong emotion.

Grip had died of lung-fever down at the Loevvigaard.

She had been down and taken care of him till now she had come home—talked with him, heard him live in his powerful

fancies, and received his last intelligent look before it was quenched—

The moon was so cold and clear in the heavens. The whole landscape with the mountains and all the great pure forms shone magically white in the forest—

white as in the snow-fields of the lofty mountains—

“The power of the Spirit is great,” she said, sighing in sorrowful, yet trembling meditation—“he gave me something to live for.”

THE END.

v

## THE GREAT FRENCH FAILURE.

### THE Isthmus of Panama and its Unfinished Waterway.

*By Ensign Lloyd H. Chandler, U. S. N.*

Every one knows that the two American continents are connected by a neck of land which is known at its narrowest part as the isthmus of Panama, but few realize the true trend of this land with regard to the points of the compass. In considering the various railroad and canal operations which have made this part of the world famous, it is necessary to always bear in mind the fact that the isthmus here runs in a northeasterly and southwesterly direction and that Panama lies a little over forty miles southeast of Colon or Aspinwall, the

length of the Panama railroad which connects the two being forty-seven and a half miles. The isthmus is thirty miles across at its narrowest and one hundred and twenty at its widest parts.

The first permanent settlement on the isthmus was made in 1510 by a Spaniard named Nicuesa at Porto

Bello, a spot a short distance to the northward and eastward of the present site of Colon. From this town Vasco Nunez de Balboa crossed the isthmus and discovered the Pacific ocean on September 26, 1513. In 1514-15 one Guzman visited a little Indian village on the south coast called by its inhabitants “Panama,” meaning “much fish,” from the abundance of fish in the beautiful bay upon which it was situated. Guzman returned to Porto Bello with such glowing accounts of what he had seen that



View on the Panama Railroad.

in 1518 the governor of the province, Pedrarias Davila, transferred his seat of government to Panama. The new settlement flourished, and in 1521 it was granted a city charter by Charles V. of Spain.

The trans-isthmian route was at first from Porto Bello to Panama by land, but it was soon found that over half the distance could be covered by water in canoes by following up the Rio Chagres, the mouth of which lies about ten miles

about among the massive walls, resting occasionally upon some old cannon ball or rusting manacles, tokens of the cruelty of the once all conquering Spaniard.

This far distant province of the king of Spain did not escape the ravages of the English seamen who roamed the Spanish main in search of booty, for Porto Bello was sacked by Sir Francis Drake in 1586 and again by the famous freebooter Morgan in 1665. In 1670 this same Morgan performed one of the



Panama Railroad Quarters, Colon.

to the westward of Colon, and it was by this route that the stream of early settlers passed on their way to the gold fields of California. The town of Chagres sprang up at the mouth of the river and stands to-day, a miserable collection of tumble-down huts. A fort mounting ten guns was built by the Spaniards to command the mouth of the river, San Lorenzo castle, the ruins of which are now overgrown with vines, trees, flowers, in fact all the wealth of tropical vegetation, thus forming a favorite resort for the beautifully colored birds which flit

most daring feats known to history. After reducing Porto Bello for a second time he stormed and carried the Castle of San Lorenzo, and then with a small body of his piratical crew he fought his way across to the Pacific and captured, looted, and burned Panama in the face of a vastly superior force of Spaniards and Indians.

That city was promptly rebuilt upon a spot about six miles southwest of the old site upon the opposite side of the bay, and all that now remains of old Panama is the crumbling tower of the

cathedral of St. Anastasius and a few heaps of stone. Much of the new town was rebuilt from the material of the old, notably the church of La Mercedes, the stone for which was brought from the ruins of the church of the same name in the old city.

There are a number of noted buildings of great age in Panama, among them being the church of La Mercedes just mentioned, the church of San Felipe

gazing so intently to the westward from the roof of his palace in the old country, replied that he was looking for the walls of Panama; that from their cost they should be high enough to be plainly visible.

In 1850 a number of New York merchants commenced the construction of a railroad to Panama from Limon or Navy bay, a point on the north coast between Porto Bello and Chagres. A



Colon Harbor.

built in 1688, and the cathedral of Panama built in 1760.

It was from Panama that Francisco Pizarro and his associates sailed on their venturesome voyages which ended in the conquest of the land of the Incas.

To guard against any re-occurrence of Morgan's disastrous visit the new city of Panama was surrounded by heavy walls and well defended by guns mounted thereon, at a cost now estimated as about eleven million dollars. It is related that one of the kings of Spain, upon being asked why he was

settlement sprang up on Manzanilla island at the northern terminus which was named "Aspinwall" after the leader of the enterprise. This same town was called "Colon" by the French in honor of Christopher Columbus, and the lawn in front of the De Lesseps house is now adorned by a statue of the great discoverer, a present to the town by the Empress Eugenie in 1870. The railroad was completed in 1855 at a cost of seven million five hundred thousand dollars, and has been in active service ever since as the only practical means



Second Avenue, Colón (Arapinwalli), Panama.

of freight or passenger traffic from ocean to ocean.

The isthmus of Panama belongs to the United States of Colombia, which republic has granted concessions to the French company for the purposes of canal construction. The products and trade of the isthmus itself amount to but little, its whole importance arising from its central position as regards the carrying trade and world.

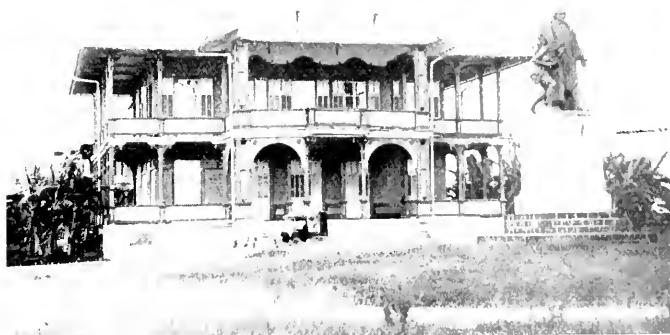
An interesting account of the pearl fisheries which formerly existed in Panama bay is to be found in the "Encyclopedia; or Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Miscellaneous Literature. Printed by Thomas Dobson, at the Stone House,

No. 41, South Second Street, Philadelphia. MDCCXCVIII." In speaking of the country around Panama, Thomas Dobson says:

" . . . It is in general barren and unwholesome, and contributes nothing to trade but pearls.

"The pearl fishery is carried on in the iflands of the gulph. The greatest part of the inhabitants employ such of their negroes in it as are good swimmers. These slaves plunge and re-plunge in the sea in search of pearls, till this exercise has exhausted their strength or their spirits.

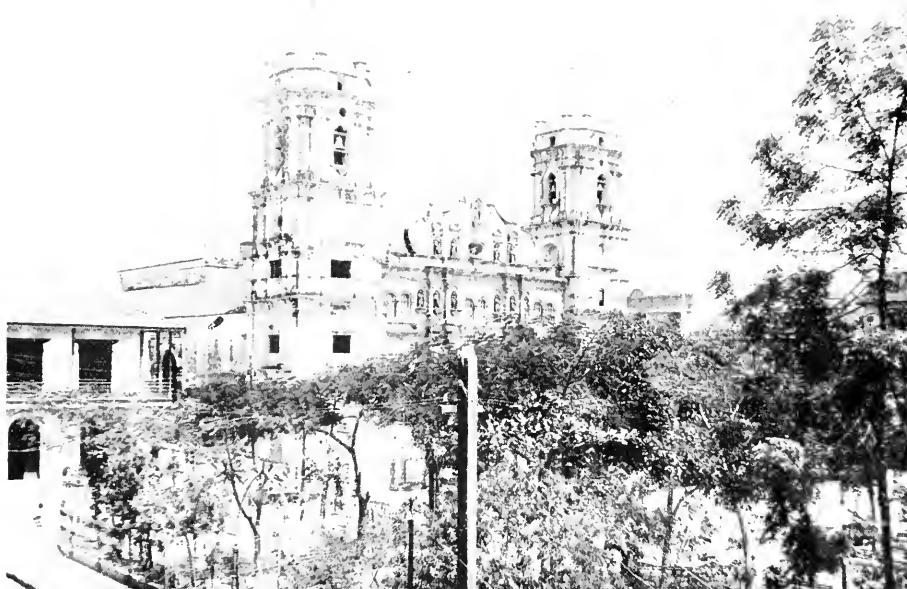
"Every negro is obliged to deliver a certain number



The Columbus Statue and De Lesseps House, Colon.



Railroad Office at Colon.



Cathedral at Panama.

of oyfters. Thoſe in which there are no pearls, or in which the pearl is not entirely formed, are not reckoned. What he is able to find beyond the ftipulated obligation, is confidered as his indiſputable property: he may fell it to whom he pleafes; but commonly he

cedes it to his master at a moderate price.

"Sea monfters, which abound more about the iflands where pearls are found than on the neighboring coafts, render this fishing dangerous. Some of thefe devour the divers in an inftant. The

manta fish, which derives its name from its figure, furrounds them, rolls them under its body, and suffocates them. In order to defend themfelves against fuch enemies, every diver is armed with a poinard: the moment he perceives any of thefe voracious fish, he attacks them with precaution, wounds them, and drives them away. Notwithſtanding this, there are always fome fishermen deftroyed, and a great num-



Garfield House, Panama Railroad, Colon.

ber crippled. The pearls of Panama are commonly of a very fine water. Some of them are even remarkable for their size and figure; these were formerly sold in Europe. Since art has imitated them, and the passion for diamonds has entirely superseded or prodigiously diminished the use of them, they have found a new mart more advantageous than the first. They are carried to Peru, where they are in great estimation."

"This branch of trade, however, infinitely less contributed to give reputation to Panama, than the advantage which it hath long enjoyed of being the mart of all the productions of the country of the Incas that are destined for the old world. These riches, which are brought hither by a small fleet, were carried, some on mules, others by the river Chagres, to Porto Bello, that is situated on the northern



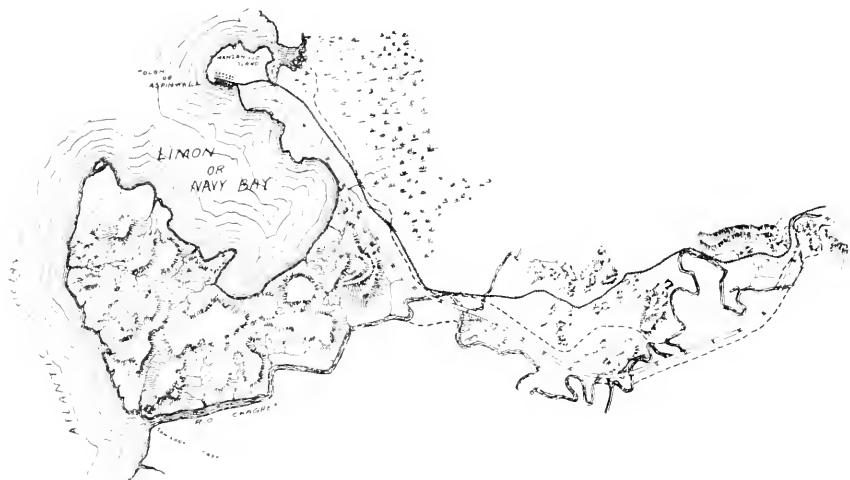
Office of the Panama Canal Company.

coast of the isthmus which separates the two seas."

The "pearl fisheries" were fished out, however, in spite of legal efforts to preserve them, but Panama still continues in possession of the "advantage which it hath long enjoyed of being the mart of all the productions of the country of the Incas that are destined



Canal Hospital, Panama.



COLON SECTION.

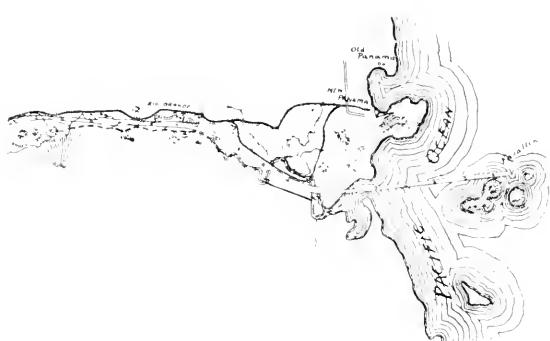


CENTRAL SECTION, SHOWING GAMBOA DAM, AND EMPERADOR AND CULEBRA CUTS.

## THE PANAMA CANAL

FROM  
NORTH TO SOUTH,

BY SECTIONS.



PANAMA SECTION.

## EXPLANATION.

- — — — Dredged Flood Water Channel.
- — — — Route of Canal.
- — — — Panama Railroad.

for the old world," as well as of the enormous trade of many countries that is annually handled by the Panama railroad.

The project of an inter-oceanic canal at Panama was first considered in 1520 when two Flemish engineers made a survey of the isthmus by order of Philip II. The matter was dropped, however, for political reasons.

divide between the Atlantic and Pacific water-sheds. Down the southern slope the Rio Grande flowed to the Pacific, while the Chagres and its tributary, the Rio Obispo, drained the northern slope. The canal was to be cut from Colon up the valley of the Chagres to the mouth of the Obispo, thence up that river and across the divide to the Rio Grande, following the course of the last named



The Plaza, Panama.

In 1826, Domingo Lopez, a native of Colombia, proposed a canal route from Porto Bello to Panama, but the first efficient survey was begun in 1827 by two engineers, Lloyd and Falmark, by direction of General Bolivar. This survey was completed in 1829, and the report was favorable to a railroad if not to a canal.

Many routes have been surveyed but the one finally adopted by De Lesseps and the French is shown in the accompanying plates and may be briefly described as follows:

The highest point of the proposed route was at Culebra, and Emperador, those points being at the summit of the

to the sea near Panama. The canal was to cross and recross the streams whose beds it followed, many times in its whole length, and many of their curves were to be straightened by cuts. The tropical rains and the configuration of the surrounding country are such, however, that the upper Chagres at Gamboa, its junction with the Obispo, has been known to rise as much as sixty feet in a night. The valley of a river of such peculiar characteristics of course could not be invaded by a canal without some special provision for the proper handling of the flood waters.

The original scheme was for a canal

whose general level should be that of the Caribbean sea at Colon, there being practically no rise and fall of the tide at that place, while the tidal variation of twelve feet in the Pacific was to be handled by a tide-water lock at Corozal, near Panama. The great ditch was to be protected on each side by very heavy embankments, on the outside of each of which a water-way was to be constructed by dredging where necessary, which were to carry off the water of the rivers. Thus the Chagres was to be split into two parts, one flowing to the sea on each side of the canal, its eastern tributaries flowing into one stream, and its western ones into the other. These embankments and artificial water courses were to be continued through the valleys of the Obispo and the Rio Grande in a similar manner.

The greatest engineering feat of this plan was to be the construction of a dam forty metres high, four hundred metres in thickness, and over a mile long, across the valley of the upper Chagres at Gamboa, just above the turning point of the canal into the Obispo valley. This was to stop the flow of water which would otherwise fall directly upon the eastern embankment, and was to form a lake between

the hills surrounding the upper Chagres valley, the waste water from which was to be turned, by means of a tunnel and a cut, into the channel running to the Atlantic on the eastward side of the canal embankments. While the rises of the Chagres in feet are very great, and very sudden in the rainy season, still the territory drained by that stream is not large, and the actual quantity of water brought down is not so great as

might be imagined, and a dam at Gamboa as described strong enough to control it seems entirely feasible.

An unexpected difficulty has as yet to be overcome, and that is a sliding bank which exists at the southern end of the Culebra cut. At this point there appears to be an inclined bed of hard clay some distance below the surface of the earth, and as

this is always moist and therefore well lubricated, the soft marl above it slides down the hillside into any cut that may be made there.

The embankments of the Panama railroad and of the Rio Grande at this point would be considerably above the canal and would undoubtedly slide into it, and it would therefore be necessary to carry the river and railroad around one of the adjoining hills in order to get them away from the canal.



Tower at Old Panama.

Beyond the two just described there seem to be no great difficulties in the way of the completion of the canal, for the heaviest cut of 370 feet in depth at Culebra and the lesser one of 190 feet at Emperador are through soft earth and simply demand time and labor. Such being the case the first question naturally asked is as to why the canal has not been a success, and the answer may be divided into several parts.

1. Bad management as to actual work. A glance at the plans shows at once that the construction of the Gamboa dam and protecting embankments for the handling of the flood water, is the most important of all tasks, and yet but little progress has been made in that direction. As a result, every flood has done its part

towards restoring any excavations to their natural condition. In some places where excavations have been made, the earth has been carelessly dumped in such a way as to render moving it again a necessity.

2. Reckless extravagance and absolute dishonesty. Money has been spent like water. The canal route is one vast store-house of tools, from expensive dredgers and locomotives down to the smallest articles, apparently far in excess of any possible needs of con-

struction. These enormous purchases were probably made for the sake of the commissions received by the buying agents. The observer's impression is that only enough work was done on the canal to afford a pretext for the employment of vast sums of money, large portions of which could be diverted to private use with ease. As an example of this extravagance it is stated that the comparatively insignificant hospitals at

Panama, cost over a million dollars.

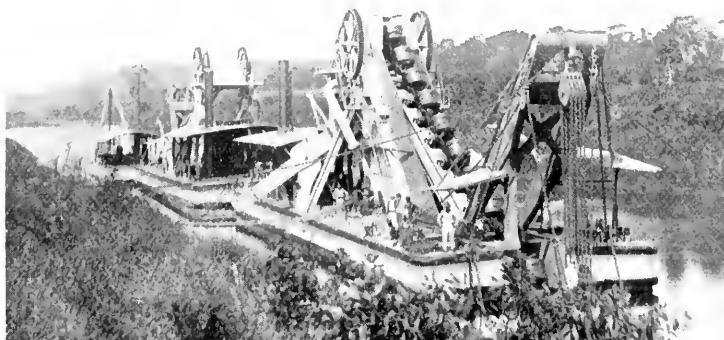
3. The general instability of the French character, which seems to have put its stamp upon the whole work and rendered it trifling and of but little value.

4. The unhealthiness of the climate under ordinary circumstances, which was greatly increased by the enormous

amount of decaying vegetable matter turned up by the dredgers in the swamps. Small-pox, yellow-fever, Chagres fever, and other deadly diseases caused a frightful death rate. A foreign physician resident in Panama says:—"First you have the wet season, lasting from about the 15th of April to the 15th of December, when people die of yellow-fever in four or five days. Next you have the dry, or healthy season, when people die of pernicious fever in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours."



Entrance to Tower at Old Panama.



Dredges.

The mortality among the workmen can be better imagined than described. The official cemeteries at Monkey Hill and elsewhere contain but a small percentage of those poor victims who came to the isthmus never to leave it.

The depth of the Culebra cut has led to the advancement of a plan which calls for the use of locks at Bohio Soldado, and at Paraiso by means of which an inland lake would be maintained at a level of about thirty-five or forty metres above the Atlantic. This was intended to include the upper Chagres valley, and thus do away with the Gamboa dam and tunnel, and the waste

water was to be run out through the locks, or allowed to escape over the lock gates. This would of course prevent the use of the canal during the few days in each year that the Chagres is in flood. The Paraiso locks would in this case replace the one at Corozal.

What the present proposition is, or what will finally come of all these schemes, it is hard to say, for the changeable French nature is still allowing itself full swing in the matter. It is to be hoped, however, that in the near future we shall see waterways opened from both Colon and Greytown to the "great and peaceful sea."

### MY AUNT'S STORY.

*By Katherine Dale.*

You ask me, Katherine, dear, why I always play or sing something from "Il Trovatore" every night before I go to bed. It is my prayer, my religion, just as Gottschalk played "The Last Hope," and if

you wish, dearie, I will tell you the sad story of my life.

I am a gray-haired woman now, and only long to be released from the trials and disappointments of this life, and

meet him who has waited for me so long. But I used to be as gay and light-hearted as you, dearie, without a care in the world, and when I see how happy you are with your lover, it brings my own life back to me like a dream.

You know how my life has always been bound up in music. I began when quite young to study in Boston, and after a few years my father took me to Florence, where I could be under the direction of the great Italian master, Torelli.

Before I left for Italy I was engaged to a wealthy stock-broker, Mr. Cunningham, who was a great friend of my father's. He was much older than I, but my father favored his addresses, and I did not object as I had never seen any man whom I liked better, and was content to let it rest that way, if I could only have my beloved music.

Mr. Cunningham did not care particularly for music, and I knew intuitively that he was always bored whenever he went to the opera with my father and me, as he did quite often.

He came down to the steamer to see us off, and I remember now how perfectly indifferent I was at leaving him for several months, not knowing, of course, whether I should ever see him again or not. He intended crossing the water a few weeks before we returned and coming home with us.

How jubilant and happy I was all the voyage over! I intended to study hard with the maestro and become a great singer, for I had been told that my voice with careful cultivation would be remarkable. My former teacher had said it was full of promise, and had urged me to go abroad and study, and to make music my life-work; which I was only too glad to do, for I glowed in my beautiful voice, and was never so happy as when singing for some music-lover, let-

ting my rich tones flood the room with their melody.

You see, dearie, I was very proud of my voice, and I have no hesitation in telling you everything, for I am past all vanity now. God knows I was wretched enough afterward! It all comes back to me now like a dream. I remember waiting a few minutes for the carriage that was to take my father and me for the first time to the maestro's in Florence, and sitting down to the piano I struck some chords listlessly, and finally wandered into the exquisitely beautiful "Ah che la morte," that wonderful prison song from "Trovatore," which was always my favorite opera. Surely Verdi must have been inspired when he composed that!

How nervous I was, as I stood before the maestro and he looked me over and, finally, having seated himself at the piano, told me to sing anything I chose. I thought it would be nearly impossible to make a sound before that critical audience of one, but at last I mustered sufficient courage and commenced to sing "On rosy wings of love depart," from "Trovatore,"—why I sang that I cannot say, perhaps I felt a presentiment of the future—I do not know.

When I had finished he said nothing, but requested me to show further proof of my musical abilities, which I did; finally, he turned to me and said, "You will do. Come to me each week at this time," and giving me some further instructions dismissed me. He had not praised me very much, but I felt encouraged, for even what he did say was a great deal from one who rarely complimented.

The next week I arrived at the maestro's with my maid a little early, and heard somebody singing in the music room. A superb tenor voice which at

once entranced me. I waited in the anteroom outside, and heard the master say, "Your voice is superb, wonderful, but you have no soul in it. You sing without expression. Throw yourself into it, body and spirit!"

The beautiful voice began again, and much to my surprise and pleasure sang that wonderfully beautiful prison song of Verdi's. The timbre and execution were faultless, but there was an apparent carelessness in the young man's singing which evidently troubled the master, for at the close he turned abruptly to the singer and said, "You have never loved? Ah no, you have never loved and lost your love? I can well see that in your singing. Put more fire, more passion in it. Other than that it is perfect." The young singer made some laughing response and passed out. As he did so I glanced up at him as I was anxious to see who this sweet singer was.

I met a pair of dark eyes which seemed rather surprised at finding me there. I felt my face grow hot for I had been listening to him. I passed directly in to take my lesson, but curiosity prevailed, and I casually mentioned the beautiful voice to the maestro. His face at once lighted up. "Ah, did you hear him sing? Impossible you have not heard of him before! Have you not seen the bills and posters announcing the young English tenor who sings in grand opera this season? Yes, he is grand," said he, in his voluble Italian, "he is magnificent! If his health does not fail him (for he has a little heart affection) he has a glorious career before him. Pardon me, but I always grow eloquent when my favorite pupil is praised. He has no parents, but a rich uncle is helping him prepare himself for the stage, and we believe a great future is promised for him. His name? Sig-

nor Ralph Gathney, a name which I know will be famous one of these days. He is studying 'Il Trovatore' now, and is soon to begin his operatic career with Verdi's masterpiece."

I cannot say I put very much soul into my own singing that morning, for my thoughts were upon this brilliant young singer whose voice had so fascinated me.

When I arrived at the maestro's the next week, Mr. Gathney had not finished his lesson, and the solemn, beautiful notes of "Ah che la morte," "Ah how death still delayeth," filled the room with rich melody.

I was thrilled through and through, and could not keep the tears from my eyes. Before I knew what I was doing or where I was, I was standing in the doorway listening and drinking in the divine music with all my heart and soul.

At the close they happened to turn around suddenly, and of course both of them saw me. I blushed furiously, but it was too late to draw back then, so I managed to stammer an apology; the master laughed good naturedly, and calling me in, presented the young tenor to me. That was the beginning of the very happiest time in my life.

I met Mr. Gathney quite often after that, and soon after he begged permission to call. How many happy evenings we spent together, happy just to be near each other. My father was charmed with him and greatly admired his magnificent voice, but warned me to be careful, for Mr. Cunningham would naturally be very angry if he knew I received visits from any man but himself.

Truth to tell, I had been so much bound up in my music lately, I had not thought much about Mr. Cunningham. He seemed so far removed from all my daily life, and did not seem a necessary

part of it as Ralph Gathney was fast becoming. I had not thought enough about him to even mention his name. The two men were so vastly different!

One sordid, bent wholly upon money making, and without sentiment of any kind—I always felt as though he regarded me more in the light of goods and chattels than as an affianced wife to be loved and cared for. Ralph was totally different. How tender, how loving he was to me, even before he told me of his great love for me, that completely filled him, and almost overpowered him with its intensity. He thoroughly understood and sympathized with me, even in the most trivial thing, and as I would sit and watch him when he was singing, I would say to myself, there never was a girl who had so handsome, so distinguished a lover as I have, for, Katherine, dear, we were lovers in all but the acknowledgment of it, and when he did pour out his love for me, and described the happy life we would have together, you may imagine how completely wretched I was when I told him of my engagement.

I shall never forget the look of agony upon his face when he heard these words. He was completely crushed, and I,—I felt as though death would have been sweet at that moment.

Perhaps I was wrong to have let my love have full sweep as it did, when I was already promised to another man. But I had never known what love was until I had met Ralph. I knew then I had never experienced any love for Mr. Cunningham: he seemed so entirely foreign to everything I knew and loved best. God forgive me if I did wrong. He alone knows how I suffered afterward.

Ralph and I parted from each other completely heart-broken. I had decided to go home by the next steamer, when

much to my surprise my father received a cablegram from Mr. Cunningham stating that he was about leaving New York for Europe, as business affairs had called him sooner than he had anticipated, and that he would soon be with us.

I wrote Ralph of the cablegram, and that I was so utterly miserable without him that I would ask Mr. Cunningham if he had any love for me at all, if he desired to make me happy, that he would release me and give me my freedom. Ralph came immediately to see me, but despaired of my ever gaining my freedom. "He will never let you go, darling," he said sadly. "A man would be mad to let you go if you once belonged to him."

But I was resolved to do this, and would lay the whole matter before him so well that if he had a spark of love for me or self-respect for himself, he would not insist upon a marriage that would be distasteful to me in every sense of the word.

Finally the day came that was to decide my fate, and as soon as I could I drew Mr. Cunningham aside and told him the whole story.

He at once said that nothing would ever make him give me up, and I saw an angry and malicious gleam in his eyes that I knew boded no good for me. But I begged him so hard to consider it, think it well over, and give me my answer later, that he finally said he would.

Very soon the grand opera, "Il Trovatore," was to be given, in which Ralph was to make his debut, and you may imagine how anxious we both were, dearie, for his success, but far more so to learn the final decision of Mr. Cunningham which meant so much to us.

Finally Mr. Cunningham said he would give me my answer on the very

evening of the opera: he would be detained by business at first, but would come in toward the close of the evening. I begged him to be merciful and to consider how much depended upon his decision.

My father and I were to occupy a box on the eventful evening, and Ralph and I had decided that if Mr. Cunningham gave me up as we hoped, I would wear a red rose, if he insisted upon my becoming his wife, thereby wrecking both of our lives, I was to wear a white one.

Well the night came—that wonderful, terrible night that was to decide our future lives! My father and I went early, I carrying both a red and a white rose to give the signal of life or death to Ralph the minute I knew whether our lives were to be so happy together, or irrevocably a blank from that time forward.

How my heart beat as the curtain rose and the opera really began!

When Ralph came on the people applauded him heartily in their generous Italian fashion, and he glanced brightly over in my direction as if to give me encouragement and hope.

How beautifully he sang! He seemed so full of hope and spirit, and acted the gay troubadour to the life.

As he left the stage amid thunderous applause, he glanced quickly in my direction, and I smiled back at him, for I was, oh! so proud of him, and indeed the cup of my earthly happiness would have been full had there not been a horrible tugging at my heart all the time, a presentiment of evil which I tried in vain to throw off.

At last, just as the third act was about finished, Mr. Cunningham entered the box. I looked up quickly in his face and there read my doom.

He sat down beside my father and

pretended not to see me, but I went over to him, and demanded to know his decision at once.

He whispered hoarsely, "No, Bessie, I will never give you up; you are more than ——" But I waited to hear no more, and sinking back into my chair, slowly and mechanically put the fateful white rose in my breast.

Ah! Katherine, darling, may you never know the terrible agony, the absolute torture with which I awaited Ralph's entrance. At length, after what seemed ages,—and yet how cruelly soon it was,—he came on, gave one glance at my face, which I knew was whiter than my white rose, and I saw the terrible dark despair come over his face, which fairly frightened me by its intensity. I knew he was suffering what few mortals are called upon to endure, and my heart went out to him in such an overwhelming flood of love and pity for him, that it seemed as if it was more than I could bear.

Finally the curtain arose on the last act, and it seemed as if the wonderful sweetness and solemnity of the "*Miserere*" was our own funeral hymn. Its majesty, its grandeur, filled my soul completely, and I thought how sweet death would have been then. Slowly the beautiful notes of "*Ah che la morte*" wailed through the air. Ah! Never were they sung so before, never shall they be sung so again. There is no need now, Signor Lorello, of telling your pupil to sing with more soul; no need now to ask if he had ever loved and lost his love!

The vast auditorium was absolutely deathlike in its silence. Women wept and paled, and even the most hardened theatre-lover found it hard to restrain his tears.

He was not singing that wonderful, beautiful air to the Leonora on the stage,

—I knew he was singing his own death song to me. Ah, how the sad notes rose and fell in the perfect hush! Surely the soul of the singer must be in the last throes of agony to sing like that!

“Ah, how death still delayeth, lingers, or seems to fly from him who longeth to die! Farewell, love, Leonora, farewell, farewell.”

They told me afterward that I sat like a statue, drinking in every note of that exquisite voice, and that they could not bear to look at me.

As the last notes died away, there was a distant hush all over the house, then people seemed to take a long breath as if just awakening from another world, then such thunderous applause arose, it seemed to shake the building, and loud calls for Signor Gathney, the young king of the lyric stage, were heard. He did not come, but the people would not be satisfied, until finally the manager appeared and told the disappointed audience that Signor Gathney would not be able to appear before them, as he had just been stricken with sudden faintness, owing, no doubt, to the excitement of his initial appearance, etc.

I knew it was not that, but something far more terrible, deeper than the wondering people could ever suspect.

I hurriedly asked my father to take me around to Ralph’s dressing room to inquire about him. We knew the way perfectly, for we had often visited him there during the rehearsals. A crowd

was standing about his door, among them, Signor Lorello. When he saw me he admitted me, and hurriedly closed the door to keep out the curious crowd.

Inside I saw a doctor, the manager, one or two attendants, all standing around a couch with blanched faces. I heard somebody whisper something about sudden heart failure. My own heart failed me. I never knew how I reached the couch where Ralph lay—dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

Before my father and I left Italy for home, Mr. Cunningham seeing my blank despair, gave me my freedom. Alas, too late, too late! And that is why, Katherine dear, I play the “Miserere” and the prison song every night to myself; they are my prayer, my religion: it seems as if Ralph was nearer than ever to me then, and I can almost hear his beautiful voice singing again to me.

[NOTE TO THE EDITOR: This is exactly the way my poor aunt told me her sad story. Very soon after this, we found her one evening, after she had played and sung, as usual, the beautiful music that was so dear to her, bowed forward on her beloved piano, dead. If you could have seen the radiant expression on her face, I am sure you would have thought with us, that she was at last with her loved one, whom she had longed for and mourned so many years.]

#### COURTESY.

*By George Bancroft Griffith.*

A very king with manners bad  
Seems but a boor, though richly clad:  
While poorest hind, polite and bland,  
Walks like a prince from fairy land!

## EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT.

*Conducted by Fred Gowin, State Superintendent of Public Instruction.*

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### HERBARTIANISM.

*By Dr. L. R. Klemm, of Washington, D. C.*

[Read before the State Teachers' Association of New Hampshire at Manchester, October 26, 1894.]

*Ladies and Gentlemen:* The subject assigned to me for my address is "Herbartianism." I am glad it is that, and not "Herbart," for although it may be true, that "the most interesting study of man is man," I am positive that "Herbartianism" is a much more interesting subject for practical teachers than "Herbart" would be. In educational theories it is not what the man has been, but what he has proposed and accomplished, which is of the greater importance.

Of Herbart himself I only need to say, that in the university at Königsberg he was the successor of Kant, the author of "Critique of Pure Reason." That as a philosopher he must have been a man of great resources and discrimination, is to me obvious from the fact, that he was the successor of Kant. A German university philosopher would not be tolerated a week, but hooted out of his chair, if he were an insignificant scholar. If I tell you that Herbart's philosophical works are contained in thirteen large volumes, of which the last was printed fifty years after his death, you will readily believe, that I can not entertain you with a full exposé of his system. I shall try not to fall into the error of the western professor, of whom it was said that he honestly endeavored to tell his pupils all he knew.

Yet, after all, I want to make a mark in your memory; I want to impress you with a few leading ideas which you may carry home and apply in the school-room. I therefore choose only three or four subjects of discussion, leading ideas of Herbart. First, the correlation and concentration of studies; second, the idea of apperception; and third, the question of interest in learning, to which, if I have time enough, I may add the law of contrariety. These subjects, although touched by other philosophers and practitioners in education before and after Herbart, are essentially Herbartian, because in no other system of education have they appeared so organically connected. Explaining correlation of studies without the clear and distinct understanding of the force directing the acquisition of knowledge, namely, apperception; and speaking of apperception without a clear comprehension of what the pupils' interest really is, and how it is aroused, would be acting like that work-house warden who interpreted the order, "If prisoners are obstreperous, give them alternately bread and water;" to mean, give them water one day and bread the other. No wonder his prisoners were docile.

Let me impress this fact upon you: You cannot understand Herbartianism unless you take the three subjects, cor-

relation of studies, mental assimilation, and interest as a means thereto, into consideration simultaneously.

If I were to condense Herbart's system into one sentence, I should say "Education is growth." You may reply, that is neither new nor startling: others have said that. It is true, Montaigne, Lock, Comenius, Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, and hosts of smaller luminaries have said it, but none have proved it as Herbart did. The one has addressed himself chiefly to the intellectual part of man, another to the physical, and still another to the emotional, or soul life, but all their systems have remained fragmentary. In Herbart's we meet a system, for the first time, that embraces all manifestations of human existence in its development.

#### I.

Now, if education is considered growth, we may with impunity compare intellectual with physical growth; let us do it, and see what a surprising similarity we shall discover. Growth is from within outward always, at least in human nature. You cannot slap a beefsteak on your biceps in order to increase muscular volume. The beefsteak must go into the stomach: but before it goes into the stomach it must be chewed and mixed with a fluid from the glands of the mouth in order to prepare it for digestion. The intellectual mouth is found in the senses, food enters through the gates of the senses in form of sensations and perceptions. But the food in the stomach is not yet part of the body; the stomach has to digest, the lymphatic ducts have to take up the nourishing parts and conduct them through veins into the lungs and the heart, from where the new corpuscles are sent to the most remote parts of the body, where they are deposited to increase the volume of the

body, or to replace wasted tissue. That is the process as physiologists describe it.

Now look at the psychological process,—the perceptions that have entered through the senses are not as yet mental food, not until they have been digested by our mental stomach—the brain. Here they are absorbed by the concepts on record, they are moulded, changed, brought into relation with previously conceived matter, and thus assimilated to cause growth of the understanding or intellect. Judgment and reason are derived from the material thus accumulated. The same precisely holds good with emotions of various kinds: thus we see an entire surprisingly similar process going on in all phases of human life.

The first and most important demand Herbart made upon education—and right here let me say, that education is the influence of our entire environments, physical, psychological, and emotional from the beginning of our life to its close; no man ever finished his education until he died, and even then with him are buried millions of possibilities. Now then, the first demand on education is, that the food offered to the child be suited to its capacity. Milk for the babe, not sole-leather-beefsteak with Worcestershire sauce: beef-tea for the patient, not Bavarian noodles, etc.—but of that hereafter.

Another demand of Herbart was that the intellectual food be offered in proper gradation and succession, "For," said he, "the growth observed everywhere in nature is concentric." Look at the annual rings of a tree-trunk. Nature does not add to one part of the body only, say the big toe alone, but the blood distributes food in equal proportion to all parts of the body; hence,

treat the intellectual child likewise; do not confine it to a diet of one kind alone, do not feed it with numbers alone, or with literature alone, etc. *Concentric* his growth is to be, hence the various branches of study must be grouped concentrically, so that the mind can find a correlation between the various parts of knowledge as the stomach produces correlation between all the various kinds of food we put into it, provided we do not offer it sweet milk and cucumber salad at the same time. From this the catch words, "correlation of studies," has been derived.

The phrase of "growth in concentric circles," and the correlation it affords, is so well understood, that I shall find little difficulty in explaining it. The horizon of a child grows more extended as it gathers knowledge and experience, just as its horizon of vision grows more extended in proportion to its height. The baby's horizon consists of the four walls of the nursery: a primary pupil's horizon is bounded by the garden wall and a few neighboring streets. As it progresses it widens its horizon to the limits of the town and city; only in rare cases does the geographical horizon of a child extend beyond the native city or town by the aid of imagination, while the horizon of a thorough student of geographical and astronomical sciences is literally boundless.

The course of study laid down by school authorities affords an illustration of the concentric growth of the mind, inasmuch as it arranges all studies concentrically. Look at this figure: Here we notice that what are object lessons in the primary grades become natural history, physiology, physics, and chemistry in the upper and highest grades. The exercises in number in the primary grade contain all the germs of the higher

mathematics, and when the child learns to distinguish between a whole and a half of an apple, it is learning fractions.

The child who measures the triangle or trapezium gets a good foundation for the study of geometry and trigonometry. Home stories widen out into biographies of great historical personages, and if the course be pursued, it may end in the history of remote nations and times, with a fair outlook into the philosophy of history. The small knoll back of the school-house may be the starting point for, and a fit illustration of, extended knowledge of mountain system. I need not further enumerate the studies to show how the mental horizon widens in ever larger and larger circle. This illustration explains enough. But mark you well, it is the *child* who stands in the centre, and since no two children have the same capacity, the extent of horizons is different.

In justice to Herbart and myself I must add, that the arrangement of the branches of study here given, is not to be regarded as Herbart's or mine, nor is it a correct copy of what may be found in the different courses of study; the latter vary in many instances. All I want to show is the principle that must underlie *all* courses of study. Every well arranged course of study presupposes mental growth in concentric circles, the yearly rings may differ in width, of course. But will you please notice that Herbart advocates not only the concentric growth of the mind, he advocates also that the studies be correlated. Will arithmetic and geography be correlated if the children are exercised in weights and measures, for instance, while during geography lesson the drainage of Siberia is studied? There may be correlation though, if in arithmetic we give an occasional exam-

ple from the vast mass of numerical data found in geography. The child can just as well subtract a number of miles of one river from that of another, than to subtract two abstract numbers; and again between lessons on objects near at hand and nature studies and geography, there is such close relation that a teacher deserves to be dismissed summarily, if she fails to establish it. He who can not find the relation between history, literature, and geography, must be as blind as a mole; he who finds no correlation between the exquisite art of classification in grammar and in natural sciences or logic, should not attempt to teach.

And while your eye still lovingly rests on the mathematical exactness of that which we *want* to do, please notice on this second chart how erratic nature executes this wonderful plan. Here is a possible result. See the protuberances and indentations. Notice how the child in one year rushes forward in one branch, and seems to make little headway in others. This is only a "possible" result, and yet, I say, if every one of our pupils could be made to represent a growth of that kind, or of that approximate regularity, we should have reason to be proud. Notice, that this child grows a little in every year. There are children who make progress in one, but absolutely none in another, on the contrary, lose apparently what they had gained in it. There are children whose mental horizon in some branches of study does not reach beyond the tips of their noses, while in others it reaches far beyond the confines of ordinary intelligence. These children's minds are warped, wofully distorted. What I show you here, is a very fair sample of nature's and the teacher's work. The harmonious development of all the

inborn faculties of mind, heart, and body, is a beautiful and touching phrase, but alas, I am sorry to say, nothing but a phrase as yet. Look around in the vegetable world where we find examples of similar procedure. Look at the annual rings of a tree: the first few rings around the core are almost mathematically correct; but as the tree grows thicker protuberances and indentations are seen, often resulting from very insignificant causes,—the bite of an insect, the twisting of the trunk before the storm, a slight abrasion of the bark, may lead to an irregular growth. Similar trifling causes may warp the mental progress of a child, and make it irregular. A severe illness causing absence from school, a slight injury to the sense of seeing or hearing, love or hatred of a teacher, an act of injustice, any one of these result in irregularity of the growth spoken of. Love or hatred may give rise to enthusiasm or indifference. A few words of approbation may prove a strong impetus, while unjust punishment or superfluous praise may cause the contrary. Lucky or unlucky unforeseen circumstances may influence the even and harmonious concentric growth of a child, and bumps and hollows will be the result. We are much more children of chance and our environments than we are willing to admit.

## II.

Now we come to the second subject: What is meant by the term apperception?

Since most of you have studied physiology, and understand the process of digestion and assimilation, I shall return to my homely but applicable analogy. The idea of apperception is not a new one. The process it indicates has been well known by philoso-

phers, but only since Leibnitz have we a technical term for it, which, like all technical terms not expressed by an Anglo-Saxon root, needs a definition to be generally understood and well applied.

Apperception appears to me a process of apprehending perceptions, a process of organically combining new perceptions with others previously gained, and of classifying them into the categories of the mind, such as time, space, condition, etc., or rejecting them, if they fail to fit into the categories.

There is nothing in modern psychology that shows as plainly as the idea of apperception does, that the mind grows by means of nourishment like the body. The various stages in the upbuilding of the body are (*a*) mastication, (*b*) swallowing, (*c*) digestion, (*d*) assimilation; now apperception is to the mind what assimilation is to the physical man. The physical food digested is taken up by the lymphatic ducts, and conducted to a vein, in which it mingles with the blood, and after having gone through the lungs where it is oxygenized, it enters the heart, from whence it is sent to the various parts of the body. Just so sensations become perceptions, which enter consciousness, there to be classified and organically connected with previous mental formations, to form concepts (not to say corpuscles of mental blood).

Food that fails to be assimilated, owing to bad mastication and digestion, passes out of the body without adding to its substance. Just so careless perception and poor concepts prevent apperception.

Mental as well as physical food may in itself be nutritious, and yet, it sometimes fails to be assimilated (or apper-

ceived) owing to its being "badly cooked, poorly masticated, and insufficiently digested," or because precautions as to the proper quantity have not been taken.

The gastric juices and lymphatic system are not of equal effectiveness in all human beings. Some stomachs re-act against acids, others against fatty substances. What is food to one is poison to another. Just so with the mind. Some minds take in facts from one branch of knowledge, and refuse those of another.

A good physician is not likely to prescribe the same diet for all his patients. He will make proper inquiries, and if he has time enough, study each one to find what will agree with him, and then direct what he shall eat. Just so with a good teacher. He will know that one kind of mental food will not do for all his pupils, and although he is bound to furnish them all with a certain amount of "mental albumen," a certain amount of "mental fat or starch," etc., he will have sense enough to know that the result of mental assimilation differs greatly in various minds.

But if the entire apparatus of digestion is in prime order, and the lymphatic ducts act as they should, there is still left a possibility in which the process of assimilation may be checked. The blood may be too weak to accept the nutrition, in which case strong food has the contrary effect from that which it has upon a strong man. Babies, I repeat, are fed on milk, and could not assimilate Worcestershire sauce. This is easily applied to apperception.

I might spin out this comparison still further, but I resist the temptation, in order to turn to a side of the question which shows a difference between assimilation and apperception.

The mind comprehending or apper-

ceiving one idea thoroughly, obtains thereby a power to grasp other ideas with greater ease. It grows by gathering apperception-material, which in turn predetermines the form new matter is to assume that enters through the senses. In this particular the process of apperceiving differs from that of assimilation. Different people observing the same phenomenon do not form the same concept of it in their minds, because the power of apperception is different, as is also the accumulated material of apperception. Hence the paradoxical saying, "We learn only by what we know," or as Goethe has it, "Oh, how we like to hear what we know so well;" that is to say, we apperceive new perceptions, if we have knowledge of related facts with which we can organically connect the new cognition.

While doing institute work some time ago, I gave a lesson in psychology, showing that the assimilation of thought progressed more favorably, if new ideas were linked to previous cognitions, that is, cognitions previously acquired; that there was close affinity between certain items of knowledge and the memory, while the latter showed a decided hostility to others, which, in fine, it rejected as the stomach does cherry-stones. Naturally, I spoke less graphically than this, elaborated upon my theme in philosophic terms, and noticed painfully that my words had little, if any, effect;—they certainly did not strike fire. I found no response in the eyes of my audience, some of whom seemed slightly bored, and showed it.

I paused, laid down my note-book, and cast about for a remedy. And then I had an inspiration which I quickly resolved to act upon. I dropped my subject "like a hot poker," as the funny fellow has it, and requested the audience

to propose a few conundrums to me. Some moments passed in hesitation, and then, being urged a little by others, a young, sprightly teacher asked with a mischievous smile: "Why is a young lady like a door-knob?" I knew the answer, namely, "Because she is something to adore." This caused a ripple of laughter. I placed this question on the board.

Another of my hearers, a rather wealthy old lady, owner of several houses, who had been induced to be present at this afternoon's lecture, proposed this: "What intimate relations exist between a tenant and his landlord?"—"Parental relations." A venerable gentleman proposed this: "Why is a bald head like heaven!"—"Because there is no dyeing nor parting there."

Here I closed the list, and now showed that it was a handsome *young man* who remembered most readily a conundrum about a young lady; the *landlady's* memory was least sluggish in things which related to her "pay-rental" relations; while the *old gentleman* quickly recalled a conundrum which reflected upon his billiard-ball skull. Are not these three facts illustrative of the psychological maxim I had stated, and which I then repeated? My audience laughed heartily—they understood now what I had aimed at, namely, that we learn by what we know. When I took up my theme I was listened to with undivided attention, and the sparks of comprehension visible in every eye were proofs positive of working minds which followed my train of thought.

Try to teach a youth conic sections before he has gone through the whole range of mathematics that lead up to that branch, and mental assimilation (appereception) fails to take place. The digestive apparatus does not increase its

capacity much; on the contrary it decreases with advancing years. Notice, on the other hand, that mental assimilation, or apperception, increases beyond calculation. The more we know, the more we learn.

Another difference is to be noted. In physical digestion we act upon substance, in mental digestion we deal with phenomena, or the appearance of things. The sense impressions that become perceptions, which through the apperceiving process, become concepts, or ideas (from which springs judgment), probably only change the brain in its cellular structure; hence, when I spoke of an accumulation of apperception material, it must not be taken to mean substance.

Ordinarily, the same kind of food will

produce the same kind of tissue, but the same perceptions produce different ideas, owing to the difference in the apperceiving power. No two persons think or know precisely the same things in the same way.

One of the modern philosophers likens the act of apperceiving to the moving of an object into the focus. While a great many objects may be in one's field of vision, only one can, at one time, be focused, and from this fact the philosopher derives the necessity for a directing power that does the focusing which he finds in will-power, while others find it in interest. This, however, leads me away from the definition of apperception, which I should like to condense by saying, It is the act of *mental assimilation*.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY.

### HON. HENRY C. HUTCHINS.

Henry Clinton Hutchins, son of Hon. Samuel and Rosini (Child) Hutchins, was born in Bath, August 7, 1820, and died in Boston, October 29. He read law with Hon. Joseph Bell at Haverhill, and began practice in Boston, January 1, 1844, in company with A. S. Wheeler, the partnership continuing until Mr. Hutchins's death. The deceased was for several years president of the Boston Bar Association. He was never a candidate for a political office, although prominent and popular in his profession. He is survived by a son, E. W. Hutchins.

### JEWETT CONNER.

Jewett Conner, of Exeter, died November 7, in his 85th year. He was a farmer by occupation, and lived on an estate which had been in his family for two hundred years. He was representative to the legislature in 1860-'61; assistant assessor under the United States revenue law from 1863-'70, and a member of the state board of equalization from 1879 until his death. He is survived by four children.

### CHARLES G. CHASE.

Charles G. Chase was born in Tilton, July 5, 1827, and died in Brookline, Mass., November 8. He graduated from the Lowell high school, and in his twenty-first

year engaged in business in Boston. In 1855 he founded the firm of Peters, Chase & Co., for many years one of the best known grocery firms in New England. He was president of the Mason Regulator Company, and had extensive real estate holdings in Boston and Brookline. His charities aggregated many thousands of dollars.

SAMUEL F. BROWN.

Samuel F. Brown was born in Seakonk, Mass., and died in Penacook, November 14, aged 72 years. In company with his brothers he engaged in cotton manufacturing at Fisherville (now Penacook) in the forties: served in the War of the Rebellion; was postmaster and treasurer of the savings bank.

GEORGE ALBERT COLBATH.

George Albert Colbath was born in Farmington, and died in Natick, Mass., November 18. He removed to Natick in 1844, and served in the War of the Rebellion in the Thirty-ninth Massachusetts volunteers. He was a brother of the late Vice-president Henry Wilson. He married Hannah A. Howe in 1844, and their golden wedding was celebrated this year.

ANDREW L. LANE.

Andrew L. Lane was born in Sanbornton, December 14, 1835, and died in Concord, November 18. He was a veteran of the Rebellion; for many years superintendent of the wood working department of the Abbot-Downing Company, and for thirty years a member of the Concord fire department.

JAMES BENNETT.

James Bennett was born in New Durham, and died in Dover, November 22, aged 78 years. He was engaged in business in Dover for many years, and was mayor of the city in 1858-'59.

CARLETON B. HUTCHINS.

Carleton B. Hutchins was born in Bath in 1814, and died in Detroit, November 22. He was president of the Hutchins Refrigerator Car Company, and of the C. B. Hutchins & Son company, manufacturers of car roofing. Mr. Hutchins was in a high degree successful in business, and was a prominent citizen of his adopted state. He was an officer of the Ninth New Hampshire volunteers in the Civil war.

CALEB CLARK WALWORTH.

Caleb Clark Walworth was born in Canaan, March 23, 1815, and died in Boston, November 22. He received a good common school education, and taught school for a time in his native town. After several years' residence in the west he founded the Walworth Manufacturing Company of Boston, and perfected numerous valuable labor-saving inventions, including the multiple tapping machine, collapsing tap, automatic machine for cutting and threading pipe, improvements in steam traps, automatic sprinklers, etc. He revolutionized the industry of tapping fittings by the invention of special machinery, and was the first to make valves and fittings to a scale.

## MINER G. FRYE.

Miner G. Frye was born in Lowell, Mass., March 15, 1846, and died at Derry Depot, November 23. At the age of fifteen years he enlisted in the Thirteenth Maine volunteers, and saw active service at New Orleans and elsewhere. He resided in Lawrence and Windham, until fifteen years ago, when he removed to Derry Depot. He rose through all the grades of the New Hampshire National Guard to be colonel of the First regiment, which position he held at the time of his death.

## JOSEPH C. DAVIS.

Joseph C. Davis was born in Antrim, and died in Boston, November 24, aged 71 years. He resided for a time in Manchester, where he was prominent in military matters; later he was engaged in the manufacture of jewelry, and for the past forty years he had been engaged in banking in Boston.

## NATHAN H. RICHARDSON.

Nathan H. Richardson was born in Litchfield, November 2, 1816, and died in New York city, November 24. He was one of the oldest ex-railroad officials in the country. More than forty years ago Mr. Richardson held official positions on the Concord and Boston & Lowell railroads. Later he was master of transportation on the Boston, Hartford & Erie. After that he was at different times connected with the Erie railroad and the United States Express Company.

## DR. MARTIN E. YOUNG.

Martin E. Young, D. D. S., was born in Sunapee, June 15, 1857, and died in Concord, November 25. He studied dentistry with his uncle, Dr. G. A. Young of Concord, and was associated with him in practice for sixteen years. He was a thirty-second degree Mason, and a district deputy grand master in the grand lodge.

## DR. CHARLES P. GAGE.

Charles Pinkney Gage was born in Hopkinton, April 5, 1811, and died in Concord, November 26. He took his degree M. D., in Cincinnati in 1837, and settled in practice in Concord in 1839. He had been president of the New Hampshire Medical Society, and for a long time on the pension examining board, and was one of the founders, and with one exception the only surviving original member, of the American Medical Association. He was a Mason and a Knight Templar. He is survived by a son and a daughter.

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PUBLISHERS' NOTE.—The publishers of THE GRANITE MONTHLY would call attention to three errors not heretofore noticed, which have crept into Volume XVII :

1. In the October number the portrait of Colonel John H. White appears as the likeness of General Ira Young.
2. In the November number the article in the Educational Department, entitled "A Historical Sketch of Henniker Academy and High School," was not wholly written by the gentleman whose name appears before it. That part of the article concerning the principals of the school since 1884 was prepared by a member of the school board.
3. In the "Sketch of Kingston," pp. 359 and 365 of this number read Charles Burr *Towle* for Charles Burr *Oakes*.









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